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THE
MIDWIFE:
OR,
Old Woman's MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

משם תכ שם

Rumgousius, Vol. 32. P. 6741.

Αιευ αριστευειν κ) υπειροχον εμμεναι αλλων.

Hom.

——— *Non deficit alter*
Aureus & simili frondescit virga metallo.

Virg.

As for my Works in Verse and Prose,
Perhaps I am no Judge of those,
Nor do I care what Critics thought 'em,
But this I know, all People bought 'em.

Swift.

LONDON:
Printed for THOMAS CARNAN, at J. NEWBERY's, the *Bible* and *Sun*, in St. *Paul's Church-Yard*. 1751.

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George B. Knapp,
June 10, 1902

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The MIDWIFE.

NUMBER I.

VOL. II.

The genuine Memoirs and moſt ſurpriſing Adventures of a very unfortunate TYE-WIG.

Communicated to Mrs. MIDNIGHT by the poor Sufferer.

HAVING ſome Buſineſs to tranſact with my good Friend Mr. NEWBERY, in St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, I was the other Day tempted by a fine Morning, to quit my Houſe in St. *James's* Place, without my Chariot, and fairly tramp it for the Benefit of my Health. But before I had reach'd one third Part of my Way, I was overtaken by a Shower, which obliged me to take Shelter in a cover'd Alley; where I ſaw a Boy wiping a Gentleman's Shoes with a TYE-WIG, in order to prepare them for the Operations of the

Brush. On this Sight, I cou'd not help contemplating what a Multitude and Variety of Circumstances this same Wig had pass'd thro' — and now, was I to follow the Example of the Writers of the last Century, I shou'd walk home peaceably, go to Bed, sleep soundly, and in the Morning write a *Vision* upon this Occasion. But, as it happens, that I have a superlative Contempt for those old canting Visionaries; I shall fairly and squarely, without Apology, Preface or Preamble, give my Reader the Memoirs of this TYE-WIG, which he very civilly and without Sollicitation deliver'd to me in the following Form of Words.

Madam,

"YOU see before you one of the most unfortunate Pieces of Hair that ever possessed the Capitol of the human Microcosm,"—— Here I cou'd not help interrupting his TYE-SHIP, and desired him to proceed in a more intelligible, and less pedantic Manner, which he thus did accordingly. "Madam, you wou'd have excused "my Stile had you known my Education, but "for your more immediate Satisfaction, I shall "proceed with all the Simplicity imaginable. At "my first setting out in the World I was the Property of a young Physician, who may with the "strictest Propriety be said to have *taken* his Degree, because it was *given* him by no University in the World: From the Gravity which I "lent him he got some Repute, and being withal

"a very

" a very handsome Fellow, he was often con-
" sulted by Ladies of Distinction. However,
" the little Credit he had with his Barber often
" threw me into very great and dangerous Dis-
" orders, and had not my Master been happily
" executed for poisoning an old Citizen, who
" stood in the Way of a young *Blood*, my Me-
" moirs might have ended here. — I was sold by
" my Master's Executioner to an eminent second-
" hand Hair-Merchant in *Middle-Row*, *Holborn*,
" where I spent the long Vacation in great Tran-
" quillity; but at the Beginning of the Term I
" was purchased by a young *Irish* Templar, and
" call'd to the Bar along with him. Had Na-
" ture furnish'd the Inside of my Master's Head,
" as well as Art by my Means did the Outside,
" he by this Time might have been a Judge. —
" But, alas! having nothing but me and Impu-
" dence on his Side, he was hiss'd out of the Court,
" laugh'd out of the Coffee-house, and finally
" kick'd out of the Kingdom. As for me, I
" I was left with other Effects in the Hands of
" Mr. ***, an eminent Pawnbroker, in *****
" *street*, *Westminster*, from whom I was redeem'd
" by Mr. *Bullock* the Player, who sold me to the
" Wardrobe-Keeper of one of the Theatres.
" I may say without Vanity, that I have acted
" the principal Parts both in Tragedy and Come-
" dy, to the Satisfaction of the Publick; and
" have often, with the Assistance of skilful Barbers,
" gain'd an Applause, in which the Actor that

" wore me, had no Share; and from which I " have ſufficient Reaſon to be convinced, that a " certain Quantity of Hair duly bedizen'd with " perfumed Powder and Oil of ſweet Almonds, " will do more upon the Stage than Gracefulneſs " of Action, Propriety of Pronunciation, or any " other Theatrical Virtue whatſoever. You may " judge, Madam, how long and how ſucceſsfully " I ſerved the Patentee, when I aſſure you I was " fifteen Times new mounted while I continued " in his Majeſty's Service. At length one *Garrick* " came in Pow'r, the Pupil of Art, the Son of " Nature, and the Couſin-German of *Shakeſpear* " and the Paſſions; Coats and Wigs which here- " tofore were primary Qualities in acting, were " now reduced to a ſecondary State. The Theatre " reſcued from Jargon, Rant, and ſenſeleſs Show, " now became the Temple of manly and ra- " tional Mirth, and the Vehicle of good Senſe " and Morality. On this fatal Revolution I pru- " dently abdicated, and was again ſold to the " Merchant of *Middle-Row*. My next Scene of " Life was a Military one, for I was purchaſed by " an Officer in the Welch Fuzileers, and expe- " rienc'd all the Hardſhips of Wind and Weather, " and ſerved in the double Capacity of Caxon and " Night-Cap. I went thro' a moſt ſurpriſing Di- " verſity of Accidents, there was hardly an Object " in Nature that did not occur to me, except a " Block, a Powder-puff, and a Comb; at length " in the fatal Action of *Fonteney*, I loſt Part of

" my

" my Fore-top and one of my Tails; upon which
" my Master presented me to an old Serjeant,
" with whom I shortly went Fellow-Pensioner to
" *Chelsea* Hospital. Here I remain'd about Two
" Months, at length the Serjeant happening to be
" drinking a Pot of Porter at the World's End,
" a Person of a very singular Character came in,
" and after tippling pretty freely, swopt with my
" Master for a Brown-bob and Eighteen-pence.
" My present Possessor was a constant Attendant
" at the *Temple-Exchange* Coffee-house, and his
" Profession was of a Nature very extraordinary.
" His Business was to assist the News-Writers in
" the Vacation, and other Times when there was
" a Dearth of Events; he wou'd make you a
" Plague at *Constantinople* at a Minute's Warning,
" and for the Consideration of half a Crown
" wou'd dethrone the grand Signior, or kill you
" an hundred Thousand *Tartars*. He was per-
" haps the only Man that knew the private Conver-
" sations of all the Foreign Ministers at the *Hague*,
" and wou'd publish you a Letter in the *Daily-*
" *Advertiser*, in which he wou'd unlock the Ca-
" binets of all the crown'd Heads in *Christendom*.
" But one Night, chancing to speak disrespect-
" fully of the grand Monarch, a *French* Dancing
" Master took him by the Nose, and threw me
" into the Fire: From this lamentable Catastro-
" phe, Madam, you may easily account for my
" present Appearance. My Master never thought
" it worth his while to attempt my Rescue, and

" had I not offended the Company with a dif-
" agreeable Stink, ſhou'd have inevitably pe-
" riſh'd in the Flames. I was kickt about the
" Coffee-houſe, and trod upon by People of all
" Ranks and Degrees for upwards of a Week,
" when a Country Farmer, a great Œconomiſt,
" one of whoſe Maxims it was, that every Thing
" had its Uſe, took me up by half of my only
" remaining Tail, and put me into his Pocket.
" As ſoon as I arrived in the Country I was ſta-
" tioned on a Mop-ſtick, to fright the Crows
" from a Pea-Field, in which Office I ſerved for
" about a Fort-night, but a Beggar Man coming
" by one Day, who had Diſcretion enough to
" think half a Loaf was better than no Bread,
" and any Thing of a Wig better than a bald
" Pate, took me from my grand Poſt, and placed
" me upon his own Idea-Pot; which, Madam,
" is a Philoſophical Name for the Head. This is
" the worthy Gentleman, whom you now ſee
" condeſcending to amuſe himſelf with cleaning
" the Shoes of Perſons of Quality, and who now
" employs me in the ſervile Occupation of being
" the Harbinger of the Blacking-Ball, and Gentle-
" man Uſher to a Bruſh.

A Letter from a Lady to a Maid Servant who had left her: In which is contained an useful Lesson for all Persons in that State of Life.

Dear SALLY,

I Had your Letter very safe, and tho' I have failed to answer it before, yet my daily Prayers, and best Wishes, have constantly attended you. I trust you have the good Fortune to please where you are, as I hear nothing to the contrary; I go by the old Saying, no News is good News. If you are so happy as to be in Favour with the good Family that you have the Honour to serve, I make no question of your continuing in it, by a constant Endeavour to deserve it.

I told you above, and I told you Truth, that I daily remember you in my Prayers; and, dear *Sally*, at the same Time I will not suppose that you forget to remember yourself. I fancy you lay with the other Maid, and know not that you have a Closet or retiring Place to yourself, but whether you have or not, I intreat you, let no Pretence whatever prevail on you to omit an indispensible Duty: Let no false Notion of Modesty suffer you to neglect an Action that is your utmost Glory to perform; I hope your fellow Servant thinks as she ought on this Occasion, but if she be so unhappy as not to do it, endeavour to gain her over by your Example, but

beware of being perverted by hers: To wake in a Morning, and without addreſſing the Throne of Grace to commit ourſelf to the Hazards of the Day, is ſuch a Degree of Impiety and Foolhardineſs as ſhocks one but to think on; and ſurely it is equally the blackeſt Ingratitude to cloſe our Eyes at Night, without returning our unfeigned Thanks for the Dangers we have eſcaped; thoſe Eyes, for ought we know, may never be again uncloſed in this World———I was going to offer ſome Advice of another Kind, but I recollect that, perform but your Duty to your Creator, and all the reſt is included.

Be ſure in whatever you are about to do, think always on what is due to the Dignity of your Nature. Conſider, that although you are placed by Providence in the Degree of a Servant, yet your immortal Soul is of an equal Rank with that of an Empreſs. This Counſel at the firſt Glance may appear to encourage Pride, but if duly attended to, it will be far otherwiſe, and prove the moſt effectual Means to extinguiſh it, for a proper Conſideration on the ſeveral Degrees of Men in the Order the Wiſdom of God has plac'd them with relation to this Life, will teach you to condeſcend to your Superiors without Meanneſs, and learn you to diſtinguiſh yourſelf from thoſe below you without Arrogance; it will hinder Adverſity from oppreſſing you; and if Proſperity be your Lot (as I heartily hope it will) it will find you worthy of it; in a Word, it

will

will make you equal to good Fortune, and superior to ill.

Mr. *H*—— joins me in best Respects to your Master and Lady, and Mr. ——; I desire you, whenever you are inclined to write to me, that you would chuse out half an Hour when you can best be spared, and ask Leave; this will save you the Confusion of equivocating, if you are demanded what has been your Employment, and prevent your turning an indifferent Action into a guilty one; for be sure never to forget your Time is not your own, but is entirely due to those you serve, and that you can never employ any of it on your own Occasions without leave without being unjust. Pray, good *Sally*, think of that.

I was concerned to find you had laid out so much Money in Play-things, *&c.* for the Children, however, acknowledge myself obliged to your good Nature; I shall take the Hint from you of sending this Free to *London*, and save half the Postage; observe my Method, and be not above being taught by any one, any thing that is worthy the Trouble of Learning, no Matter who it is teaches, provided the Instructions are good.

Adieu, dear *Sally*, do me the Justice to believe this Letter dictated from a Heart full of the warmest Wishes for your Welfare, from one who will always regard every Piece of Happiness that

befalls you as an additional one to herſelf, for I am

Your very ſincere Friend,

M. ———.

---

* *From the* RAMBLER.

Alternis igitur contendere Verſibus ambo
Cœpere: Alternos Muſæ meminiſſe volebant.
Virg.

AMONG the various Cenſures, which the unavoidable Compariſon of my Performances, with thoſe of my Predeceſſors has produced, there is none more general than that of Uniformity, of the Want of thoſe Changes of Colours which formerly fed the Attention with unexhauſted Novelty, that Intermixture of Subjects, and Alternation of Manner, by which other Writers relieved Wearineſs, and awakened Expectation.

I have, indeed, hitherto avoided the Practice of uniting gay and ſolemn Subjects in the ſame Paper, becauſe it ſeems abſurd for an Author to counteract himſelf; to preſs at once with equal Force upon both Parts of the intellectual Balance, and give Medicines, which, like the double

* *A Paper publiſh'd every* Tueſday *and* Saturday, *price* 2d.

Poiſon

Poiſon of *Dryden*, deſtroy the Force of one another. I have endeavoured ſometimes to divert, and ſometimes to elevate, but have imagined it an uſeleſs Attempt to diſturb Merriment by Solemnity, or interrupt Seriouſneſs by Drollery, yet I ſhall this Day publiſh two Letters of very different Tendency, which, I hope, like Tragi-comedy, may chance to pleaſe even when they are not critically approved.

To the RAMBLER.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH, as my Mamma tells me, I am too young to talk at the Table, I have great Pleaſure in liſtening to the Converſation of learned Men, eſpecially when they diſcourſe of Things which I do not underſtand, and have, therefore, been of late particularly delighted with many Diſputes about the *Alteration of the Stile*, which, they ſay, is to be done by Act of Parliament.

One Day, when my Mamma was gone out of the Room, I aſked a very great Scholar what the Stile was. He told me, he was afraid I ſhould hardly underſtand him when he informed me that it was the ſtated and eſtabliſhed Method of computing Time. It was not, indeed, likely that I ſhould underſtand him; for, I never yet knew Time computed in my Life, nor can imagine why we ſhould be at ſo much Trouble to count what we cannot keep. He did not tell me

whether we are to count the Time paſt, or the Time to come; but I have conſidered them both by myſelf, and think it as fooliſh to count Time that is gone, as Money that is ſpent; and as for the Time which is to come, it only ſeems farther off by counting, and therefore when any Pleaſure is promiſed me, I always think as little of the Time as I can.

I have ſince liſtened very attentively to every one that talked upon this Subject, of whom the greater Part ſeem not to underſtand it better than myſelf; for though they often hint how much the Nation has been miſtaken, and rejoice that we are at laſt growing wiſer than our Anceſtors, I have never been able to diſcover from them, that any Body has died the ſooner for counting Time wrong; and, therefore, I began to fancy that there was great Buſtle with little Conſequence.

At laſt two Friends of my Papa, Mr. *Cycle* and Mr. *Starlight*, being, it ſeems, both of high Learning, and able to make an Almanack, began to talk about the New Stile. Sweet Mr. *Starlight*——I am ſure I ſhall love his Name as long as I live, for he told *Cycle* roundly, with a fierce Look, that we ſhould never be right without a *Year of Confuſion*. Dear Mr. *Rambler*, did you ever hear any thing ſo charming? a whole Year of Confuſion! When there has been a Rout at Mamma's I have thought one Night of Confuſion worth a thouſand Nights of Reſt; and

ſurely

ſurely if I can but ſee a Year of Confuſion, a whole Year, of Cards in one Room, and Dancings in another, here a Feaſt, and there a Maſquerade, and Players, and Coaches, and Hurries, and Meſſages, and Milleners, and Raps at the Door, and Viſits, and Frolicks, and new Faſhions, I ſhall not care what they do with the reſt of the Time, nor whether they count it by the old Stile or the new, for I am reſolved to break looſe from the Nurſery in the Tumult, and plain my Part among the reſt; and it will be ſtrange if I cannot get a Husband and a Chariot in the Year of Confuſion.

Cycle, who is neither ſo young nor ſo handſome as *Starlight*, very gravely maintained, that all the Perplexity may be avoided by leaping over eleven Days in the Reckoning; and indeed if it ſhould come only to this I think the new Style is a delightful Thing, for my Mamma ſays that I ſhall go to court when I am Sixteen; and if they can but contrive often to leap over eleven Days together, the Months of Reſtraint will ſoon be at an End. It is ſtrange that with all the Plots that have been laid againſt Time, they could never kill it by Act of Parliament before. Dear Sir, if you have any Vote or any Intereſt get them but for once to deſtroy eleven Months, and then I ſhall be as old as ſome married Ladies. But this is deſired only if you think they will not comply with Mr. *Starlight*'s Scheme, for nothing ſurely could pleaſe me like a Year of Confuſion, when

when I shall no longer be fixed this Hour to my Pen, and the next to my Needle, and wait at home for the Dancing Master one Day, and the next for the Musick Master, but run from Ball to Ball, and from Drum to Drum, and spend all my time without Tasks, and without Account, and go out without telling whither, and come home without regard to prescribed Hours or family Rules.

I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

PROPERANTIA.

Mr. Rambler,

I Was seized this Morning with an unusual Pensiveness, and finding that Books only served to heighten it, took a Ramble into the Fields, in Hopes of Relief and Invigoration from the Keenness of the Air and Brightness of the Sun.

As I wandered wrapped up in thought, my Eyes were struck with the Hospital for the Reception of deserted Infants, which I surveyed with Pleasure, till by a natural Train of Sentiment, I began to reflect on the Fate of the Mothers? for to what Shelter can they fly? only to the Arms of their Betrayer, which perhaps are now no longer open to receive them; and then how quick must be the Transition from deluded Virtue to shameless Guilt, and from shameless Guilt to hopeless Wretchedness?

The

The Anguish that I felt left me no Rest till I had, by your Means, addressed myself to the Publick on Behalf of those forlorn Creatures, the Women of the Town; whose Misery here might surely induce us to endeavour, at least, their Preservation from eternal Punishment.

These were all once, if not virtuous at least innocent, and might still have continued blameless and easy, but for the Arts and Insinuations of those whose Rank, Fortune, or Education furnished them with Means to corrupt or to delude them. Let the Libertine reflect a Moment on the Situation of that Woman, who being forsaken by her Corrupter, is reduced to the Necessity of turning Prostitute for Bread, and judge of the Enormity of his Guilt by the Misery which it produces.

It cannot be doubted but that Numbers follow this dreadful Course of Life, with Shame, Horror, and Regret; but, where can they hope for Refuge? "*The World is not their Friend, nor* "*the World's Law.*" Their Sighs, and Tears, and Groans, are criminal in the Eye of their Tyrants, the Bully and the Bawd, who fatten on their Misery, and threaten them with Want or a Goal, if they shew the least Design of escaping from their Bondage.

"To wipe the Tears from off all their Faces," is a Task too hard for Mortals; but to alleviate the Misfortunes of others is often within the most limited Power, yet the Opportunities which every

every Day affords of relieving the moſt wretched of human Beings are overlooked and neglected with equal Diſregard of Policy and Goodneſs.

There are Places indeed, ſet apart, to which theſe unhappy Creatures may reſort when the Diſeaſes of Incontinence ſeize upon them; but, if, they obtain a Cure, to what are they reduced? either to return with the ſmall Remains of Beauty to their former Guilt, or periſh in the Streets with complicated Want.

How frequently have the Gay and Thoughtleſs in their Evening Frolicks, ſeen a Band of theſe miſerable Females, covered with Rags, ſhivering with Cold, and pining with Hunger; and, without either pitying their Calamities, or reflecting upon the Cruelty of thoſe who perhaps, firſt ſeduced them by Careſſes of Fondneſs, or Magnificence of Promiſes, go on to reduce others to the ſame Wretchedneſs by the ſame Means.

To ſtop the Increaſe of this deplorable Multitude, is undoubtedly the firſt and moſt preſſing Conſideration. To prevent Evil is the great End of Government, the End for which Vigilance and Severity are properly employed; but ſurely thoſe whom Paſſion or Intereſt have already depraved, have ſome Claim to Compaſſion, from Beings equally frail and fallible with themſelves. Nor will they long groan in their preſent Afflictions, if all thoſe were to contribute to their Relief, that owe their Exemption from the

ſame

ſame Diſtreſs to ſome other Cauſe, than their Wiſdom and their Virtue.

I am, &c.

AMICUS.

A LETTER *from Mrs.* MIDNIGHT *to the College of* Phyſicians, *in which is proved that* Old Women *and* Nature *are their greateſt Enemies. To which is added, A modeſt Propoſal for extirpating the one, and for preventing the Operations of the other.*

Gentlemen,

THE World in general would be ſurpriſed at my addreſſing you in this affectionate Manner, and ſpeaking at the ſame time ſo diſreſpectfully as I am obliged to do of my own Sex, were I not to offer ſome Reaſons to prove the Rectitude of my Conduct. I am, Gentlemen (and I wou'd have every Body know it) under the greateſt Obligations to your Fraternity; and if, as a certain Author ſays, Ingratitude be worſe than the Sin of Witchcraft, ſure Gratitude will be a ſufficient Plea for my taking upon me the Defence of your Characters, and your Profeſſion; Characters that ſtand full in the Front of Fame, and a Profeſſion that has rais'd and ſupported itſelf meerly by Art, has no Connection with, or Dependance

pendance on Nature, but is self-existent, and like a true Noun substantive stands alone.

To prove this, and at the same time to demonstrate the Usefulness of your Science, we need only look back to the Days of Ignorance and Simplicity; those Days when the People had no Means of getting genteely out of the World, but were obliged to wait till they were carried off by mere old Age; and this did not happen to some till they had lived several hundred Years; nay, we have an Account of one old Fellow, *Methuselah*, I think his Name was, who lived to the Age of Nine hundred and ninety nine. An evident Proof of their total Neglect of Physick! Diseases they had in those Days, that is certain; but then, as they had no Practitioners in Physick to support them, they were soon rooted out. The Care of the Sick was the Province of the *Old Woman*, who, together with the Aid of one *Nature*, whom you may probably have heard of, soon cured their Patients: And so ignorant were they of the true Principles of Physick, that they depended entirely upon Experience, consulted what they called the Symptoms, to distinguish one Disease from another, and when they had found out a Remedy that had cured nineteen Patients of any one Distemper, they foolishly supposed the same Medicine would cure the twentieth. Thus they ignorantly went on, and in order to convey this their Experience to Posterity, the Diseases (with the Symptoms by which it might be known) the Remedy,

Remedy, and the Succeſs were engraven on Pillars, or written on the Walls of their Temples. So that then there was no more Art required to cure any Diſorder, than there is now to walk over the New Bridge, *Weſtminſter*. But when the Dawn of true medical Knowledge appeared, when we began to diſcover the mechanical Operation of every Medicine, and to find out the latent Cauſe of every Diſeaſe, Phyſick was no more that ſimple ſilly Thing; for the true and invincible Heroes of the Science immediately called in the mechanical Laws, and an ingenious and uſeful Application was made of the Momenta of the Fluids, Cylinders, Triangles, Sines, Tangents and Secants, Levers, Ropes and Pullies. Millſtones were brought into the Stomach, Flint and Steel into the Blood Veſſels, and Hammer and Vice into the Lungs; and now People began to die in a reaſonable Time, and the Son had ſome hopes of enjoying his Father's Eſtate before he himſelf was an old Man. Happy 'twould be for us, if Phyſick was to reſt here! Happy would it be if all the Sick were committed to your Care, obliged to ſwallow your Preſcriptions, and no Innovators permitted to break in upon your Practice. But ſo it is, and I am ſorry to ſay it, there are certain *old Women* who have had a Deſcription of Diſeaſes and Remedies for them handed down from their fooliſh Predeceſſors, with which they cure Patients after they have been carried through the regular

Forms

Forms of Phyſick, and have been conſign'd to Death by the moſt knowing of ye all.

Mr. *Wilſon* t'other Day coming off a long Journey, was taken very ill, his Father immediately ſent for a Gentleman of the Faculty, who order'd twenty Ounces of Blood to be taken from him, and then preſcrib'd him Sixteen Bliſters and a Vomit. But his Grandmother (a mere old Woman) came in at that Inſtant, and, upon examining the Patient, found that he had rode eighty Miles that Day, and, as he was well in the Morning when he ſet out, ſhe concluded that his Illneſs, and the fainting Fit he had, was occaſion'd by the Fatigue of the Journey. She therefore ſet aſide the Preſcription; nor wou'd ſhe ſuffer him to be blooded, but order'd him to Bed, gave him ſome warm Whey with Hartſhorn Drops in it, and lo in the Morning he was well. — Now here was a good Job ſpoil'd by the Interpoſition of an *old Woman*.

Mrs. *Mary Grove* was ſeiz'd with a Diſorder which bereft her of her Senſes, ſhe was abſolutely mad for ſome Months, and attended by ſeveral of *our* Faculty, but the Diſeaſe was too obſtinate to be removed till *Goody Curtis* was call'd in; who, when ſhe had a lucid Interval, deſired to ſpeak to her. This old Woman aſk'd her a Queſtion, which was only proper to be put to a Woman, and upon Enquiry found out the Cauſe of her Diſorder, and with ſome gentle Cathartics and Steel, the Lunatic was ſoon reſtor'd. Now is not this provoking?

voking? And if these old Jades are suffered to go on in this Manner, true Physick will be turn'd topsey turvey, and all our valuable and essential *Greek* and *Latin* Terms will be laugh'd at.

Besides these sworn Enemies of yours, there is another combin'd with them, who is altogether as powerful and as much to be guarded against, and that is NATURE; for she works in the Dark like a Mole under Ground, and uses a thousand little Tricks to baffle your Abilities.

Mr. *Johnson* was seiz'd with a violent Disorder in his Head and Stomach, and, as he was a rich Man, they call'd in my worthy and learned Friends Dr. EMETIC, Dr. SUDORIFIC, Dr. CATHARTIC, and Dr. BLISTER. As the Gentleman was in imminent Danger they were desir'd to be speedy in their Conference. The first Point to be settled was who shou'd write, which, after each had pleaded his Preeminence about an Hour, was agreed on; and Dr. EMETIC, after shaking his Head a considerable Time, observ'd, *that it was an Exfoliation of the Glands, which, like the broken Wheels of a Watch, being unable to perform their Office, the unconcocted Matter had fallen upon the Membranous Coats of the Intestines, and caused a Laceration which must be removed by a* VOMIT. Dr. SUDORIFIC said, *it was a Pleurisie in the Thigh, which he was for sweating away.* In short, they were all four of fourteen different Opinions, and when Arguments fail'd, Arms were call'd in to their Aid; and the Room was soon strew'd with dislocat-

dislocated Canes, Tags of Wigs, and other Marks of a furious Engagement. During this Squabble, *Nature* excited in the Patient a powerful Purging, and he was so well recover'd before the Fray was over, that he fairly got up and run away, and by that Means preserved both his Life and his Money.

These, Gentlemen, are some of the sly Tricks of Nature, who is ever endeavouring to baffle your Art, and give the World a mean Opinion of your Learning, that she herself forsooth may be thought the chief Physician: And I believe from reading, considering, and re-considering what I have said, you will find that *Old Women* and *Nature* are your greatest Enemies; and if after Deliberation and Consultation you find this to be true, I wou'd humbly propose that the first may be entirely extirpated, and the Operations of the last may be as much as possibly prevented: And how this may be most effectually accomplish'd, I shall signify to you in my next; for I have always your Welfare at Heart, and shall upon every Occasion be ready to testify with what Truth and Sincerity I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very affectionate Friend,

M. MIDNIGHT.

The

The ITCH *of* SCRIBBLING *proved to be catching.*

THAT this Diſorder, like many of the cutaneous Kind is catching, may I think be proved from a Multitude of Caſes that have lately fallen under my Cognizance; and whoever conſiders the Nature, and bad Effects of it, will ſee alſo the Neceſſity of this Inveſtigation. From a thouſand Inſtances that I have at hand, I ſhall ſelect but a few; the firſt I ſhall introduce is the Caſe of Mr. *J. Honeyſuckle*, who was originally a Barber near the *Temple*, and a good honeſt Man, that had no more to ſay for himſelf than other People, till he became acquainted with the Maſter of *George's Coffee-houſe*, and was called in to ſhave the WITS. There is ſomething very powerful and aſtoniſhing in the Nature and Action of the Effluvia which aſcends from certain Bodies, and I doubt not but it was the Effluvia that aſcended from the Heads of theſe People while *John* was ſhaving them, that wrought this tickling Irritation in his Fancy, and brought on him the Itch of Scribbling. And perhaps it is alſo owing to the Effluvia that dropped from the Brains of *John*, which has affected many of the Members of that Society with the terrible Degree of Dulneſs they at preſent poſſeſs. When I look into my Book of Mechanics, read over the Laws of Motion, and find that all Bodies act reciprocally on each other,

that

that the Horſe draws as much as the Log, and the Log as the Horſe, I am confirmed in this Opinion: But what this Effluvia can be, or of what Sort of Materials it is compoſed, no Man can tell, Doctor PUZZLE, indeed, affirms, "That it is the Quinteſſence of an Eſſence, which being ſpecifically lighter than the heavier Parts, flies off one Body, like *Alchohol*, and inſinuates itſelf into another Body ſome how, and ſomewhere, ſo that that Body is affected with it." But as the Doctor's Definition does not much affect or inſtruct me, I muſt beg Leave to retain my old Opinion, till I can find a better, and to conclude that this Effluvia is a Sort of Animalcula, or Maggot, which inſinuates itſelf through the Pores of the Skin; and the only Difference between this Itch and the other is, that the Animalculæ in this are finer, and have the Power of inſinuating themſelves through both the Skin and the Skull; and this I think will plainly appear, when we conſider the Manner and the different Degrees of Infection. Mr. *Kenderico* was born of honeſt Parents, who put him Apprentice to a Rule-maker, hoping thereby ſo far to have provided for him, that he ſhould have lived in the World, enjoyed a Cut from a hot Joint of Meat every *Sunday*, and have had a new Coat every *Eaſter* in the Year: But, unfortunately for this poor Man, a Poet came into his Maſter's Shop, during his Apprenticeſhip, and, while he was bargaining for a black-lead Pencil, receiv'd a Meſſage from the Muſes, that precipitated him away without his Hat, which was carry'd

carried after him by Mr. *Kenderico*, who, as it then rained, very inadvertently put it on his own Head, and, by that Means, contracted this terrible Diſorder, which indeed has been the more fatal to him, on Account of his Trade; for the Effluvia of the Braſs uſed in the Joints of his Rules, has ſo caſe-hardened his Face, that 'tis become abſolutely callous, and knows no more the Vermilion Tincture bluſhed by the native Force of Modeſty, than the Deſarts of *Barca* do of the Bloom or Fragrancy of the Roſe: Beſides the Effluvia from the Lead of his Pencils and other Inſtruments, intermixing itſelf with the reſt, preponderates all to the Bottom; every Thing he ſcribbles ſinks into Oblivion, and yet the Incitation continues on the poor Wretch, and puſhes him on towards his own Deſtruction.

STAMPERO, though a Boy of no Talents, Taſte, or Genius in the World, is afflicted with this Diſorder; which Doctor *Rocko*, who attended him, aſſures me was caught only by packing up Magazines, the dulleſt Things in the Univerſe; and this pitiful Creature is now in a deplorable State, ever attempting to do ſomething, which always ends in nothing; for his Lines are as void of Meaning as his Advertiſements are of Manners.

But if we leave theſe Wretches, who are the Droſs of Mankind, and aſcend to a higher Sphere, we ſhall ſee the ſame Traces, the ſame wonderful Effects of the Effluvia. This is to be diſcovered even in the inimitable Mr. SEDGLY; who,

though a Perſon incomparably above thoſe I have already quoted, and whoſe Pen, though infinitely ſuperior not only to them, but to moſt of our modern Scribblers, is nevertheleſs indebted to the Effluvia evaporated from the Wits he has been almoſt continually in Company with: It was from them he imbibed this *Cacoethes* of Scribbling, and we may very well account for the Difference between his Writings and the Performances of the Perſons I have mentioned above, if we conſider that Nature has given him an extenſive Proportion of ſolid Underſtanding, and that he has long been a Companion not only for the Wits of the Times, but for the Men of Senſe. His Poem on Mr. *Worlidge*, the ingenious Painter over the *Little Piazza*, in *Covent-Garden*, is an evident Proof of his Genius, his Learning, and his Judgment in the Polite Arts; and in his Pamphlet intitled, "Obſervations on Mr. *Fielding*'s Enquiry" there are uncommon Inſtances of his Knowledge of Mankind, as well as of his Sagacity and Penetration into the Laws and Polity of his Country.

But what more fully, and beyond all Contradiction, proves this Diſorder to be contagious, is the Caſe of this Gentleman's Dog *Colebrook*, who from only lying under the Table where the Wits uſually meet, and by walking out with his Friend *B——r*, is become one of the moſt eminent Writers of the Age, and has penned one Piece which has been receiv'd with Commendations even by the ingenious Authors

thors of the STUDENT, who have inſerted it in their admirable Collection.

A few Thoughts concerning Elegy-Writing. *By Mrs.* MIDNIGHT.

WAS I diſpoſed to treat this Subject in a methodical Manner, I ſhou'd be gravell'd at the firſt ſetting out, for the Inventor of this Kind of Writing is entirely unknown, and for this Aſſertion I have no leſs Authority than that of *Horace*.

Quis tamen exiguos *elegos emiſſerit Author*
Grammatici certant & adhuc ſub judice his eſt.

That is, *there is a great Conteſt among the Critics, which is ſtill undecided, who was the firſt Inventor of* PIDDLING ELEGIES.

That *Horace* had a very mean Opinion of this Sort of Compoſition, is clear from his contemptuous Manner in ſpeaking of it. But what in the Name of *Phœbus* wou'd he ſay, was he alive to peruſe the Products of the preſent Monody-mongers. What miſerable, inſipid, unanimated Stuff are we peſter'd with? It is a ſtrange thing that People will not reflect, that though this is the meaneſt Species of Poetry, 'tis ſtill a Species of Poetry, and conſequently requires very exalted Talents: No Matter for that—Away we go on,

Neck or Nothing, without either Senſe, Genius, or Learning——Gentle Reader, Do you chuſe a little *Imagery* from one of theſe exquiſite Bards ——Here it is for you.

† Hard by a ſtrange fantaſtic Group appear,
Wan Cowardice, each Moment changing Seat;
Weak *Apprehenſion*, PRICKED IN THE Rear,
And ſober Melancholy, Mother of Conceit.

And preſently after ——

Look now where TIP-TOED Fear with ſhiv'ring Lips,
Has turn'd the Key, and wide her Portal ſtands;
Quick Apprehenſion in before us trips,
And bids us follow with her beck'ning Hands.

If the Gentleman had ſearch'd the whole Language for an Epithet for Fear, he cou'd not have found one ſo unapplicable as TIP-TOED.

But poor APPREHENSION! ſo inhumanly has he treated her, that ſhe is exactly in the ſame diſaſtrous Caſe as the *Dragon* of *Wantley*, in the old Ballad——PRICKED IN THE REAR——upon which he makes his Complaint to Mr. *More* in the following *Monody*.

† *Kenrick*'s *Monody*, Page the 16th.

Oh *More* of *More-Hall*
Thou ſad Raſ——call
I wiſh I had ſeen thee never;
With the Thing in thy Foot,
Thou haſt PRICKT MY A——E-GUT,
And I am undone for ever.

It muſt be acknowledged, in Juſtice to Mr. *Kenrick*, that his Piece is very equal, and tho' he is an inſufferable Poet, yet he's a very commendable Rule-maker, and underſtands black Lead Pencils.

N. B. Mrs. MIDNIGHT does not intend, by what ſhe has ſaid on Monodies and Elegies, to reflect upon Mr. *Rolt*, whom ſhe eſteems as a very good Writer.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT's *Letter to the Ghoſt of* ALEXANDER the Great.

On the Subject of Glory.

HAD I been ſo unfortunate, as to have lived, at the ſame Time with your Worſhip, I ſhou'd have waited upon you in Perſon, becauſe nothing is more liable to Miſinterpretation than a Letter. But as Matters now ſtand, Correſpondence muſt ſupply the Place of Converſation; and Dr. *Brimſtone* has informed me, that an Epiſtle, directed to *Alexander the Great*, at his Chambers in Hell, will certainly

come safe to Hand. I have consulted a good many Casuists on the Subject of Glory, but never received any tolerable Satisfaction from the most expert of them. As you was the greatest Aspirer after it, I make no question but your Master *Aristotle* gave you an accurate Definition of it, which I shall take as a particular Favour, if you'll communicate to me; for my own Part was I not certified by the Writings of *Quintus Curtius* and others, I shou'd have concluded, that you was begot by an *Hottentot*, born of a Tygress, and educated by a Butcher. If a Man murders his Neighbour, he is try'd, condemn'd, executed, and hung in Chains with a very little Ceremony: But if he murders Ten Thousand Men, then it becomes *Glory*, and you have all the Poets, Painters, Printers, and Priests to celebrate him for the GOOD he has done. — According to this Rule, I look upon you to be the best Man that ever liv'd, but according to the Rule of Humanity and Common-Sense, I believe you to be the greatest Scoundrel that ever existed.

Your Servant,
M. MIDNIGHT.

A COUNTRY JUSTICE, *a True Story.*

BESET with Books, but little Law,
I once a Country Justice saw,
A lighted Pipe regal'd his Nose,
A Mug of Ale dispell'd his Woes;

His

His Face like Morning Sun appear'd,
An Elbow Chair his Body rear'd:
Before this Man of Law was brought,
A Girl, who in the Fact was caught:
Juſtice firſt took a Swig of Ale,
Then bid the Wench begin her Tale;
Leer'd at the Girl, each Word ſhe ſpoke,
Quite tickled at the ſmutty Joke;
Made her the luſcious Tale repeat,
And when, and how, was done the Feat:
Thus warm'd, he takes the Wench aſide,
Tells her far worſe will her betide;
That *Bridewell* inſtant is her Lot,
Unleſs ſhe'll let him —— you know what.

A very pretty Raſcal! A fine Fellow this to preſerve Peace, and protect Virtue and Modeſty; I have a great Mind to put the Rogue's Name at full length.

LOVELY HARRIOTE.

A Crambo SONG *by Mrs.* Midnight's *Nephew.*

I.

GREAT *Phœbus* in his vaſt Career,
Who forms the ſelf-ſucceeding Year,
Thron'd in his Amber Chariot,
Sees not an Object half ſo bright,
Nor gives ſuch Joy, ſuch Life, ſuch Light,
As dear delicious *Harriote.*

II.

Pedants of dull phlegmatic Turns,
Whoſe Pulſe not beats, whoſe Blood not burns,
Read *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Marriote*,
I ſcorn their Philoſophic Strife,
And ſtudy Nature from the Life,
(Where moſt ſhe ſhines) in *Harriote*.

III.

When ſhe admits another Woer,
I rave like *Shakeſpear*'s jealous *Moor*,
And am, as ranting *Barry* hot;
True, virtuous, lovely was his Dove,
But Virtue, Beauty, Truth, and Love,
Are other Names for *Harriote*.

IV.

Ye honeſt Members, who oppoſe,
And fire both Houſes with your Proſe,
Tho' never can ye carry ought;
You might command the Nations Senſe,
And without Bribery convince,
Had you the Voice of *Harriote*.

V.

You of the Muſick common weal,
Who borrow, beg, compoſe, or ſteal
Cantata, Air, or Ariet;
You'd burn your cumbrous Works in ſcore;
And ſing, compoſe, and play no more,
If once you heard my *Harriote*.

Were

VI.

Were there a Wretch, who durſt eſſay
Such wond'rous Sweetneſs to betray,
I'd call him an *Iſcariot*;
But her ev'n Satyrs can't annoy,
So ſtrictly chaſte, tho' kindly coy,
Is fair angelic *Harriote*.

VII.

While Sultans, Emperors, and Kings
(Mean Appetite of earthly Things)
In all the Waſte of War-riot
Love's ſofter Duel be my Aim,
Praiſe, Honour, Glory, Conqueſt, Fame,
Are center'd all in *Harriote*.

VIII.

I ſwear by *Hymen*, and the Pow'rs
That haunt Love's ever-bluſhing Bow'rs,
So ſweet a Nymph to marry ought;
Then may I hug her ſilken Yoke,
And give the laſt, the final Stroke,
T'accompliſh lovely *Harriote*.

On seeing Miss H—— P——t, *in an Apothecary's Shop.*

FAllacious Nymph, who here by Stealth,
Would seem to be the Goddess Health!
Mask'd in that divine Disguise,
Think'st thou to 'scape Poetick Eyes?
Back, *Siren*—for I know thou'st stray'd,
From the harmonious Ambuscade;
Where many a Traveller, that took
The Invitation of thy Look,
Has felt the Coz'nage of thy Charms,
Tickled to Death within thy Arms.
Know, that I saw you Yester-Night,
At once with Horror and Delight,
Drag *Luna* from her heavenly Frame,
And out-shine her when she came.
Yes, Inchantress, I can tell
How by the Virtue of a Spell,
Cloath'd like Cherub-Innocence,
Here you fix your Residence;
That securely you may mix
Your Philters in the Streams of *Styx*;
And have at Hand, in every Part,
Materials for your magic Art,
Fossils, Fungus's, and Flow'rs,
With all the fascinating Pow'rs.
God of the prescribing Trade,
Doctor *Phœbus*, lend thine Aid;
If thou'lt some Antidote devise,
I'll call thee *Harvey* of the Skies;

Or

Or (for, at one Glance, thou can'ſt ſee
All that is, or that ſhall be,
Intentions rip'ning into Act,
And Plans emerging up to Fact)
Look in her Eyes, and thence explain
All the Miſchief that they mean.
Say in what Grove, and near what Trees
Will ſhe ſeek the *Hippomenes*.
There, there I'll meet her, — there I'll try
Th' aſſwaſive Pow'r of Harmony.
I think I've got an Amulet,
That will her Rage awhile abate.
No — all Reſiſtance is in vain ——
Charmer I yield —— I hug my Chain:
Alas! I ſee 'tis to no End
With ſuch Puiſſance to contend;
For ſince continually you dwell
In that Apothecary's Cell;
And while ſo ſtudiouſly you pry
Into the ſage Diſpenſary,
And read ſo many Doctors Bill,
You learn infallibly to kill. ———

To Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

MADAM,

IT is an Aſſertion of Mr, *Voltaire*'s, that *Hudibras* cannot poſſibly be tranſlated into any other Language, without loſing all the Drollery and Spirit of the Original; which perhaps you

will not ſubſcribe to without ſome Heſitation, when you peruſe the following Lines, which were actually render'd extempore by a Gentleman of *Cambridge*.

So learned *Taliacotius*, from
The brawny Part of Porter's Bum,
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Shou'd laſt as long as Parent Breech:
But ſoon as Date of *Knock* was out,
Off dropt the ſupplemental Snout.

Sic *Taliacotî* ars amica
Victoris parte de poſticâ,
Falſis invenit carnem naſis,
Quæ duret tamdiu, quam *Baſis:*
Sed roſtrum parili ruinâ
Cum clune periit conſobrinâ.

To Miſs A———n.

I.

LONG with undiſtinguiſh'd Flame
I lov'd each fair, each witty Dame;
My Heart the Belle-Aſſembly gain'd,
And all an equal Sway maintain'd.

II.

But when you came, you ſtood confeſt
Sole Sultana of my Breaſt,

For

For you eclips'd, ſupremely fair,
All the whole Seraglio there.

III.

In this her Mien, in that her Grace,
In a third I lov'd a Face;
But you in ev'ry Feature ſhine,
Univerſally divine.

IV.

What can thoſe tumid Paps excell,
Do they ſink, or do they ſwell?
While thoſe lovely wanton Eyes
Sparkling meet them, as they riſe.

V.

Thus in ſilver Cynthia ſeen
Gliſt'ning o'er the glaſſy Green,
While attracted ſwell the Waves,
Emerging from their inmoſt Caves.

VI.

When to ſweet Sounds your Steps you ſuit
And weave the Minuet to the Lute,
Heav'ns! how you glide! — her Neck — her Cheſt,
Does ſhe move, or does ſhe reſt?

VII.

As thoſe roguiſh Eyes advance,
Let me catch their ſide-long Glance,
Soon — or they'll elude my Sight,
Quick as Lightning and as bright.

VIII.

Thus the baſhful Pleiad peeps,
Charms her Moment, and retreats;

Then

Then peeps again, — then ſkulks unſeen,
Veil'd behind the azure Skreen.

IX.

Like the ever-toying Dove,
Smile Immenſity of Love;
Be *Venus* in each outward Part,
And wear the Veſtal in your Heart.

X.

When I aſk a Kiſs or ſo ——
Grant it with a begging no,
And let each Roſe that decks your Face,
Bluſh aſſent to my Embrace.

The MISER *and the* MOUSE.

An EPIGRAM *from the* Greek,

By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

TO a Mouſe, ſays a Miſer, "My dear Mr. Mouſe,
"Pray what may you pleaſe for to want in my Houſe?
Says the Mouſe, "Mr. Miſer, pray keep yourſelf quiet,
"You are ſafe in your Perſon, your Purſe and your Diet,
"A Lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,
"But none wou'd come here to beg, borrow, or board.

The

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Goſſip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

SPAIN.

WE are ſtill informed of the Augmentation of the naval Force of this Country. The Britiſh Miniſter has preſented another Remonſtrance againſt the Spaniſh Privateers and Guarda Coſtas moleſting the Navigation of the Britiſh Subjects in the American Seas; and alſo ſome Remarks relating to the Right of Navigation in the Bay of Honduras, which makes it reported that his Catholic Majeſty has ſent Orders for puniſhing with Death ſuch Commanders of Guarda Coſtas as have acted with Illegality to the Britiſh Merchants. There is a Rumour of another Negotiation carrying on between Mr. Keene and the Spaniſh Miniſtry, which is conjectured to be another definitive Convention for explaining the laſt. But any old Woman, without the Spirit of Divination, may readily perceive that the ſagacious Spaniard will ſtill temporize with the Court of London, and perhaps make Don Benjamin an old Woman in good earneſt; for the Spaniards are now relieved from the Load of Petticoat Government, and the Faneſe Loquacity is vaniſhed from the Cabinet, whe- natural Gravity of the Country is reſumed.

ify the augment eſtrained

ITALY.

The holy Succeſſor of St. Peter intends to g, which Promotion of nine Cardinals to the vacant s with but Benedict XIV. has too great a Diſcernment urſe of any other old Woman into the Conclave, and g. they another Pope Joan. Indolence and Luxury are the y fe-rers of Pride, and this has occaſioned the ambitious ence of the ſacerdotal Purple, to ſollicit the Catholic Powelf to grant their Eminences the Precedency of Rank from their

their Ambaſſadors where-ever they meet; but his Sardinian Majeſty does not ſeem inclinable to gratify their Vanity, and it is expected they will be equally diſappointed at other Courts. The other Powers of Italy have nothing to incite our Curioſity at preſent; but I cannot help obſerving, if theſe States were as unanimous in their political Intereſt as in their Religion, that a confederated Fleet may be ſpeedily equiped, which would awe the Inſolence of the Barbarian Rovers; even this may be done without the Aſſiſtance of another Doria; for an old Woman, at the Head of a formidable Squadron, would make theſe piratical Adventurers dread to ſail out of their Harbours.

TURKEY.

Beauty ſeems now diſregarded in the Seraglio of the Grand Seignior; the favourite Sultana has loſt her Influence over the ductile Heart of Mahomet; and a Spirit of War ſeems to be rekindled amongſt the Turks; but to the Honour of the female Sex be it ſpoken, the Virgin Empreſs of Ruſſia, and the good Wife of the Emperor of Germany, can make the Ottomans tremble and repent their Temerity, if they ſhould endeavour to ſ either the Danube, the Neiſter, or the Don. The

T very probably encourage the African Rovers, by them of Aſſiſtance if attacked by the Chri-

" Pray wers; which they ſeem apprehenſive will cer-

lappen; but the Inhabitants of Algiers, Tunis,

Says Tripoli, appear to diſregard the Danger which has

ong threatened them.

" Yo FRANCE.

nile this Power is ſecretly fomenting a Rupture

" ween the Courts of Petersburgh and Berlin, ſhe is

" aking the neceſſary Preparations for aſſiſting his Pruſſian Majeſty on any Emergency; with whom the Moſt Chriſtian

Christian King has lately concluded a Treaty, by which he is obliged to furnish his Ally with 30000 Foot and 10000 Horse. The French are also indefatigably increasing their Navy, from whence every old Woman may prognosticate what may happen in the Baltick, if Russia should be attacked by Sweden.

Terrible Hurricanes have happened in several Parts of France, particularly at Nantes in Britany, where, in the adjacent Road of Paimboeuf, out of 70 Ships at Anchor, only 4 rode out the Tempest, the rest being either lost or driven to Sea; by which 800 Seamen were drowned, and the Damages done within that District amount to ten Millions of Livres. The Waters of the Seyne have overflowed a great Part of Paris; and the Clergy are very sedulous in deprecating the divine Mercy; in which I heartily concur, though, as an honest old *English* Woman, it is my Duty to wish that France may be loaded with Adversity.

NETHERLANDS.

Nothing has reached us from this Part of the Continent worthy of Attention. Prince Charles of Lorrain lives in great Magnificence at Brussels, where, like a young Scipio, the Laurels of the Hero dignify the Man, and the Victories of War serve only to augment the Serenity of Peace. The Dutch are now restrained by their Stadtholder from that obstinate chattering, which distinguished the greatest Part of their Deputies with the Appellation of old Women during the Course of the late War; when, I may justly insist upon it, they shewed the Irresolution and Cowardice of so many female Gossips, together with all the cautionary Indolence of Age and Infirmity. The Stadtholder finds himself invested with little less than a sovereign Authority over these

theſe penurious Republicans, who are obliged to conceal their turbulent Diſpoſitions; while every thing is conducted with Secrecy and Regularity in the Aſſembly of the States.

GERMANY.

The King of Pruſſia is ſtill averſe to the Election of a King of the Romans, to which he is incited by the non-execution of the Treaty of Dreſden, concluded on the 14th of December, 1745; ſuch as the guarantying Sileſia by the Empire, and the Regulation of a future Commerce, the former of which he has never been able to procure, tho' by the 3d Article of the Treaty of Hanover, made between his Majeſty and the King of Great Britain, this was expreſly ſtipulated to be done; and without the Aſſurance of which the Pruſſian Monarch would not have concluded the Treaty of Dreſden in ſo moderate a manner for the Queen of Hungary and Elector of Saxony, at a time when his victorious Troops had over-run that Electorate, and were in Poſſeſſion of the capital City.

The Court of Vienna is apprehenſive of a Diſturbance from the Ottoman Forces aſſembling on the Confines of Hungary, in which Kingdom a Body of Imperialiſts are forming for its ſecurity.

The Elector of Cologne has renounced his ſubſidiary Engagements with the Maritime Powers, and thrown himſelf into the Arms of France, which is a very extraordinary Affair; becauſe this Prince cannot but remember the Devaſtation that the French Troops, commanded by Marſhal Maillebois, committed in his Territories in the Year 1744; when his Dilection nobly refuſed them a Paſſage, though in the Service of his Brother the late Emperor. From this Inconſiſtency, his electo-

electoral Highneſs ſeems in his Dotage, and therefore ought to be inveſted with the Mantle of an old Woman, rather than with his eccleſiaſtical Habiliments, which, I am afraid, will contribute little to the Proſpect of Heaven for the Prince, if the Prieſt diſclaims the tender Tie of Conſcience, with the Virtues of a Patriot, and the Duty of a Sovereign.

DENMARK.

The Court is only attentive to the increaſe of Commerce, and the Proſperity of the Inhabitants. A Squadron of ten Ships, is ordered to convoy 600 regular Troops to the Coaſt of Africa, where they are intended to eſtabliſh a new Colony. The Danes and Swedes appear to have forgot all their former Animoſities; and, to corroborate this Harmony, a Marriage Contract has been reciprocally agreed to between the Prince Royal Guſtavus of Sweden, with the Princeſs Royal of Denmark, who are both in their Infancy: A Scheme, which if the young Princeſs was my Daughter, I ſhould not readily aſſent to; becauſe my natural Affection for a Child would over-ballance a Regard for the Community; but the admirable Queen her Mother was ſerved ſo herſelf.

SWEDEN.

A ſtrong Fleet is equipping at Carelſcroon, which has been conjectured to oppoſe the Ruſſians in the Baltick, in caſe of a Rupture between the Courts of Petersburgh and Berlin: However, all the Fears of a Commotion between Sweden and Ruſſia are extinguiſhed in the Death of his Swediſh Majeſty, who died lately at Stockholm, in the 75th Year of his Age. Adolphus Frederic, Duke of Holſtein, Biſhop of Lubeck, has now aſcended the Swediſh Throne, to which he was declared Prince Succeſſor by the Treaty of Abo, through the Influence of the

the victorious Ruſſians. It is true, that this Prince is at the Head of a potent Nation; but the regal Power in Sweden has been greatly abridged ſince the Reign of Charles XII. on whoſe Death the States were reſtored to their ancient Rights and Liberties; ſo that the legiſlative and executive Power is now lodged in the States, and the Monarch finds his Authority ſo much retrenched, that, like his Poliſh Majeſty, he has little more than the bare Name of Sovereignty.

RUSSIA.

The Diſſention between the Courts of Petersburgh and Berlin are rather aggravated than adjuſted, notwithſtanding the Interpoſition of the Courts of Vienna and London: Both Powers are exerting their military Strength, and pouring down their Troops to their reſpective Frontiers. The Ruſſians are alſo in danger of an Attack from the Turks, but they have taken Care to defend the Ukrain: they have alſo ſent a conſiderable Body of Troops into the conquered Provinces, under the Command of General Lieven, it being currently reported that Marſhal Lacy was dead at Riga, though they have now little to apprehend from the Swedes, whoſe new Monarch is Uncle to the Prince Succeſſor of all the Ruſſias. The Czarina has ordered the Herenhutters, or Moravians, to depart the Empire; and has publiſhed an Edict for prohibiting the Importation of Books printed abroad.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

Political Arcanums are leſs frequent in the Britiſh Miniſtry than in any other European Cabinet, and we are now acquainted that the Commiſſaries aſſembled at Paris, for adjuſting the Limits of the Poſſeſſions belonging to the Crowns of Great Britain and France, have come to ſome Sort of an Agreement. The Britiſh Miniſtry has alſo acknowledged the Right of France to the Iſland of St. Martin's, one of the leſſer Antilles, lying Eaſt of Porto Rico, which is about 75 Miles in Circumference, and was firſt planted by the French in 1645; though

Part

Part of the Iſland has been ſince inhabited by the Engliſh; and Mr. Hodge, the Deputy Governor of Anguilla, diſpoſſeſſed the French entirely from the Iſland in the Year 1744, but now the whole Iſland is to be reſtored to the French, with a proper Indemnification for their Loſſes. However, this has too much the Air of an Old Woman's Story to gain any Credit with me; for how can it be expected that our Miniſtry will order the Britiſh Subjects to evacuate St. Martin's, before the French have come to a Determination concerning the Property of the neutral Iſlands?

The Gin Act is not yet paſſed, though it is to be hoped that ſome ſalutary Method will be ſpeedily put into Execution to aboliſh the Uſe of this pernicious Liquor; and then we may expect to ſee the Revival of Health among the inferior Claſs of the Community, many of whom it is to be hoped will live long enough to be honour'd with the Appellation of Old Women. The Naturalization Bill was put off to this Day, when the Debates on that Affair will be reſumed, and I can venture to prognoſticate how it will be determined: As for the Alteration of the New Stile, I hope the good Earl of Macclesfield will ſucceed in a Scheme ſo viſibly calculated for the Uſe of Poſterity; eſpecially as the Emperor has ordered a Conformity to the Gregorian Calendar to be obſerved in his Ducal Dominions of Tuſcany, where the Julian Æra has been hitherto followed.

I am glad to hear that a Propoſition is made to the Legiſlature for purchaſing the Sovereignty of the Iſle of Man, and annexing it to the Government; which will be extremely prejudicial to the clandeſtine Trade carried on with the Commodities of France; the Smugglers finding frequent Opportunities of running their Goods from this Iſland on the adjacent Coaſts of Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales.

Among the Acts of Parliament lately paſſed, there is one "For the better regulating of Trials by Juries." And I wiſh I could ſee an Amendment in it; "for

"pro-

" providing many of these sagacious Judges of Life and " Property with a sufficient Share of Common Sense." For it is not long ago that I attended a Trial at a certain Court, on an infamous Affair between a certain Beetle-browed, squinting Sort of a Grocer, and his Apprentice, who the Master had charged with Felony for taking Five Shillings out of his Till, though he had at that Time some Pounds belonging to the Apprentice in his Possession; when the Foreman of the Jury imagin'd the Fact amounted to a Felony, tho' it was actually no more than a Breach of Trust, for which there can be no corporal Punishment. If an Old Woman may venture to give her Opinion, I think this requires the Legislative Attention, as much as any Thing in Mr. Fielding's Enquiry, or in Mr. Sedgly's Observations on that Enquiry; for how precarious is Life and Fortune when entrusted to a weak and insensible Juror?

I had just sent all my Copy to the Printer's, and thought of inserting no more in this Number, when I accidentally called in at Mr. *Worlidge*'s, the ingenious Painter over the *Little-Piazza*, in *Covent-Garden*, to gratify my Curiosity in seeing his valuable Collection of Pictures, many of which, because they are the Offspring of his own elegant Pencil, have been held in a contemptible Light in his own Apartments; but when removed to an Auction-Room, have been absolutely taken for the Productions of a *Rembrandt*, a *Corregio*, and a *Vandyke*; such is the pernicious Force of Prejudice to a modern Artist, of Envy to a rival Genius, and of Partiality to a Man not yet mounted on the Wings of Fame. As I have the Honour to be an intimate Acquaintance with Mr. *Worlidge*, I have frequently taken an Opportunity of desiring him to expose some of his beautiful Performances in some Place where they may be more publickly seen than at his own Apartments; though these Remonstrances have been hitherto ineffectual, and all such Entreaties disconcerted by a commendable, but an unseasonable

able and unfashionable, Modesty: However, I hope that Time will overcome this Bashfulness of honest Pride, this Honesty of conscious Merit; or that Ingenuity may spare her Blush by meeting with a proper Regard and Encouragement. This Gentleman took me into his Painting-Room, where he was putting the finishing Stroke to a beautiful Portrait, which is executed in so very masterly a Manner, that I could not help exposing that Quality, so natural to an old Woman, of making a formal Enquiry into the Character of the Person it represented: When Mr. *Worlidge* informed me that it was the Picture of Mr. *Ben. Sedgly*, of *Temple-Bar*, who has lately made himself so remarkable for his poetical and political Accomplishments. I recollected that I had seen several Verses, and other Pieces of this Author, to which I had given my Approbation, and particularly his Observations on Mr. *Fielding*'s *Enquiry*, which are wrote with an uncommon Spirit, and extraordinary Delicacy: I therefore told Mr. *Worlidge*, that my Veneration for every literary Genius, had excited an Inclination in me to see Mr. *Sedgly*; but, as it wou'd be a Piece of Indecency for one of my Sex and Age, to go into a Publick-House without a sober-looking Gentleman in Company, I desired he wou'd attend me there, and introduce me to *Ben*, which he readily agreed to, and very complaisantly conducted me thither. I found Mr. *Seagly*, to be a good-natur'd Sort of a Man, though not so polite to a Lady as I could have wish'd him at first; but this was soon removed by Mr. *Worlidge*'s acquainting him, that he had taken the Liberty of introducing Mrs. *Midnight* to his Acquaintance: upon which my Brother Author gave me a very sagacious Look, an affable Smile, a low Congee, and a civil Squeeze by the Hand. We had half a Pint of Mountain, and were soon as great as two Incle-makers; when Mr. *Sedgly* began to complain of the censorious Reflections, and unmannerly Severities, thrown upon every Man of Genius on his Appearance in the literary World; concluding that he had been very con-

contumeliously treated by a certain Player, who had made a low Criticism on his Performances, which he told me was genteely answered by one of his Customers, though without his Privity, He acquainted me that Mr. *Langham* of the *Blue Posts* had been set up as a Rival to him in Genius, as well as in Beer; but that Mr. *Langham* had submitted, and publickly acknowledged the Superiority of Genius to belong to Mr. *Sedgly*; which has occasioned a perfect Reconciliation between them, and made such a grateful Impression on the Heart of Mr. *Sedgly*, that he has given Way to the Muse in the following Lines, which, on my Approbation of them, he desired I would insert in my Magazine. I promised him I would; then took my Leave, with assuring him I would shortly dine at his House with honest *Beck the happy Cobler*; and have now performed one Part of my Promise, by inserting the following Verses.

To Mr. Solomon Langham, *an Author, at the* Blue Posts.

TO spare the Dart of Wit, the Pill of Jest,
Langham, I own, thy Candour is confest.
Her Venom-crest let yelling *Envy* raise,
Genius commands, and *Truth* shall merit Praise;
What if, Muse-led, we seek *Aonia*'s Bow'r,
Drink the rich Stream, or crop the beauteous Flow'r;
Shall this the Viper-sting of *Slander* rouze,
To blast the Laurels blooming on our Brows!
——Ye little Curs, still idly bay the Moon;
Try, with a Breath, to cool the Sun at Noon:
Langham and *Sedgly* shall, like Twins, combine;
Unblemish'd, undiminish'd, will we shine.
Oh, Friend! while *Comus* quaffs the nectar Bowl,
Anacreon-like, we'll fire the drooping Soul;
Let Mirth and Song each happy Hour divide;
Friendship round us has now her *Cestus* tied.

Ship and *Anchor*, *Temple-Bar*. Ben. Sedgly.

al Succeſs. The late
uſe of this Artifice,
les for the *En-*
Mal-
ice

The MIDWIFE.

NUMBER II.

VOL. II.

A certain Method by which a Man may engage the Fates in his Favour and procure himſelf GOOD LUCK.

Communicated to Mrs. MIDNIGHT, *as an* Arcanum: *By a Gentleman, who ſtudied for it forty Years in the ſeveral Univerſities of* Europe.

NOtwithſtanding what the ancient and modern Authors have ſaid concerning the Difference of Men's Opinions, there are two Points wherein I think we are all agreed, which are, firſt, to ſollicit *good Luck*; and, ſecondly, to avoid the *ill*. And as this is the Caſe, I think I cannot do a more acceptable Service to the Publick than to inform them in what Manner, and by what Means,

contumeliously treated by all Times, procure them-
made a low Criticism on good and agreeable, and avoid
me was genteely and is so obnoxious: And I, with the
without his Pr[illegible]
of the Nature, enter on this Subject, as it will, in
no probability, put an End to many of those Fears
and Anxieties which People possess themselves with
on mere trifling Occasions. Spilling a little Salt
shall make a whole Family unhappy. A single
Crow in the Road shall turn a Man back, even
tho' he was going for the Midwife. The Fall of a
Martin's Nest is a dreadful Symptom, and of more
Consequence than the Fall of a Star, or a Comet.
Ravens are the Harbingers of Death; and the
Howling of a Dog has been thought sufficient to
call a Ghost from the Grave.

For the valuable Secret, which I am about to communicate to you to cure this Evil, I am obliged to the learned and ingenious *Monsieur Bourgenderfis*, who assures me, from his own Experience, that these, and all other Omens of ill Luck, may be prevented by only placing the Body in a *proper Position* at the time of rising. As the abovementioned Gentleman has made this Affair his Study for forty Years, and is a great Master of *Astrology*, *Palmistry*, *Alchymy*, &c. he must undoubtedly be a good Judge of the Matter; and I have his Authority to say, that every Thing has happen'd to his Wish ever since he put this Method in Practice. Besides this, he has given me to understand that several Great Generals, who have been instructed in this Mystery,

have

have practiſed it with equal Succeſs. The late Duke of *M—lb——gh* made uſe of this Artifice, when he obtain'd thoſe glorious Battles for the *Engliſh* Nation, at *Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, and *Malplaquet*. The Sea Commanders did the ſame twice in the time of *Charles* II. when with ſuch good Succeſs they engaged and defeated the *Dutch* Fleets. 'Twas a Maxim with all our Admirals in the Days of Queen *Elizabeth*. *Charles* XII. of *Sweden* fought upon this very Principle, depended entirely upon it, and perform'd Wonders, 'till he became ſo elated and puff'd up with Conqueſt that he neglected this Rule, and then he was taken Priſoner, and ſoon after kill'd by a Cannon Ball. In ſhort, ſo wonderfully efficacious is this Method, that I myſelf knew two Generals, engaged by different Nations at War, who drew up their Armies, fought a Battle, and both conquer'd, notwithſtanding it happen'd on a Childermas Day. But it would be abſurd to ſay more.——Thoſe who conſider how many Gentlemen have advanc'd themſelves in the Church and the State, in the Army and Navy, in the Law and in Phyſick, meerly by this Means, and without any Merit or Pretenſions to Merit whatſoever, can no longer doubt that it is of the utmoſt Conſequence for a Man TO RISE WITH HIS BACKSIDE UPWARDS; —— for that is the Noſtrum, which I might have ſold for an infinite Sum — But I here give it you freely — there — take it — and may the Obſervance of it make ye all happy. M. MIDNIGHT.

Things to be laugh'd at:

OR,

A Collection of honeſt Prejudices. (continu'd)

NEXT unto *Arvi* there are two Rivers, *Atoica* and *Caora*, and on that Branch which is called *Caora* are a Nation of People whoſe Heads appear not above their Shoulders; which, tho' it may be thought a meer Fable, yet for mine own Part I am reſolved it is true; becauſe every CHILD in the Provinces of *Arromaia* and *Canuri* affirm the ſame: They are called *Ewaipanoma:* They are reported to have their Eyes in their Shoulders, and their Mouths in the middle of their Breaſts; and that a long Train of Hair groweth backward between their Shoulders.

Sir W. RALEIGH'S *Works.* Page 209.

The Eighth Species of Earthquakes is, where over and above the riſing and ſinking the Parts of the Earth, there are a great Variety of other Accidents attending; ſuch for Inſtance, as appears in that Relation which the learned *Camden* gives us, of a very famous Earthquake in *Herefordſhire*, where in the Year 1571, *Marclay Hill* in the Eaſt Part of the Shire, with a roaring Noiſe, removed itſelf from the Place where it ſtood, and for three Days together travelled from its old Seat.

It

It began first to take its Journey *February* 17th, being *Saturday* at Six of the Clock at Night, and by Seven the next Morning, it had gone forty Paces, carrying with it Sheep in their Cotes, Hedge-Rows and Trees, whereof, some were overturn'd; some that stood upon the Plain were firmly growing upon the Hill; those that were East were turned West; and those in the West were set in the East: In this Remove it overthrew *Kinaston* Chapel, and turned two Highways near an hundred Yards from their old Paths. The Quantity of Ground thus removed was about twenty-six Acres, which opening itself with Rocks and all, bore the Earth before it for four hundred Yards space, without any stay, leaving Pasturage in the Place of the Tillage, and the Tillage overspread with Pasturage: Lastly, overwhelming its lower Parts, it mounted to a Hill of twelve Fathoms high, and there rested after *three Days travel.*

Dissertation upon Earthquakes. Page 43.

Among the many People who have had Courage and Learning to lay *Spirits* and *Ghosts*, G. W. SALOMINE may be reckon'd and esteem'd the most considerable and knowing; for he made a Fortune and raised an Estate by this very Trade; and is said to have laid 1379 Souls in the *Red Sea.* A Place which I know by Experience, and by Examination have found all Ghosts and Spirits are most afraid of; and this I think proves *Salomine's*

Power to be very great, as it is a Place they wou'd not but by Force have went into.

It is to be remarked that *Salomine* was the seventh Son of his Father and Mother, who was a virtuous Woman; and he had alſo a wonderful Faculty of curing all Diſeaſes *with a Touch*. Such ſurpriſing Power is there in ſome People. Yet this Gentleman was not more to be thought of than an Accquaintance of mine, an *Oxford* Scholar, who to my certain Knowledge and Belief hath cured many Diſorders, and allayed the Ghoſts of many diſturbed People, when no other Perſon could do them. In a Village where I lived, I do know that there was a great Houſe, a Manſion-Houſe, haunted by a Spirit that turned itſelf into a thouſand Shapes and Forms; but generally came in the Figure of a *boiled Scragg of Mutton*, and had baffled and defyed the learned Men of both Univerſities; but this being told to my Friend, who was a Deſcendant and Relation of the learned *Friar Bacon*, he undertook to lay it, and that even without his Books; and 'twas done in this Manner: He ordered ſome Water to be put into a clean Skellet that was new, and had never been on the Fire. When the Water boiled, he himſelf pulled off his Hat and Shoes, and then took ſeven Turnips, which he pared with a ſmall Penknife that had been rubbed and whetted on a Loadſtone, and put them into the Water. When they were boiled, he ordered ſome Butter to be melted in a new glaized earthen

earthen Pipkin, and then mashed the Turnips in it. Just as this was finished, I myself saw the Ghost, in the Form of a *boiled Scragg of Mutton*, peep in at the Window, which I gave him Notice of, and he stuck his Fork into him, and sowsed both him and the Turnips into a Pewter Dish, and eat both up: And the House was ever afterward quiet and still. Now this I should not have believed, or thought true, but I stood by and saw all the whole Ceremony performed.

JACKSON'S *State of the Defunct.* Page 97.

A CERTIFICATE,

To satisfy the Publick, and prevent any farther Disputes concerning the Naturalization *Bill.*

I *Mary Midnight* of St. *James's*, *Westminster*, have, by Order of several noble Personages, examined a great Number of my own Countrymen promiscuously taken, and the same Number of Foreigners selected from all other Nations; and I do, upon my Honour, hereby certify and declare, that I find the *English* are rather better qualify'd for the Business of the Ladies, and the Business of the Nation, than any other People: Wherefore I most humbly beg that the *Naturalization Bill* may be thrown out, and a Bill brought into the House, in lieu thereof, to oblige all our Batchelors to marry and get Children; which would answer all the

Pur-

Purpoſes of that Deſign, and not ſubject us to any of the Inconveniencies generally attending thoſe Sort of Schemes. Witneſs my Hand, *April* 20th 1751.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

VERSES *written in a* London Churchyard.

MARIA now I'll ceaſe to ſing,
And all the op'ning Sweets of Spring:
The *Chop-houſe* in my Verſe ſhall ring,
Where lives my lovely *Jenny*.

Where antient Cooks exert their Art;
No youthful Damſel bears a Part:
Yet one has broil'd my very Heart,
And that was lovely *Jenny*.

Brown as the Wallnut is her Hair,
Her Skin is like the Napkin fair,
More blooming than red Cabbage are
The Cheeks of lovely *Jenny*.

Each ſav'ry Diſh to Cit and Fop
She bears, herſelf a nicer Chop;
How far more elegant, to ſop,
And feaſt on lovely *Jenny*.

More tempting than the ſmoaking Stake,
Or ſweeteſt Tart her Fingers make!

I'd loſe my Dinner for the Sake,
Of taſting lovely *Jenny*.

But when I pay for Stake or Tart,
I act a very Miſer's Part,
At once the Money and my Heart
I give to lovely *Jenny*.

Let *Jove* his fam'd Ambroſia eat,
And youthful *Hebe* ever wait;
I envy not his Joy or State,
While ſerv'd by lovely *Jenny*.

While *Britiſh* Herrings *Britons* love,
Or City Throats with Cuſtard move,
While Nectar pleaſes mighty *Jove*,
So long ſhall I love *Jenny*.

And when at length the Beauty dies,
Oh! cut her into little Pies!
Like Jelly-ſtars ſhe'll grace the Skies,
So bright is lovely *Jenny*.

St *Clement*'s *Church-yard*,
May 1. 1751.

A Scheme for a Bill of Annihilation; *in a Letter from Mrs.* Midnight, *to the Rt. Hon. the E— of* C———.

My Lord,

AS the Troubles and Diſcontents of Mankind, are daily increaſing, and their Patience diminiſhing in the ſame Proportion; I humbly offer

to

to your Lordſhip's Conſideration, a Scheme, which will be a Catholicon againſt all Diſorders and Diſturbances, which are, have been, or may be incident to human Nature. The whole Affair, my Lord, is no more than this, to erect in ſome commodious Part of this opulent City, *an Office of Annihilation*, where all afflicted and diſcontented Perſons may come, in order to be Annihilated by one or more of the auguſt College of Phyſicians, who there muſt regularly attend for that Purpoſe.—Half the Work, my Lord, is done to our Hands; for I can demonſtrate, that at leaſt one Moiety of the People that *breathe*, cannot be ſaid to *exiſt* with any Propriety of Language, *Cogito, ergo ſum, I think, therefore I am*, is the great *Des Cartes*'s Definition of Exiſtence. If this be true, thoſe that do not think, do not exiſt, which Obſervation diſpatches ten Millions at a Blow——If the Naturalization Bill paſs into a Law, this will clear the Way for it; for by Annihilating ſo many of our Countrymen, we ſhall make more room for Foreigners, a Piece of Complaiſance, which is as amiable as it is neceſſary. It is almoſt incredible what Advantages would redound from this Affair.—— All thoſe poor Objects, which, to the Scandal of Humanity, are ſtarving and rotting in the Streets, might be order'd to the Office.——In ſhort, every Body that was weary of their Being, might apply to the Phyſician in waiting; for this is a Diſeaſe he'd never fail to Cure. I muſt take the Liberty to add, that your Lordſhip is deeply intereſted in this

this Affair, in reſpect to ſome Advantages that will more immediately happen to yourſelf.——You might ſend ſix or ſeven Cart Loads of thoſe Block-heads to the Office, who have had the enormous Impudence to affix your Name to their *Grub-ſtreet* Traſh, or, what is ſtill worſe, to father upon your Lordſhip's manly Wit, the puny paltry Product of their own fumbling deſpicable Dulneſs. There is not, my Lord, among all the Peſt of Society, a more contemptible Sett of Men than your Pettyfogging Attorneys, your Haberdaſhers of *ſmall Ware* in the Law.—Theſe I wou'd have ſent to the Office firſt of all; for the ſooner Annihilation ſhould happen to them, the ſooner Mankind might expect the invaluable Bleſſings of Peace and good Neighbourhood. In ſhort, ſince every Profeſſion is too much crouded with its reſpective Votaries, I wou'd, by this means, lop off all the redundant and uſeleſs Members.——I wou'd finally have commanded to the Office—all Authors, who have no Qualification, but Vanity.—All Patrons, who give Merit nothing, but their *Word*.—All Pedants, Pyrates, and Pamphlet-Clubs, with every Thing that is offenſive and detrimental to good Learning, good Senſe, and good Manners. Which is all at preſent, from,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
moſt obedient humble Servant,
MARY MIDNIGHT.

A Let-

A Letter from Mrs. MIDNIGHT, *to the Governors of the* Foundling-Hoſpital, *in which it will appear, why ſhe does not apply to be of their Society.*

Worthy Sirs,

I Have been ſollicited by ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction, to offer myſelf as a Candidate for being a Governor of the *Foundling-Hoſpital*, and find myſelf under ſome ſort of Neceſſity of juſtifying my Squeamiſhneſs, in declining to make uſe of my Intereſt in this Affair. No Perſon of common Senſe can doubt of my Impartiality in this Matter, for the Propagation of Mankind, which this *Charity* is peculiarly calculated to promote, is very delightful and lucrative to one of my Perſuaſion and Profeſſion.——In the firſt Place you are guilty of a moſt ſcandalous Miſnommer, (as the *French* Phraſe is) for you call your Hoſpital, an Hoſpital for expoſed and deſerted Children, when expoſed and deſerted Children are abſolutely excluded by the Laws of your Houſe, and the whole of the Buſineſs is entirely left to Fortune, ſo that the Baſtard of a L—d, has an equal Chance with an helpleſs Wretch, who, perhaps *was* (as *Shakeſpear* has it) *Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab!* I know Gaming is very faſhionable, and in my Letter to Mr. *Hoyle*, I have proved it to be attended with many admirable Conſequences.—But for your Black Balls and your White,—to play at *Roley-Poley* for the Bodies of your Fellow-Creatures, is carrying the Matter

ſomewhat

somewhat too far. Extravagant Feasts, Musick, Revelling and Dancing, are of that Species of Charity, which Pride and Gluttony are ever ready to bestow on themselves and their Associates.——But to *Fast* for a Friend in order to serve him;—to Pray for him in order to promote him;—To undergo *Pain* to give him Pleasure, is Christian Charity.—All the rest is Ostentation, Nonsense, Noise, and something yet worse than all of them, which I forbear at present to mention, because I wou'd not give Offence to Persons of Distinction.

M. MIDNIGHT.

To the wise Inhabitants of TRING, *in* Hertfordshire, *and the Towns and Villages adjacent.*

GENTLEMEN,

I Have receiv'd a very particular and impartial Account of your Behaviour to poor *Gaffer Osborne* and his unhappy Wife; and I am really shock'd at your Inhumanity, and asham'd of your Stupidity. Don't you think the following Paragraph will make a pretty Figure in the Annals of *England*, and give Posterity a fine Idea of your Wisdom, Sagacity, Humanity, and Religion?

Letter from Tring *in* Hertfordshire, April 24.

'On Monday last a shocking Affair happened 'here. One B—rf—d, who keeps a Publick-

‘ Houſe, from baſe and lucrative Views, had given
‘ out he was bewitched by one Oſborne and his
‘ Wife, (inoffenſive People of the Age of threeſcore
‘ Years and upwards) and had it cry'd at ſeveral
‘ Market-Towns that they were to be try'd by
‘ Ducking the Day aforeſaid; when about Noon
‘ a great Concourſe of People, to the Number of
‘ Five Thouſand at leaſt, appeared in the Town.
‘ The Officers of the Pariſh had privately re-
‘ moved the poor old Couple in the dead time of
‘ the Night into the Church, as a Place of Safety.
‘ The Mob demanded theſe unhappy Wretches at
‘ the Workhouſe, but on being acquainted they
‘ were not there, they pulled down the Pales and
‘ Walls, broke all the Windows, and demoliſhed
‘ a Part of the Houſe: After ſearching the Chim-
‘ nies and Cielings without Effect, they ſeized the
‘ Governor, hawled him down to the Stream, and
‘ declared they would drown him, and fire the
‘ whole Town, unleſs they delivered theſe poor
‘ Creatures into their Hands. The Mob ran up
‘ and down with Straw in their Hands, and were
‘ going to put their Threats into Execution, had
‘ they not been delivered up. Theſe miſerable
‘ Creatures were now dragged two Miles, ſtript
‘ ſtark-naked, their Thumbs ty'd to their Toes,
‘ and in this ſhameful manner were thrown into
‘ a muddy Stream. After much Ducking and ill
‘ Uſage, the poor old Woman was thrown quite
‘ naked on the Bank, almoſt choaked with Mud,
‘ and expired in a few Minutes, being kick'd and
‘ beat

'beat with Sticks even after she was dead; and 'the poor Man lies dangerously ill of the Bruises 'he received. To add to their Barbarity, they 'put the dead Witch (as they called her) in Bed 'with her Husband, and ty'd them together. The 'Coroner's Inquest have brought in their Verdict, 'Wilful Murder. Several Persons are apprehended 'on this account, and the Inhabitants are making 'diligent Search after others, being determined to 'bring them to condign Punishment.'

Pray, (for God's Sake) if you have any Sense at all, if you are not meer Idiots and Lunaticks, let me tell you a Story.

There was in the West of *England*, where I lived several Years, a poor industrious Woman, who labour'd under the same evil Report that the above poor Wretches were stigmatized with. Every Hog that died with the Murrain, every Cow that slipt her Calf, she was accountable for. If a Horse had the Staggers, she was supposed to be in his Head; and whenever the Wind blew a little harder than ordinary, *Goody Gilbert* was playing her Tricks, and riding upon a Broomstick in the Air. These, and a thousand other Phantasies, too ridiculous to recite, possess'd the Pates of the common People. Horse-shoes were nail'd with the Heels upwards, and many Tricks were made use of to intrap and mortify the poor Creature; and such was their Rage against her, that they petition'd

Mr. *Williams*, the Parſon of the Pariſh, not to let her come to Church, and, at laſt, even inſiſted upon it; but this he over-ruled, and allow'd the poor old Woman a Noke in one of the Iſles to herſelf, where ſhe muttered over her Prayers in the beſt Manner ſhe could. The Pariſh, thus diſconcerted and enraged, withdrew the ſmall Pittance they allow'd for her Support, and would have reduc'd her to the Neceſſity of ſtarving, had not ſhe been ſtill aſſiſted by the benevolent Mr. *Williams*, who often ſent her Bread and Meat, frequently procured her Spinning-Work from the next Market-Town, and ſo provoked was he at their Behaviour to her, that he once apply'd to a neighbouring Juſtice of Peace in her Behalf; but as there happen'd a Storm the Night before, which ſtript Part of the Thatch off his Worſhip's Stable, that wiſe Haberdaſher of the Law refuſed her Relief. I was, one Afternoon, drinking Tea with Mrs. *Williams*, when a Meſſage was brought that poor *Jane Gilbert* was extremely ill; upon which we all three went to ſee her. As ſhe was ſick, I expected to have found her in Bed, and we open'd the Door ſoftly not to diſturb her; but when we came into her little Hovel, poor *Jane* was ſpinning by a ſmall Peat Fire, which I could have cover'd with my Hand. As the poor old Creature was deaf, ſhe did not hear us open the Door, and I had an Opportunity of taking a full Survey of her before ſhe perceived us. A Picture of ſuch Wretchedneſs I never ſaw before or ſince. Her Body was half naked,

naked, insomuch that her wither'd Shoulders and Part of her Breast appear'd thro' her tatter'd Gown. Her Head was bound round with an old blue Stocking, that exposed her bald Crown and her Ears to view. Her Hose were composed of two Haybands, tyed round her Legs with a Packthread-string. She sat in an old wooden Elbow-chair, and, by Fits, dozed, and then again turn'd her Wheel; to the Motion of which her Under Jaw kept exact Time. When Mr. *Williams* call'd to her, she rais'd herself up, and, by the Support of the Chair made us a Curtsey. The Manner of our coming in had a little confus'd her, but she soon recover'd herself, and, by our Desire, sat down. Mr. *Williams* then enquired into the State of her Disorder, and she told him, that she believ'd her Illness was occasion'd by her eating that Food; (pointing to an earthen Pan that stood before us, in which were mixed a little Barley Meal, Salt, and Water) and added, that she had not had any Bread or Meat for seven Days. At this he was surpris'd, and ask'd what became of the Victuals he sent her the Beginning of that Week? She thank'd him for it, and reply'd, that two Fellows in the Neighbourhood, whose Names she mention'd, had taken it from her; and that one of them had struck her several Blows. Mr. *Williams* seemed angry that she did not inform him of it; but she desired he would not be displeased, and said, she was loth to be too troublesome. Mrs. *Williams* (who is a mighty good Woman) was greatly af-

fected with this Circumſtance, and ſhed Tears, which were indeed accompany'd with my own: She then warm'd a little Sack-whey, ſhe had brought in her Pocket, and gave it the poor Creature to drink. This *Jane* ſwallow'd eagerly, and was ſo chearful after it, that ſhe talked to us above two Hours, entertained us with her whole Story, and the Hiſtory of her Time, which was frequently interrupted with the warmeſt Expreſſions of Gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. *Williams*. When I expreſs'd my Surpriſe at her Memory and good Senſe, ſhe told me that ſhe was once a young Gentlewoman's Waiting-maid, with whom ſhe had a good Education, and could, even now, read and write very well, but that the Neighbours would not ſuffer her to have a Pen and Ink, and had ſtolen her Bible and her Spectacles. Juſt as we were coming away, I put two Half-Crowns into her Hand, which ſhe return'd me again, and begg'd I would oblige her with ſome Halfpence in their Stead; for the People, ſays ſhe, in the Neighbourhood are poſſeſs'd with a Notion that I can turn Lead into Silver and Gold, but that by and by it will become Lead again, and therefore none of the Shops will change my Money. When we parted with the old Woman, ſhe cryed, and whiſpered to Mr. *Williams* to come again and give her the Sacrament, for that ſhe did not think ſhe ſhould live long. ——— I could recite many other Circumſtances in *Jane*, or (as they by way of Reproach called her) *Joan Gilbert*'s

Be-

Behaviour, which I think prov'd that she was not a Witch, but a pious and good Christian; unless you suppose Witchcraft to consist in true Wisdom, Morality and Religion, and that wou'd be too absurd even for you yourselves to suppose. But I now hasten to the Sequel of my Story, in which you will find that the true Source from whence Witchcraft is reputed to spring, is *Poverty*, *Age*, and *Ignorance*; and that it is impossible for a Woman to pass for a Witch, unless she is *very Poor*, *Aged*, and lives in a Neighbourhood where the People are *void of common Sense*.

Sometime after we had this Interview with *Jane Gilbert*, a Brother of hers died in *London*, who, tho' like a truly adopted Son of Care, would not part with a Farthing while he lived, at his Death was obliged to leave her Five-thousand Pounds; Money that he could not carry in the Coffin with him. ——This alter'd the Face of *Jane*'s Affairs prodigiously: She was no longer *Jane*, alias *Joan Gilbert* the ugly old Witch, but *Madam Gilbert*; her old ragged Garb was exchanged for one that was New and Genteel: Her greatest Enemies made their Court to her, even the Justice himself came to wish her Joy; and tho' several Hogs and Horses died, and the Wind frequently blew after that, yet *Madam Gilbert* was never suppos'd to have a Hand in it: And from hence it is plain, as I observed before, that a Woman must be *very Poor*, *very Old*, and live in a Neighbourhood where the People are

very

very ſtupid, before ſhe can poſſibly paſs for a Witch.

Yours,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

P. S. 'Twas a Saying of Mr. *Williams*, who wou'd ſometimes be jocoſe, and had the Art of making even Satire agreeable; that if ever *Jane* deſerved the Character of a Witch, 'twas after this Money was left her; for that with her five thouſand Pounds, ſhe did more Acts of Charity and friendly Offices, than all the People of Fortune within fifty Miles of the Place. Many Thouſands of my Readers know this to be true, but as ſome may be ignorant of it, I muſt inform them, that ſhe gave Bibles and Common-Prayer Books to all the People in the Neighbourhood, and ſhe paid for the Schooling of Forty Boys and Girls. She boil'd a large Copper twice a Week, and made Broth and Dumplings for all her Neighbours who were old or ſick: She lent 500 *l.* in ſmall Sums to poor Tradeſmen and Farmers, without Intereſt, for ever, and appointed Truſtees to take the beſt Security they cou'd, ſo that the Principal might not be loſt, and to remove the Sums, occaſionally, from one Family to another, when the one cou'd ſpare it, and the other wanted Aſſiſtance. She ſettled Twenty-five Pounds per Annum for a ſkillful Apothecary or Surgeon to attend poor People who were Sick; and Twenty-five Pounds per Annum on the Miniſter of the Pariſh, to viſit and pray by them,

them, and teach the Children their Catechiſm; and to each Child that came to Church to learn the Catechiſm, ſhe order'd a Plumb-Cake every Sunday. Among her Donations, ſhe did not forget her Friends Mr. and Mrs. *Williams*, but gave their Son and Daughter Five-hundred Pounds a-piece in her Life-time. As to her own Part, ſhe allow'd herſelf but Eighteen Pounds a Year to live on, and that at her Death ſhe bequeathed to an old Woman who attended her. And this is a Woman they were about to deſtroy for Witchcraft and Sorcery! But the People are now aſhamed of their Behaviour, and therefore I have concealed the Name of the Place.

An EPIGRAM.

The PHYSICIAN *and the* MONKEY.

A Lady ſent lately to one Doctor *Drug*,
To come in an Inſtant and clyſter poor Pug—
As the Fair one commanded, he came at the Word,
And did the Grand-Office in Tie-Wig and Sword:
The Affair being ended, ſo ſweet and ſo nice!
He held out his Hand with—"You know Ma'm my Price."
Your Price! ſays the Lady—Why, Sir, he's a Brother,
And Doctors muſt never take Fees of each other.

We

We insert the following SPEECH *to let the World see with what Candour, Good-Nature, and Intrepidity, a Gentleman, a Poet, and a Philosopher can bear the Disappointments of Life.*

The SPEECH of Mr. RICHARD GLOVER, *to the Court of* Aldermen, *the* Sheriffs, *and worthy* Livery *of the City of* LONDON, *as it was spoken from the Hustings on Tuesday last, upon his declining the Poll for* Chamberlain *of this* City.

GENTLEMEN,

AFTER the Trouble which I have had so large a Share in giving you, by my Application for your Favour to succeed Sir JOHN BOSWORTH in the Office of Chamberlain, this Day so worthily supplied, I should deem myself inexcusable in quitting this Place, before I rendered my Thanks to those in particular, who so generously have espoused my Interest; to your new-elected Chamberlain himself, and Numbers of his Friends, whose Expressions and Actions have done me peculiar Honour, amidst the Warmth of their Attachment to him; to the two deserving Magistrates, who have presided among us with Impartiality, Humanity, and Justice; and lastly, to all in general, for their Candour, Decency, and Indulgence.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen,

Heretofore I have frequently had Occaſion of addreſſing the Livery of *London* in Public, but at this Time I find myſelf at an unuſual Loſs, being under all the Difficulties which a Want of Matter, deſerving your Notice, can create. Had I now your Rights and Privileges to vindicate; had I the Cauſe of your ſuffering Trade to defend; or were I now called forth to recommend and enforce the Parliamentary Service of the moſt virtuous and illuſtrious Citizen, my Tongue would be free from Conſtraint, and expatiating at large, would endeavour to merit your Attention, which now muſt be ſolely confined to ſo narrow a Subject as myſelf. On thoſe Occaſions, the Importance of the Matter, and my known Zeal to ſerve you, however ineffectual my Attempts might prove, were always ſufficient to ſecure me the Honour of a kind Reception and unmerited Regard. Your Countetenance, Gentlemen, firſt drew me from the Retirement of a ſtudious Life; your repeated Marks of Diſtinction firſt pointed me out to that great Body, the Merchants of *London*, who, purſuing your Example, condeſcended to intruſt me, unequal and unworthy as I was, with the moſt important Cauſe; a Cauſe, where your Intereſt was as nearly concerned as theirs. In Conſequence of that Deference which has ever been paid to the Sentiments and Choice of the Citizens and Traders of *London*, it was impoſſible but ſome faint Luſtre muſt have glanced on one, whom, weak as he was, they

they were pleaſed to appoint the Inſtrument on their Behalf: And if from theſe Tranſactions I accidentally acquired the ſmalleſt Share of Reputation, it was to you Gentlemen of the Livery, that my Gratitude aſcribes it; and I joyfully embrace this Public Opportunity of declaring, that whatever Part of a Public Character I may preſume to claim, I owe primarily to you. To this I might add the Favour, the Twenty Years Countenance and Patronage of one, whom a ſupreme Degree of Reſpect ſhall prevent me from naming; and though under the Temptation of uſing that Name, as a certain Means of obviating ſome Miſconſtructions, I ſhall however avoid to dwell on the Memory of a Loſs ſo recent, ſo juſtly and ſo univerſally lamented.

Permit me now to remind you, that when placed by theſe Means in a Light not altogether unfavourable, no lucrative Reward was then the Object of my Purſuit; nor ever did the Promiſes or Offers of private Emolument induce me to quit my Independence, or vary from the leaſt of my former Profeſſions, which always were, and remain ſtill founded on the Principles of univerſal Liberty; Principles which I aſſume the Glory to have eſtabliſhed on your Records. Your Senſe, Liverymen of *London*, the Senſe of your great Corporation, ſo repeatedly recommended to your Repreſentatives in Parliament, were my Senſe, and the principal Boaſt of all my Compoſitions, containing Matter imbibed in my earlieſt Education, to which I have always

always adhered, by which I still abide, and which I will endeavour to bear down with me to the Grave; and even at that gloomy Period, when deserted by my good Fortune, and under the severest Trials, even then, by the same Consistency of Opinions and Uniformity of Conduct, I still preserved that Part of Reputation, which I originally derived from your Favour, whatever I might pretend to call a Public Character, unshaken and unblemished; nor once, in the Hour of Affliction, did I banish from my Thoughts the most sincere and conscientious Intention of acquitting every private Obligation, as soon as my good Fortune should please to return; a distant Appearance of which seemed to invite me, and awakened some flattering Expectations on the rumoured Vacancy of the Chamberlain's Office; but always apprehending the Imputation of Presumption, and that a higher Degree of Delicacy and Caution would be requisite in me, than in any other Candidate, I forbore, 'till late, to present myself once more to your Notice, and then, for the first Time, abstracted from a Public Consideration, sollicited your Favour for my own private Advantage. My Want of Success shall not prevent my chearfully congratulating this Gentleman on his Election, and you on your Choice of so worthy a Magistrate; and if I may indulge a Hope of departing this Place with a Share of your Approbation and Esteem, I solemnly from my Heart declare, That I shall not bear away with me the least Trace of Disappointment.

Some Reflections on the State of the Stage.

AMONG the Multiplicity of theatrical Performances, we have a Scarcity of thoſe rational Productions, that either animate the Heart, warm the Soul, place Virtue in her Orb, or give Vice her Dungeon. I have been thinking what this ought principally to be attributed to; and am of Opinion, it is more to the prevailing Taſtes of the different Ages, than to a Sterility of Invention in our Writers, or the natural Depravity of our Cotemporary Auditors: However, I am extremely enraged to ſee a Play, intrinſically good, aſſaſſinated, and barbarouſly murdered, by an injudicious Performer, which has been too frequently the Caſe. The Audience never fails to be offended at ſuch a Diſappointment; they at firſt vent their Diſſatisfaction on the Player, and afterwards load the Conduct of the Managers with innumerable Invectives: Though this Reſentment is miſapplied both to the one and the other. What can a Manager do, if a tyrannical Sultan of a Player will ſhew his arbitrary Diſpoſition; if the ambitious Hero ſtruts with Inſolence behind the Scenes, and abſolutely refuſes to play that Character which is adapted to his Abilities? How is a Manager to blame, if ſuch a Performer ſhou'd violently diſdain the Legality of his ſolemn Engagements, and refuſe one Night to play becauſe he has an Appointment with a fa-

a favourite Actreſs, and a ſucceeding Night becauſe his Head has been diſordered with the Intemperance of his *Bacchanalian* Companions? Perhaps there is ſuch a Perſon: Nay, perhaps there are ſome Women who have equally diſappointed the Town; becauſe, forſooth, the Pride of one Lady, is put in Oppoſition againſt the Vanity of another.

The Stage is a little Republic, whoſe Conſtitution is very myſterious: It has not yet been confidently aſſerted, whether it is a democratical, or an oligarchical Government: Sometimes indeed it has a Reſemblance of the *Venetian* Legiſlature, where the judicial Authority concentres in the Nobility; and at others it ſeems like the *Genoeſe*, where the Populace are predominant: One while it has an Appearance of the *Swediſh* Conſtitution, where the Monarch is inveſted with all the Apparatus of Royalty, without the Power; At another time it approaches to a Similitude of the political Syſtem of our own Nation, where the Sovereign and the Subject act with a concurrent Zeal for the Promotion of their mutual Felicity, and the Preſervation of national Liberty: It has once or twice been like the Prerogative of the *French* Monarch; but it has never yet been ſimilar to the arbitrary Power of *Ruſſia*, or any of the oriental Empires: Though for ſometime paſt it has been extremely correſpondent to the *Poliſh* Conſtitution, where the proud Subject not only aſpires to outvie the Magnificence of his Prince, but endeavours to obſtruct the general Welfare of the Community,

to gratify his own ambitious and unruly Paſſions: And it has alſo been ſomewhat ſynonimous to the *Dutch* Commonwealth, where every Deputy endeavours to accompliſh his own Buſineſs, and then deſerts the Intereſt of the Public.

Hence the Managers of our Theatres are obliged to deface a beautiful Character, by a Miſapplication of the Performers; and the Performer is obliged to expoſe his own Inability in a Part for which he was never adapted, though he might have attracted Applauſe in thoſe Characters which were peculiarly his own. We are not redundantly ſtocked in what is generally called the uſeful Player, that is the univerſal one: Mr. *Rich* has been long happy in ſuch a Perſon, by the Attachment of Mr. *Ryan* to the New Houſe; and the Managers of the Old Houſe are now equally happy in Mr. *Berry*, who is meritorious of Praiſe in every thing he undertakes; but I am particularly delighted with this Performer in every Scene, where he has an Opportunity of exerting the Force of aged Grief, or the Sentiments of a grateful Friend: I was indeed aſtoniſh'd at his late Performance in the Character of *Horatio* in *the Fair Penitent*, where his noble Deportment in the Scene between him and *Lothario*, ſo ſenſibly ſtruck the Audience, that every judicious Spectator was now conſcious that a Gem may be long undiſtinguiſhed, and an excellent Player be long prevented from obtaining that Applauſe, which the pleaſed Heart ſhou'd fondly beſtow on the Promoter of its Felicity. I have obſerved, that this Performer

Performer is equally remarkable for a Readineſs to ſerve his Fellow Players, in acting any Character for their Benefit, and this is a Point of Integrity as ſeldom to be found on the Stage, as Honeſty is on the Change of *Amſterdam:* Though I muſt obſerve in Juſtice to the Character of Mr. *Garrick*, that his moſt inveterate Enemies cannot help confeſſing, that his Alacrity and Diligence in promoting and attending to the Intereſt of his Performers, has been ſingularly great, and uncommonly generous: This Gentleman has conſtantly performed in almoſt every Play ſince the Commencement of the Benefits; out of 170 Plays, ſince the beginning of the Seaſon, he has acted more than Ninety Nights, and where he did not perform in any Benefit, it was by the Choice of that Perſon who was intitled to it. Indeed this Manager has ſo laborioufly endeavoured to promote the Intereſt of every Individual belonging to his Houſe, that I believe he has been extremely concerned to perceive thoſe Jealouſies and Animoſities ſo natural among the many Competitors for theatrical Fame, and the envious Beholders of a crouded Benefit: For I heard him, as I was the other Night behind the Scenes, publickly declare to two or three grumbling Performers, who had been diſappointed of full Houſes at their Benefits, that he was ready to oblige them all as far as his Ability extended, without any Partiality; for, while they were endeavouring to diſtreſs one another, by their unſeaſonable Negligence or Reſentment, he was de-

termined to assist them all, without any Distinction, from his best to the most inferior Performer: at the same time kindly recommending it to them all, awhile to forget the Pleasures of the Country, and consult the Interest of those whose Benefits were approaching.

I must acknowledge myself to be so great an Admirer of Mr. *Garrick*'s Dramatic Excellencies, that I am much chagrined if I cannot be present whenever he performs; and when I am so happy to see him in any of his principal Characters, my old Blood flows with a vivifying Swiftness thro' my icy Veins, I am reanimated with all the Spirit of Youth, and am sure to clap him most heartily on every beautiful Excursion with which he captivates the Soul: nay, I have been so extraordinary fervent sometimes upon these Occasions, that I have attracted the Observation of a considerable Part of the Audience, and at one time even of Mr. *Garrick* himself; upon which Account several of my Acquaintance have entertained different Opinions of me, and my known Impartiality has not escaped uncensured; for Lady *Boxlove*, of *Red-Lion Square*, has confidently affirmed to the rich Apothecary's Wife, that I must positively have some particular Regard for Mr. *Garrick* more extraordinary than what was to be discerned from his Performances on the Stage: which Regard my good *Shropshire* Friend, an elderly Lady, who lives in *Panton-Square*, violently insists is the Affection or Love of an old doating Woman for a sprightly handsome young

young Gentleman; and if I was to be in Love with him, she does not so much wonder at it, because she says she once fell in Love with a Man only for the Delicacy of his Voice: but Mrs. *Vainbrow*, the young Widow of *Conduit-Street*, will have it, that it is impossible a Woman of my Years and Discretion shou'd have a Heart susceptible of the Power of Man; and, with the greatest Assurance, reports, that Mr. *Garrick* was really brought into the World under my Care; which occasions me so strenuously to vindicate whatever he does in Preference to Mr. *Barry*, who she says is a fine tall proper Man, and has a sweet Voice, only such old Women as I am are too obstinate to praise any Thing that other People are fond of commending. I cannot really say I ever took a very particular Notice of Mr. *Barry*, and therefore won't deny that he may be a handsome Man: but the last Time I saw Mr. *Garrick* in the Character of *Lothario*, I could not help recollecting what the Author of the *Rosciad* says of him, with which, as I think it is no strained Compliment, I shall conclude these Observations:

——— though no martial Port,
No Stride majestic, and no Front august,
His Person grac'd; yet *Nature* in his Eye
Roll'd beauteous, on his Visage stampt the Seal
Of rich Perfection dignify'd by *Art*,
And from his Soul beam'd forth the brightest Ray
That

That with Meridian Luſtre e'er illum'd
The *Muſes'* conſecrated Dome.

Roſciad v: 252.

EPIGRAM.

On two fine Gentlemen diſputing on Religion.

ON Grace, Freewill, and Myſt'ries high,
Two Wits harangu'd the Table;
B——y believes he knows not why,
N—h ſwears 'tis all a Fable.
Peace, Idiots, Peace — and both agree,
N—ſh kiſs thy empty Brother;
Religion laughs at *Foes* like thee,
But dreads a *Friend* like t'other.

To the little Elevators *in Poetry who love to Surpriſe.*

Gentlemen,

THE following ſublime Deſcription of a Storm was wrote, in Manner of a certain *Great* Author, from which I hope you will receive a *great* deal of Pleaſure and Benefit, as it is in all Reſpects *greatly* worthy your Imitation.

As when in bluſtring, thund'ring, wintry Days,
The Bully *Boreas* on his Bagpipe plays;

When

When old *Aquarius* ducks this earthly Ball,
And empties on our Heads his Urinal;
When rumbling Clouds on grumbling Clouds *do* dash,
And 'midst the flashing Lightnings Lightnings flash;
Hogs, Dogs, and Men, perceive the troubled Sky,
Hogs, Dogs, and Men, away for Shelter fly;
While all around, the black, dark, gloomy Scene
Looks grey, looks white, looks red, looks blue,
looks green;
So green, so blue, so red, so grey, so white,
Look'd Don *Grimalchio*, when he saw the Spright.

Gentlemen,
Your Servant, and so forth,
M. MIDNIGHT.

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* *From the* RAMBLER.

Redditum Cyri *solio* Phraaten,
Dissidens Plebi, Numero beatorum,
Eximit virtus: Polumque falsis.
Dedocet uti
Vocibus. HOR.

IN the Reign of *Jenghiz Can*, Conqueror of the East, in the City of *Samarcand*, lived *Nouradin* the Merchant, renowned throughout all the

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* *A Paper publish'd every* Tuesday *and* Saturday, *price* 2d. *which really merits the utmost Attention and Encouragement of the Publick.*

Re-

Regions of *India* for the Extent of his Commerce and the Integrity of his Manners. His Warehouſes were filled with all the Commodities of the remoteſt Nations; every Rarity of Nature, every Curioſity of Art, whatever was valuable, whatever was uſeful, haſted to his Hand. The Streets were crouded with his Carriages, the Sea was covered with his Ships, the Streams of *Oxus* were wearied with Conveyance, and every Breeze of the Sky wafted Wealth to *Nouradin*.

At length *Nouradin* felt himſelf ſeized with a ſlow Malady, which he firſt endeavoured to divert by Application, and afterwards to relieve by Luxury and Indulgence; but finding his Strength every Day leſs, he was at laſt terrified, and called for Help upon the Sages of Phyſick; they filled his Apartments with Alexipharmicks, Reſtoratives, and eſſential Virtues; the Pearls of the Ocean were diſſolved, the Spices of Arabia were diſtilled, and all the Powers of Nature were employed to give new Spirits to his Nerves, and new Balſam to his Blood. *Nouradin* was for ſome time amuſed with Promiſes, invigorated with Cordials, or ſoothed with Anodynes; but the Diſeaſe preyed upon his Vitals, and he ſoon diſcovered with Indignation, that Health was not to be bought. He was confined to his Chamber, deſerted by his Phyſicians, and rarely viſited by his Friends; but his Unwillingneſs to die flattered him long with Hopes of Life.

At

At length, having paſſed the Night in tedious Languor, he called to him *Almamoulin*, his only Son, and having diſmiſſed his Attendants, " My " Son," ſays he, " behold here the Weakneſs and " Fragility of Man; look backward a few Days, " thy Father was great and happy, freſh as the " vernal Roſe, and ſtrong as the Cedar of the " Mountain; the Nations of the Eaſt drank his " Dews, and Art and Commerce delighted in his " Shade. Malevolence beheld me, and ſighed; " his Root, ſhe cried, is fixed in the Depths; it is " watered by the Fountains of *Oxus*; it ſends out " Branches afar, and bids Defiance to the Blaſt; " Prudence reclines againſt his Trunk, and Pro- " ſperity dances on his Top. Now, *Almamoulin*, " look upon me withering and proſtrate; look " upon me, and attend. I have trafficked, I have " proſpered, I have rioted in Gain, my Houſe is " ſplendid, my Servants are numerous; yet I diſ- " played only a ſmall Part of my Riches; the reſt, " which I was hindered from enjoying by the " Fear of raiſing Envy or tempting Rapacity, " I have piled in Towers, I have buried in Ca- " verns, I have hidden in ſecret Repoſitories, " which this Scroll will diſcover. My Purpoſe " was, after ten Months more ſpent in Commerce, " to have withdrawn my Wealth to a ſafer Coun- " try; to have given ſeven Years to Delight and " Feſtivity, and the remaining Part of my Days to " Solitude and Repentance; but the Hand of " Death is upon me; a frigorifick Torpor en-

" croaches

"croaches upon my Veins; I am now leaving the "Produce of my Toil, which it must be thy Busi-"ness to enjoy with Wisdom." The Thought of leaving his Wealth filled *Nouradin* with such Grief, that he fell into Convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his Father, was touched a while with honest Sorrow, and sat two Hours in profound Meditation, without perusing the Paper which he held in his Hand. He then retired to his own Chamber, as overborn with Affliction, and there read the Inventory of his new Possessions, which swelled his Heart with such Transports, that he no longer lamented his Father's Death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a Funeral of modest Magnificence, suitable at once to the Rank of *Nouradin*'s Profession, and the Reputation of his Wealth. The two next Nights he spent in visiting the Tower and the Caverns, and found the Treasures greater to his Eye than to his Imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the Practice of exact Frugality, and had often looked with Envy on the Finery and Expences of other young Men; he therefore believed that Happiness was now in his Power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the Want. He resolved to give a Loose to his Desires, to revel in Enjoyment, and feel Pain or Uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid Equipage, dressed his Servants in rich Embroidery, and covered

vered his Horſes with golden Capariſons. He ſhowered down Silver on the Populace, and ſuffered their Acclamations to ſwell him with Inſolence. The Nobles ſaw him with Anger, the wiſe Men of the State combined againſt him, the Leaders of Armies threatened his Deſtruction. *Almamoulin* was informed of his Danger, he put on the Robe of Mourning in the Preſence of his Enemies, and appeaſed them with Gold, and Gems, and Supplication.

He then ſought to ſtrengthen himſelf by an Alliance with the Princes of *Tartary*, and offered the Price of Kingdoms for a Wife of noble Birth. His Suit was generally rejected and his Preſents refuſed; but a Princeſs of *Aſtracan* once condeſcended to admit him to her Preſence. She received him ſitting on a Throne, attired in the Robe of Royalty, and ſhining with the Jewels of *Goncolda*; Command ſparkled in her Eyes, and Dignity towered on her Forehead. *Almamoulin* approached and trembled. She ſaw his Confuſion and diſdained him; how, ſays ſhe, dares the Wretch hope my Obedience, who thus ſhrinks at my Glance; retire, and enjoy thy Riches in ſordid Oſtentation; thou waſt born to be wealthy, but never to be great.

He then contracted his Deſires to more private and domeſtick Pleaſures. He built Palaces, he laid out Gardens, he changed the Face of the Land, he tranſplanted Foreſts, he levelled Mountains, opened Proſpects into diſtant Regions, poured Rivers

from the Tops of Turrets, and rolled their Waters through new Channels.

These Amusements pleased him for a Time, but Languor and Weariness soon invaded him. His Bowers lost their Fragrance, and the Waters murmered without Notice. He purchased large Tracts of Land in distant Provinces, adorned them with Houses of Pleasure, and diversified them with Accommodations for different Seasons. Change of Place at first relieved his Satiety, but all the Novelties of Situation were soon exhausted; he found his Heart vacant, and his Desires, for want of external Objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to *Samarcand*, and set open his Doors to all those whom Idleness sends out in Search of Pleasure. His Tables were always covered with Delicacies; Wines of every Vintage sparkled in his Bowls, and his Lamps scattered Perfumes. The sound of the Lute, and the Voice of the Singer chased away Sadness; every Hour was crouded with Pleasure, and the Day ended and began with Feasts and Dances, and Revelry and Merriment. *Almamoulin* cried out, "I have at last found "the Use of Riches; I am surrounded by Friends "who view my Greatness without Envy, and I "enjoy at once the Raptures of Popularity, and "the Safety of an obscure Station. What Trou-"ble can he feel whom all are studious to please, "that they may be repaid with Pleasure? What "Danger can he dread to whom every Man is a "Friend?"

Such

Such were the Thoughts of *Almamoulin*, as he looked down from a Gallery upon the gay Aſſembly regaling at his Expence; but in the Midſt of this Soliloquy, an Officer of Juſtice entered the Houſe, and in the Form of legal Citation, ſummoned *Almamoulin* to appear before the Emperor. The Gueſts ſtood a while aghaſt, then ſtole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a Friend to witneſs his Integrity. He now found one of his moſt frequent Viſitants accuſing him of Treaſon in Hopes of ſharing his Confiſcation; yet, unpatroniſed and unſupported, he cleared himſelf by the Openneſs of Innocence and the Conſiſtence of Truth; he was diſmiſſed with Honour, and his Accuſer periſhed in Priſon.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little Reaſon he had hoped for Juſtice or Fidelity from thoſe who live only to gratify their Senſes, and having wearied himſelf with vain Experiments upon Life, and fruitleſs Searches after Felicity, he had Recourſe to a Sage, who, after ſpending his Youth in Travel and Obſervation, had retired from all human Cares, to a ſmall Habitation on the Banks of *Oxus*, where he converſed only with ſuch as ſolicited his Counſel. "Brother," ſaid the Philoſopher, "thou haſt ſuffered thy Reaſon to be de-"luded by idle Hopes, and fallacious Appearances. "Having long looked with Deſire upon Riches, "thou hadſt taught thyſelf to think them more "valuable than Nature deſigned them, and to ex-"pect from them what Experience has taught thee

" they cannot give. That they do not confer " Wiſdom thou mayſt be convinced by conſider- " ing at how dear a Price they tempted thee upon " thy firſt Entrance into the World, to purchaſe " the empty Sound of vulgar Acclamation. That " they cannot beſtow Fortitude or Magnanimity, " that Man may be certain, who ſtood trembling " at *Aſtracan* before a Being not naturally ſuperior " to himſelf. That they will not ſupply unex- " hauſted Pleaſure, the Recollection of forſaken " Palaces and neglected Gardens will eaſily inform " thee. That they cannot purchaſe Friends, thou " didſt ſoon diſcover when thou wert left to ſtand " thy Trial uncountenanced and alone. Yet think " not Riches uſeleſs; there are Purpoſes to which " a wiſe Man may be delighted to apply them; " they may, by a rational Diſtribution, eaſe the " Pains of helpleſs Diſeaſe, ſtill the Throbs of " reſtleſs Anxiety, relieve Innocence from Op- " preſſion, and raiſe Impotence to Cheerfulneſs and " Vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, " and this will afford the only Happineſs ordained " for our preſent State, the Confidence of divine " Favour, and the Hope of future Rewards."

The

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Gossip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL *and* SPAIN.

THE Dominions of his most faithful Majesty afford no material Intelligence; though this young Monarch is endeavouring to encourage the maritime Interest of his Country, to abolish the Rigour of those inhuman Directors of the Inquisition, and to promote the general Felicity of his Subjects. His most Catholic Majesty is vigilantly attempting to re-establish his Marine, which was almost totally ruined during the late War: He also applies himself diligently to whatever may contribute to the Happiness of his Subjects, and the Prosperity of his Kingdom; to accomplish which, such prudent Measures are taken, as already indicate their Utility, by the Progress which has been so quickly made in the Manufactures and Cultivation of Land in the Kingdom: —Whatever the Spaniards are, I cannot help asking, if some People are not highly culpable in suffering English Workmen to quit their own Country, and carry their Improvements in Manufactures among the Natives of Spain. Mr. Keen has presented a Memorial concerning the Navigation of the English in the West-Indies, so as to prevent, by means of some fixed Regulation, the irregularities which they still complain of, especially in regard to the Right they pretend to have of trading to the Bay of Honduras: The Spanish Council has been employed for some Days in examining this Memorial; but I will venture to pronounce, that the Spaniards will never acknowledge this Right, and will still procrastinate every Measure which Don Benjamin can undertake to remove their Inflexibility. A Rumour is spread, that the Spaniards have invested Gibraltar; but if they have,

I shall call them a Parcel of Old Women, for they ought to remember the Destruction of their Quixotic Army when they besieged this formidable Fortress in the Year 1727; and they may be assured that this Place will be impregnable to the Spaniards, till such time as they can get an Admiral and a Fleet, with the Bravery of Sir George Rook, and the Resolution of British Sailors, in which they may be the more readily convinced by reflecting on what happened to them in the Year 1704, when Admiral Leake defeated the united Squadrons of France and Spain, and raised the Siege of Gibraltar, after they had besieged it by Sea and Land for upwards of five Months.

ITALY.

His Sicilian Majesty has settled a Fund of 800,000 Crowns to carry a Scheme into Execution for establishing an Assurance Office, upon the same Plan with those that have been erected long since in other European Countries relative to Commerce. It is also currently reported, that a maritime Academy will shortly be established, for the more expeditious Instruction of the Neapolitan Sailors in the Art of Navigation. Such a Conduct as this, is a corroborating Instance; that though Sir Robert Walpole was old Woman enough to establish Don Carlos in his regal Dominions, the Monarch is not Child enough to value the royal Gewgaw of the Sicilian Crown, and takes the most prudential Steps for making it Hereditary in the Bourbon Family; the Promotion of which in so extraordinary a Manner, on the Ruins of the House of *Austria*, we are now convinced, was entirely owing to the Councils of some blundering old Woman on this Side the Water.

The Corsairs of Barbary continue to molest the Trade upon the Coast of the Ecclesiastic State more than ever, upon

upon which Orders have been ſent to Civita Vecchia, to fit out the Pope's Galleys as ſoon as poſſible. Theſe Rovers daily commit great Depredations in the Mediterranean, and are become ſo formidable, that in the beginning of laſt Month, there ſailed from Algiers 28 armed Veſſels, to cruize againſt the Chriſtian Powers, who took their Rout towards Sicily and the Adriatic Sea. The Tuniſians and Tripolines have ſeveral Veſſels at Sea, who render Navigation perillous, and greatly prejudice Commerce: But as the Court of Naples, the Religion of Malta, and the Genoeſe, are preparing to go in Purſuit of theſe Pirates, it is expected they will be able to give them a Check, eſpecially as it is reported that the Court of Spain has ordered ſeveral Men of War and Xebecks from Alicant and other Ports, to ſail in queſt of theſe free-booting Barbarians.

The Republic of Venice has ſettled the Differences with the Court of Vienna, concerning the Patriarchſhip of Aquileia, and has alſo concluded a Convention with the ſame Court for five Years; by Virtue of which they are reciprocally to deliver up all Deſerters, Malefactors, Bankrupts, &c. At the ſame time they have agreed, that the Conferences began between their reſpective Commiſſaries for ſettling the Limits of the Tyroleze, and the Confines of the Republic, ſhall be continued at Roveredo, till the Buſineſs be finally concluded: They likewiſe talk of a Defenſive Alliance between the Imperial Court and the Venetians, againſt the Turks, who are aſſembled in Dalmatia.—So excellent a Determiner of Differences is Danger!

FRANCE.

The French Miniſtry diſcover at preſent no Inclination to foment Differences among their Neighbours, but rather

rather to cultivate the general Peace; from whence it is highly probable their Syſtem is broken in the North; and that they are now at a ſtand where elſe to blow up the Coals of Diſſention: However, they are extremely vigilant in augmenting their naval Force, which is a Matter that deſerves the Attention of Mother *Britannica*; for the French have lately launched a Ship of 80 Guns at Toulon, and there are now upon the Stocks two of 74 Guns, two of 64, a Frigate of 36 Guns, and ſeveral Xebecks. M. Orry de Tulvy, Counſellor of State, and Superintendant of the Finances, died lately, in the 48th Year of his Age; and Cardinal Tencin has obtain'd Permiſſion to retire to his Dioceſe, with this Mark of royal Eſteem, that he may come and attend the Council of State whenever he pleaſes. It is now reported that the Forces of the Great Mogul, who had inveſted Pondicherry, have been obliged to abandon the Siege.

NETHERLANDS.

Inteſtine Commotions ſeem ſtill to threaten the Dutch Republic, where the Death of the Counteſs of Portland very much embarraſſes the Party which is in the true Intereſt of the Country: So that Meſſieurs Pagel, Catwyck, and Larrey, who are the principal Perſons attached to the Prince Stadholder, it's apprehended will not be in a Condition of reſiſting the Torrent of his Serene Highneſs's Enemies, who are inceſſantly traverſing his Projects, though they are apparently calculated for the good of the Republic. The natural Conſequence of theſe civil Diſcords among the States, is the gradual Decay of their Importance with the neighbouring Powers, which becomes more and more viſible every Day: Even the Court of France will hear no talk of renewing the Treaty of Commerce concluded in 1739, which it has entirely changed,

changed, consistent with its own particular interest, without favouring the the Dutch in the least; who, like good-natured easy old Women, were contented to hear his most Christian Majesty declare them his good Friends, while he was bombarding their barrier Towns about their Ears. Baron d'Imhoff, who so cruelly massacred the Chinese in Batavia, died there on the 1st of November last, and is succeeded by M. Mosell, first Counsellor and Director-General, in the Government of all the Dutch Settlements in the East-Indies.

GERMANY.

The Court of Vienna has not yet been able to accomplish its grand Design in electing the young Archduke Joseph to the Dignity of King of the Romans; in which it is principally opposed by his Prussian Majesty, who seems to be the most vigilant and cautious of all the Princes of Europe, as perhaps he has more to fear from his Neighbour than any other Prince of Germany: The Power he has lately acquired by the Conquest of Silesia, and its Dependencies, has alarmed those who before regarded him only as upon a Level with the other Electors; and his Alliance with France, which he finds necessary to preserve his Weight, adds to their Jealousy. The Elector of Cologn has at last convinced us that he is little better than an old Woman, by entering into a Treaty with France, whereby his Electoral Highness engages to entertain a Body of 6000 Troops for the Service of his most Christian Majesty, who engages on his Part to pay that Prince a Subsidy of 270,000 German Florins. However, the Court of Vienna seems to aim at disuniting the Bourbon Family, for the Marriages are now talked of between the Infant Don Lewis of Spain and the eldest Archduchess of Austria, and the Archduke Joseph with a Princess of the Two Sicilies.

DEN-

DENMARK.

His Daniſh Majeſty has publiſhed an Edict relating to the Greenland Trade, whereby he enlarges the Grant to the Company of Commerce trading to the Colonies of Greenland; ordering that the Penalty of Seizure and Confiſcation ſhall take Place with Reſpect to all and every one, whether Natives or Foreigners, who ſhall attempt to trade there: declaring that the Limits ſhall extend 15 Miles on both Sides of each Colony, including all the Places lying between the Weſtern Iſles, and Blackbird's Bay.

SWEDEN.

At length, by the Death of the old King of Sweden, that Crown is deſcended upon the Head of Adolphus Frederic, Duke of Holſtein, and Biſhop of Entin. This Prince is the Founder of the ſecond Royal Family, derived from the Counts of Oldenburgh; and when his Nephew, the Grand Duke of Ruſſia, comes to ſucceed her preſent Czarian Majeſty, the Three Northern Crowns will be all veſted in Princes of the ſame Houſe, which will then be no leſs formidable in the North, than the Houſe of Bourbon is in the South of Europe. The Acceſſion of this Monarch to the Swediſh Throne, promiſes to produce no Alteration in the Syſtem of Government, which was the Point ſo much contended for by Ruſſia; his Majeſty, by his Coronation Oath, having ſolemnly engaged to obſerve the preſent Form of Government, which has given the Swedes ſuch an additional Scene of Liberty ſince the Death of Charles XII. The King has wrote a Letter to the Czarina, giving her the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances of his ſincere Deſire to maintain a perfect Friendſhip with her Imperial Majeſty.

RUSSIA.

The Court of Peterſburg ſeems entirely ſatisfied with the Declarations of his Swediſh Majeſty, wherein he pro-

promiſes that his firſt Care ſhall be to confirm, as King, the Engagements he contracted as Prince Succeſſor. There are above 100,000 Troops in the conquer'd Provinces, to guard againſt any Attempts from the Side of Pruſſia; nor are the Ruſſians at all intimidated at the Approach of the Turks towards the Frontiers. Every Thing ſeems to go on proſperouſly under the Direction of the Czarina, who is herſelf a very ſenſible Lady, and I dare ſay has many worthy old Women in her Cabinet; tho' ſome of the young ones belonging to her Court, have acted in a moſt ſurprizing Manner, by impeaching their own Father, Count Douglas, of treaſonable Practices; but this is apprehended to be only the Effects of Love; an Inſtance that this ſubtle Flame is more predominant in theſe frozen Regions of the North than filial Duty.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Laſt Week an Expreſs arrived from Commodore Holborn, with an Account that the French had entirely evacuated the Iſlands of Tobago, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent: —— if this be true, all the old Women in Barbadoes may ſing Oh be joyful, becauſe they will now have a Supply of Timber for Crutches, which their own Iſland is entirely deſtitute of.

16. There was a Call of the Houſe of Commons, when upwards of 400 Members were preſent, to attend on the Bill for naturalizing foreign Proteſtants, which has been happily rejected, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants of Briſtol, whoſe Corporation had preſented a Petition to the Houſe in Favour of the Bill, though there were no more than 40 who took upon them to repreſent the general Voice of the People, which was ſpeedily oppoſed by a Counter-petition, ſigned by almoſt 2000 of the principal Inhabitants.

MARY

MARY MIDNIGHT, to all Potentates, Prime Miniſters, Politicians, Heads of Houſes, Fellows of Colleges, Counſellors and Phyſicians, whether *Male* or *Female*, GREETING.

Dearly beloved,

AS we are fully perſuaded that you have, all and every of you our Intereſt greatly at Heart, we take this Opportunity to gratify you with the good Tidings, that we have now compleated the *Firſt* Volume of our MIDWIFE, Or, *Old Woman's Magazine* which has obtained the Sanction, Imprimatur and Encouragement of the Literati of all Nations. And this you are deſired to ſignify to all your Friends and Allies, and Dependents, that they may compleat their Books accordingly; and poſſeſs themſelves of a Work, for the Concluſion of which PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO wrote the following Lines in the Golden Age of AUGUSTUS.

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis Ira nec igne,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edux abolere Vetuſtas.

Which in plain Engliſh runs thus:

Now I have accompliſhed a Work, which neither the Wrath of Jove, nor Fire, nor Sword, nor the Tooth of Time ſhall be able to aboliſh.

Dearly Beloved,
Yours with great Truth,
MARY MIDNIGHT.

N. B. We ſhould have informed you, that many of the Numbers contained in that Work, have flew with the Impetuoſity of a Whirlwind through *fourteen Editions*, maugre all the Oppoſitions, Thefts, and artful Contrivances of the Enemies of Wit, ſound Senſe, and good Learning; but as ſuch Information might have looked like a Puff, we purpoſely avoided it.

*** No ſingle Numbers of the *Firſt* Volume will be ſold after the 25th of June next, and from that Period of Time, that Volume which now ſells for *Two Shillings*, will be advanced to Two Shillings and Six pence.

Sold by my Publiſher, *T. Carnan*, at Mr. *Newbery's*, at the Bible and Sun in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

N. B. The News from Turkey and Perſia are poſtpon'd for want of Room.

The MIDWIFE.

NUMBER III.

VOL. II.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT's *Diſſertation on* the Perpetual Notion.

THE Prejudice, that the Publick has imbibed in Favour of all my Performances, induces me to believe, that my Readers, at the firſt Glance on the Title of this Diſſertation, will precipitately conclude, that there is a Typographical Error, and that I am actually about to communicate to the World the wonderful Diſcovery of the *Perpetual Motion*. However, I proteſt at preſent, I have no ſuch Deſign; not that I will abſolutely promiſe to conceal that Secret from Mankind much longer; but my preſent Buſineſs is to treat on the *Perpetual Notion*, which I define to be an inherent Opinion (I will not ſay an innate one, for fear of being haunted by the Ghoſt of *John Locke*)

I say, an inherent Opinion every Individual has, that he either now is, or at some Time, will be a Person of great Consequence. This is the *Perpetual Notion*, and, I will be bold to say, is of more Service to the Happiness and Well-being of Man, than any Mechanick Art, that ever was invented. What makes the 'Prentice chearfully plod thro' a seven Year's Servitude, but the *Perpetual Notion* he will one Day be a Master? What makes the Lover go thro' a ten Year's Siege, but a *Perpetual Notion* that the fair Obstinate will at length surrender? What makes the Toadeater to a State-Mountebank think there is Musick in his Chains, and Dignity in his Disgrace, but the *Perpetual Notion* of his some time being raised on that very Pedestal, which is at present the Support of his Idol? By Means of the *Perpetual Notion* every Body has always a *Prospect*, and a *Prospect* is a very good Thing at a very great Distance; those therefore who have the least Expectations have the finest *Prospect*, the Objects of their Desires being most remote, which must be a great Consolation to the Poor and the Unfortunate. But see more of this in the fourteenth Volume of my Treatise on Perspective, which was lately published at *Amsterdam*.

Hope, that Passion, which was given to amuse us from the Consideration of real Misery, by deluding us with visionary Happiness, is founded on the *Perpetual Notion*, which nothing can destroy but Self-Contempt and Despair; Diseases of the Mind not incident to one Man in ten Million.

Every

Every Perſon is fond of Exiſtence, every Perſon wou'd fain be *Somebody*, a *Perpetual Notion* highly cheriſhed by many a Man, who, in Fact, is *Nobody*.

The briſk Minor that pants for Twenty-one, the briſker Damſel that pants for a Huſband, the Culprit that wants to go abroad, and the Exile that ſighs to come home, have no Peace, no Life, but in the *Perpetual Notion*. Even I myſelf, even MARY MIDNIGHT, who is writing this Diſſertation, wou'd want Spirits to comfort herſelf in her old Age, was it not for the *Perpetual Notion*, that tho' the Works of her Hands bring nothing but frail Mortals into the World, yet the Works of her Head ſhall triumph in Immortality.

REFLECTIONS *on* MATRIMONY.

By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

MAtrimony is of ſuch Conſequence to the Increaſe and Well-being of Mankind, and ſo connected both with my Perſuaſion and Profeſſion, that no leſs than two Millions of my Readers have peſter'd me with Letters to deſire or rather demand my Sentiments on the Subject. 'Tis remarkable, that Sir *Thomas More*, in his * UTOPIA, treats of

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* *A beautiful Edition in* Engliſh *of this Work will ſhortly be publiſh'd by Mr.* Newbery.

this State under the Article of Servitude: I ſay, 'tis remarkable, and I am afraid that I muſt be obliged to own 'tis judicious. Not that I wou'd be underſtood to caſt any Reflections on my own Sex by this Expreſſion; for, in the Circle of my Experience, I have met with more Male Tyrants than Female ones; but I have ſtill found in moſt Houſes an *Emperor*, or *Empreſs*, whereas the Dominion, I apprehend, ought to be divided; or, to uſe a Phraſe of *Shakeſpear*, There ſhou'd be ſuch an *Union in the Partition*, ſuch a reciprocal Conformity, that the moſt diſcerning Eye ſhou'd never know who has the Predominancy. It is ſingular and ſomewhat lamentable, that there is more of Chance in Engagements of this Nature than in almoſt any other. This Conſideration made *Butler* extreamly witty.

——— There are no Bargains driven
Nor Marriages made up in Heaven;
Which is the Reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no Heaven in Marriages.

HUDIBRAS.

The ſingle Life is, to be ſure, a very imperfect and a very nonſenſical one; and, in my Senſe, Cælibacy is as great a Crime as Polygamy; but yet I wou'd not have our Youth too precipitate in their Choice. — They are too apt (in the Language of Mr. *Locke*) to know but little, preſume a great deal, and *jump* to a Concluſion. The moſt obvi-

ous

ous Affair, the very Introduction to Marriage is the Perſon; if that be eligible, the next Requiſite for Peace and Happineſs is the Temper and Diſpoſition of the Mind; if that be mild, agreeable, and engaging, proceed we in the next Place to examine the Furniture of the Head; if Wit has ſet up herſelf there on the Baſis of Good Senſe, there can be no Objection, but I cry out with old *Weſtern* in TOM JONES, "That's it my little Honies," and will ſend for the Parſon To-morrow. Such was my Choice in my late dear Mr. MIDNIGHT, to whom I bore ſix and twenty Children, and with whom, for the Space of ſix and fifty Years, I never had the leaſt Shadow of a Quarrel. If we ever had any Diſpute, it was not who *ſhou'd*, but who *ſhou'd not* have the Sway and the Aſcendancy; and I ſhall never forget an Expreſſion he once made uſe of to me, when I inſiſted upon relieving a poor Family out of my own private Purſe.—"My Dear, ſays "he, how can you be ſo unfair as to monopolize "Good-nature, and be ſuch a *Niggard*, that you "will inſiſt upon doing all the generous Things "yourſelf,"——— I intend, ſhortly, to publiſh the whole Hiſtory of my Amours with that beſt of Men, from which my fair Readers may extract an hundred Recipes to make and keep them happy in their Conjugal State, which Squeamiſhneſs itſelf muſt own to be the moſt perfect here below.——— Such is the Opinion of *Solomon*, ſuch of *Socrates*, ſuch of Sir *Thomas More*, and ſuch of *Mary Midnight*, four Perſons, (*Swift* wou'd ſay) to which all the

Ages in the World shall never be able to add a fifth.

Mr. Justice BUNDLE'S *Charge to the Grand Jury.*

ALL Laws are Laws, and every Law is a Law, and Laws are Things made by the Lawyers to make Men live according to Law, without any Respect to the Gospel, for that is another Affair, and to be considered at another Opportunity, and by another Sort of Men, and in another Manner. *Vide Coke upon Littleton*, Chap. X. Page 15. But as to the Law. —— Now there are some Men that are good Men, and some Men that are bad Men; and the bad Men are not the good Men, and the good Men are not the bad Men: — But the bad Men and the good Men, and the good Men and the bad Men are two different Sorts of Men, and this we gather from *Magna Charta*, an old Man that lived in the Reign of King *John* the Great. Now if all Men were good Men there wou'd be no need of Law; therefore, *Ergo*, The Laws were made for the bad Men, and the good Men have no Business therewith, nor no Advantage to receive therefrom. *Ergo*, therefore, those that receive Advantage from the Law must be bad Men; And so, Gentlemen, call up the Prisoners, and dispatch them as soon as possible, for I must go out of Town To-morrow.

* *From*

* *From the* RAMBLER.

—— Tacitum ſilvas inter reptare ſalubres
Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt.
HOR.

THE Seaſon of the Year is now come in which the Theatres are ſhut, the Card Tables forſaken, the Regions of Luxury are for a while unpeopled, and Pleaſure leads out her Votaries to Groves and Gardens, to ſtill Scenes and erratick Gratifications. Thoſe who have paſſed many Months in a continual Tumult of Diverſion, who have never opened their Eyes in the Morning but upon ſome new Appointment, nor ſlept at Night without a Dream of Dances, Muſick and good Hands, or of ſoft Sighs, languiſhing Looks, and humble Supplications, muſt now retire to diſtant Provinces where the Syrens of Flattery are ſcarcely to be heard, where Beauty ſparkles without Praiſe or Envy, and Wit is repeated only by the Echo.

As I think it one of the moſt important Duties of ſocial Benevolence, to give warning of the Approach of Calamity when by timely Prevention it may be turned aſide, or by preparatory Meaſures be more

* A Paper publiſh'd every *Tueſday* and *Saturday*, price 2*d*.

eaſily

eaſily endured, I cannot feel the encreaſing Warmth, or obſerve the lengthening Days, without conſidering the Condition of my fair Readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has ſo long filled up their Hours, all from which they have been accuſtomed to hope for Delight, and who, till Faſhion proclaims the Liberty of returning to the Seats of Mirth and Elegance, muſt endure the rugged Squire, the ſober Houſewife, the loud Huntſman, or the formal Parſon; the Roar of obſtreperous Jollity, or the Dulneſs of prudential Inſtruction, without any Retreat but to the Gloom of Solitude, where they will yet find greater Inconveniences, and muſt learn, however unwillingly, to endure themſelves.

In Winter the Life of the Polite and Gay may be ſaid to roll on with a ſtrong and rapid Current; they float along from Pleaſure to Pleaſure without the Trouble of regulating their own Motions, and purſue the Courſe of the Stream in all the Felicity of Inattention; content that they find themſelves in Progreſſion, and careleſs whither they are going. But the Months of Summer are a Kind of ſleeping Stagnation without Wind or Tide, where they are left to force themſelves forward by their own Labour, and to direct their Paſſage by their own Skill; and where, if they have not ſome internal Principle of Activity, they muſt be ſtranded upon Shallows, or be torpid in a perpetual Calm.

There are, indeed, ſome to whom this univerſal Diſſolution of gay Societies affords a welcome Opportunity

portunity of quitting without Diſgrace the Poſt which they have found themſelves unable to maintain, and of ſeeming to retreat only at the Call of Nature from Aſſemblies where, after a ſhort Triumph of unconteſted Superiority, they are overpowered by ſome new Intruder of ſofter Elegance or brighter Vivacity. By theſe, hopeleſs of Victory and yet aſhamed to confeſs a Conqueſt, the Summer is regarded as a Releaſe from the fatiguing Service of Celebrity, a Diſmiſſion to more certain Joys and a ſafer Empire. They ſolace themſelves with the Influence which they ſhall obtain where they have no Rival to fear, and with the Luſtre which they ſhall effuſe, when nothing can be ſeen of brighter Splendour. They image, while they are preparing for their Journey, the Admiration with which the Ruſticks will croud about them, plan the Laws of a new Aſſembly, or contrive to delude their Ignorance with a fictitious Mode. A thouſand pleaſing Expectations ſwarm in the Fancy, and all the approaching Weeks are filled with Diſtinctions, Honours, and Authority.

But others, who have lately entered the World, or have yet had no Proofs of its Inconſtancy and Deſertion, are cut off by this cruel Interruption from the Enjoyment of their Prerogatives, and doomed to loſe four Months in unactive Obſcurity. Many Complaints do Vexation and Terrour extort from theſe exiled Tyrants of the Town, againſt the inexorable Sun, who purſues his Courſe without any Regard to Love or Beauty, and viſits either

either Tropick at the ſtated Time whether ſhunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To thoſe who leave the Places of publick Reſort in the full Bloom of Reputation, who withdraw from Admiration, Courtſhip, Submiſſion, and Applauſe, a rural Triumph can give nothing equivalent. The Praiſe of Ignorance, and the Subjection of Weakneſs, are little regarded by thoſe who have been accuſtomed to more important Conqueſts, and more valuable Panegyricks. Nor indeed ſhould the Powers which have made Havock in the Theatres, or born down Rivalry in Courts, be degraded to a mean Attack upon the untravelled Heir, or ignoble Conteſt with the ruddy Milkmaid.

How then muſt four long Months be worn away? Four Months, in which there will be no Routs, no Shews, no Ridottos; in which Viſits muſt be regulated by the Weather, and Aſſemblies will depend upon the Moon! The Platoniſts imagine that the future Puniſhment of thoſe who have in this Life debaſed their Reaſon by Subjection to their Senſes, and have preferred the groſs Gratifications of Lewdneſs and Luxury to the pure and ſublime Felicity of Virtue and Contemplation, will ariſe from the Predominance and Solicitations of the ſame Appetites, in a State which can furniſh no means of appeaſing them. I cannot but ſuſpect that this Month, bright with Sunſhine, and fragrant with Perfumes; this Month, which covers the Meadow with Verdure, and decks the Gardens with

with all the Mixtures of colorifick Radiations; this Month, from which the Student expects new Infusions of Imagery, and the Naturalist new Scenes of Observation; this Month will chain down Multitudes to the Platonick Penance of Desire without Enjoyment, and hurry them from the highest Satisfactions which they have yet learned to conceive, into a State of hopeless Wishes and pining Recollection, where the Eye of Vanity will look round for Admiration to no Purpose, and the Hand of Avarice shuffle Cards in a Bower with ineffectual Dexterity.

From the Tediousness of this melancholy Suspension of Life, I would willingly preserve those who are exposed to it only by Inexperience, who want not Inclinations to Wisdom or Virtue, though they have been dissipated by Negligence, or misled by Example, and who would gladly find the Way to rational Happiness, though it should be necessary to struggle with Habit and abandon Fashion. To these many Arts of spending Time might be recommended, which would neither sadden the present Hour with Weariness, nor the future with Repentance.

It would seem impossible to a solitary Speculatist, that a human Being can want Employment. To be born in Ignorance with a Capacity of Knowledge, and to be placed in the Midst of a World filled with Variety, perpetually pressing upon Sense and irritating Curiosity, is surely a sufficient Security against the Languishment of Inattention,

Novelty

Novelty is indeed neceſſary to preſerve Eagerneſs and Alacrity; but Art and Nature have Stores inexhauſtible by human Intellects, and every Moment produces ſomething new to him who has quickened his Faculties by diligent Obſervation.

Some Studies for which the Country and the Summer afford peculiar Opportunities, I ſhall perhaps endeavour to recommend in ſome future Eſſay; but if there be any Apprehenſion not apt to admit unaccuſtomed Ideas, or any Attention ſo ſtubborn and inflexible as not eaſily to comply with new Directions, even theſe Obſtructions cannot exclude the Pleaſure of Application; for there is a higher and a nobler Employment to which all Faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The Duties of Religion ſincerely and regularly performed will always be ſufficient to exalt the meaneſt, and to exerciſe the higheſt Underſtanding. That Mind will never be vacant which is frequently recalled by ſtated Duties to Meditations on eternal Intereſts, nor can any Hour be long which is ſpent in obtaining ſome new Qualification for celeſtial Happineſs.

CRAMBO SONG, *on Miſs* SCOTT,

A beautiful Lady whom the Author ſaw at Ruckholt-Houſe, Eſſex, *attended by a very ugly Sea Captain.*

I.

COme one of ye Laſſes,
Who dwell in *Parnaſſus*,
To *London* on *Pegaſus* trot;

And

And bring me ſome Verſe
That I may rehearſe
The Praiſes of pretty Miſs *Scott*.

II.

When I ſaw the fair Maid
Firſt in *Ruckholt*'s gay Shade,
I wiſh'd —but I dare not ſay what;
If I had her alone,
With a Sigh and a Groan
I'd whiſper it all to Miſs *Scott*.

III.

Full cloſe by her Side,
By way of a Guide,
A damn'd ugly Fellow ſhe'd got,
The Dog did appear,
Like the Dev'l at *Eve*'s Ear,
He's ſo foul, and ſo fair is Miſs *Scott*.

IV.

He'd a traiterous Face,
And a Jeſuit's Grace,
Yet you'd ſwear he'd no Hand in the Plot;
He was fitter to go
With a Drum at a Show,
Than to follow the charming Miſs *Scott*.

V.

Oh had I a Part
In the Heav'n of her Heart,
Contented I'd dwell in a Cot;
What are Titles but Toys,
What is Fame but a Noiſe,
When compar'd with the Charms of Miſs *Scott*?

VI.

The Pain of dull Pleaſure,
The Poorneſs of Treaſure,
Are the Rake's and the Miſer's ſad Lot;
But Riches immenſe
And Pleaſure intenſe
Can come from no Fund but Miſs *Scott*.

VII.

Whoe're in this Dearth
Of Enjoyments on Earth
Thinks of Bliſs, is a Fool and a Sot:
But we that are wiſe,
Know that Happineſs lies
In Heav'n, or pretty Miſs *Scott*.

VIII.

The Scholar in Books,
The Glutton in Cooks,
The Drunkard delights in his Pot;
But what is dull thinking,
Or eating, or drinking,
To the feaſting on pretty Miſs *Scott*?

IX.

Some greatly deſire
Wiſdom to acquire,
Some after Religion are hot;
But Wiſdom's a Fool,
And Zeal it is cool,
If compar'd with my Flame for Miſs *Scott*.

X.

Oh! ſhe's all that is rare,
Engaging and fair,
A good Huſband alone ſhe has not.

And

And that, if I might,
I'd give her to-night,
T'accompliſh the charming Miſs *Scott*.

The Power of INNOCENCE.

A SONG. *By Mrs.* MIDNIGHT.

I.

THE blooming Damſel, whoſe Defence
Is adamantine Innocence,
Requires no Guardian to attend
Her Steps, for Modeſty's her Friend.
Tho' her fair Arms are weak to wield,
The glitt'ring Spear, and maſſy Shield;
Yet ſafe from Force and Fraud combin'd,
She is an *Amazon* in Mind.

II.

With this Artillery ſhe goes,
Not only 'mongſt the harmleſs Beaux,
But ev'n unhurt and undiſmay'd,
Views the long Sword and fierce Cockade.
Tho' all a Syren as ſhe talks,
And all a Goddeſs as ſhe walks,
Yet Decency each Motion guides,
And Wiſdom o'er her Tongue preſides.

III.

Place her in *Ruſſias'* ſhowery Plains,
Where a perpetual Winter reigns;
The Elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd Mind will never change.

Place her, Ambition, in thy Towers,
'Mongſt the more dangerous golden Showr's;
Ev'n there ſhe'd ſpurn the venal Tribe,
And fold her Arms againſt the Bribe.

IV.

Leave her defenceleſs and alone,
A Pris'ner in the torrid Zone,
The Sunſhine there might vainly vie
With the bright Luſtre of her Eye:
But *Phœbus* ſelf with all his Fire,
Cou'd ne'er one unchaſte Thought inſpire,
But Virtue's Path ſhe'd ſtill purſue,
And ſtill ye Fair, wou'd copy you.

Upon the Lady's Garter, dropt in St. Paul's, *at the Rehearſal of the Muſick for the Sons of the Clergy.*

By the GENTLEMAN *who found it.*

Tentanda via eſt, qua ut quoque poſſim
Tollere ———

VIR. GEORG.

Mox magis alta canam. ———

SIL. ITAL.

THIS Ribband, which was wont to be
The Cincture of my *Celia*'s Knee,
Blind Chance to me has giv'n, and how
Shall I, what Chance has giv'n, beſtow?

In

In Man presumptuous it were
To keep what has belong'd to her.
Some Deity from *Celia*'s Slave
The rare Oblation shall receive.
Should I this consecrated Wreath
To Father *Jupiter* bequeath,
With Honours how the God would heap it!
In fragrant Nectar first he'd steep it:
(And yet when it has touch'd the Maid
What need of fragrant Nectar's Aid)
'Mid Garniture of Lightnings fork'd
In Gold a Motto on it work'd,
Shall style the Fires less fierce, which fly
From *Jove*'s Right Hand than *Celia*'s Eye.
Forthwith a Diadem divine
On his ambrosial Locks 'twou'd shine.
Yet must not I an Off'ring make it
To *Jove*; for how would *Juno* take it?
Soon as she knew from whence it came,
For whom 'twas worn, the jealous Dame,
Wou'd bounce and fly, and rage and riot,
Nor give her Spouse one Moment's Quiet.
But threaten for his Brows to find
An Ornament of diff'rent Kind.
Wou'd I to any Goddess give it,
There's not one Goddess would receive it.
Jealous on *Celia* they lour,
Each fears to lose her Paramour.
But why, fair Rulers of the Skies,
Should ye her Garter thus despise?

Oh rather, think, you've light upon
Another Love-exciting Zone,
Whose magic Virtue is the same
With that which to *Jove*'s royal Dame
Fair *Venus* lent. Its Efficacy
(In *Homer* this averr'd you may see)
Was such that on a Lady's Waist,
As soon as ever it was brac'd,
Who saw her would such Charms discover,
He'd instantly to Madness love her.
I well imagine what wou'd follow
In Case 'twas given to *Apollo*.
Soon as that youthful am'rous God
Gay sprightly *Phœbus* understood,
That what was offer'd had a Share,
I'th Dress of that transcendent Fair,
On whom he us'd so long to gaze,
We wonder'd at the Length of Days;
Pleas'd such a Token to possess
He'd oft the sacred Texture kiss.
And now no more persist to wear
The Laurel Chaplet on his Hair:
But clean forgetting *Perseus*' Daughter,
He'd bind his Brows with *Celia*'s Garter.
The sweet Remembrance whence it came
Adding new Fuel to his Flame.
Thee, *Celia*, *thee*, he'd doat upon,
To Close of Day from early Dawn:
His tuneful Voice and golden Lyre
To praise my *Celia* would conspire.

In fine, at such a Sacrifice
What heav'nly Power wou'd not rejoice?
Each gratefully wou'd me endow,
With the best Gift he could bestow.
Hermes would teach me better far
Than any Lawyer at the Bar,
His Arts to be alert and quick in,
Speaking, to wit, and Pocket-picking.
Mars teach me to deal out my Blows,
And draw my Sword on Friends and Foes;
Vulcan wou'd forge me Armour for it,
And *Bacchus* give me Store of Claret.
This votive Fillet might besure
Wond'rous Advantages procure;
But 'tis resolv'd, I'll nought receive
Unless the Gods can *Celia* give:
There's nought below is worth my Care
But that bright beauteous heav'nly Fair.
What strange Absurdities a Lover
In Hopes and Wishes will discover!
A love-distracted Swain can hope
The rival Gods will render up,
And be so much o'erseen to barter
The Lady for the Lady's Garter.
Therefore no more of *Jove* or *Phœbus*,
Or *Mars* or *Hermes* shall escape us.
'Twere greater Prudence to dismiss
These idle useless Reveries,
My Suit in Person to prefer,
And urge without Delay the Fair.

If she my proffer'd Love refuses,
The Garter still may have its Uses;
It's friendly Noose shall me suspend;
A mournful Load some Bough shall bend;
And I be sung in doleful Ballad,
'Till *Bateman*'s Fame in mine is swallow'd.

A JACKBOOT.

Being an Essay in the Manner of the Moderns, On Times, Persons, *and* Things.

A JACKBOOT is a Discourse, which will suit any Subject whatsoever, as its Namesake will fit any Leg. It requires no Title, yet is capable of all. You may preach it as a Sermon, declame it as an Oration, say it as a Prayer, or sing it as a Song. It will finally answer all Intents and Purposes, tho' in itself it is to no Intent or Purpose; such is the whimsical, ænigmatical Nature of the JACKBOOT. For these twenty Years last past we have had little else publish'd but JACKBOOTS. One Man prints a Sermon, which may as well be called a Satire, another comes out with a *Monody* with three or four Interlocutors in it. Our Poetry is all Prose, and our Prose is false English. And shall not *Mary Mid-*

night

night club her JACKBOOT amongſt the reſt? Yea verily ſhe ſhall. —— Here therefore begins a JACKBOOT upon *Times*, *Perſons* and *Things*. And firſt for the Times. I think we are all pretty unanimous with reſpect to the Times. That is, there is almoſt an univerſal Conſent to rail at them. There has been a perpetual Prejudice in Behalf of the Times paſt, tho' God knows, we have but little to do with them, and we are daily grumbling and *abuſing* the preſent, when we ought to make uſe of it, and be thankful. *O Tempora! O Mores!* is an Exclamation that has been made uſe of long before the *Roman* Orator. Nevertheleſs one of the wiſeſt tells us, "that the former Times were not better than theſe." —— And now I'll quote you a Bit of *Greek*,

Οἱη μεν φυλλων γενεη τοιηδε καὶ ἀνδρων. HOMER.

The Generation of Man is even as the Generation of Leaves. One Winter demoliſhes a whole Tribe, and in the Spring you have a Succeſſion of the ſame wavering, weak, inconſtant Trifles. —— And now I'll quote you a Piece of *Latin*:

—— *Elapſum ſemel*
Non ipſe poſſit Jupiter reprehendere.

PHOEDRUS.

That is, When old Time has once turn'd Tail upon you, the Devil himſelf can't get hold of his Forelock. Which brings me (where I was before-

hand

hand determin'd to go) to my ſecond and third Particulars, *viz. Perſons* and *Things*: —— Now, as every Perſon is a Thing, tho' every Thing is not a Perſon, I ſhall jumble theſe two Articles together in the true JACKBOOT Taſte. Now it would require the united Wit of *Fielding*, *Lucian*, *Swift*, *Butler*, and *Eraſmus*, to treat of this Head with any tolerable Adroitneſs, ſo (as Mr. *Bays* ſays) in fine, I'll ſay no more about it, and if any body aſks me, where lies the Jeſt of all this? I anſwer with Mr. *Johnſon*, Why, In the BOOT; where ſhou'd the Jeſt lie?

EPIGRAM.

On a certain Scribbler.

WORD-valiant Wight, thou great He-Shrew,
That wrangles to no End;
Since Nonſence is nor falſe nor true
Thou'rt no Man's Foe or Friend.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT's Laws *of* Converſation.

ONE of the higheſt Enjoyments we are capable of on this Side the Grave, is manly and rational Converſation, which in theſe Days, excluſive of its intrinſick Value, has the Merit of being

being a very great Rarity. If one goes amongſt what is called the ſober Part of Mankind, downright Dulneſs uſurps the Title of ſerious Senſe, and Sleepineſs that of Decency and Tranquillity. If we mix ourſelves with the Joys of the Young, and grow giddy with the gay Head-ach of Pleaſure, we ſhall find Baudry, and even Blaſphemy paſſing for Wit and Humour, or the low nonſenſical inſipid HUMBUG, that worthy Succeſſor to *Biting* and *Selling of Bargains*. In order, to remedy, in ſome Meaſure, theſe Evils, I humbly beg Leave to lay down the following Rules of Converſation, which are ſubmitted to the Conſideration, Correction and Improvement of the Publick.

1ſt. Never to converſe on what we don't underſtand.

2dly. Let there be always certain Intervals, to give Room for any Perſon to make an Objection, a Reply, or a Rejoinder.

3dly. Let the Subject be on Things, rather than Perſons.

4thly. Let the Subject be on hiſtorical Matters, rather than of the preſent Age.

5thly. Let the Subject be on Things diſtant and remote, rather than at home, and ſo of your Neighbours.

6thly.

6thly. Blazon all the Good, and conceal all the Faults of both Friend and Enemy.

7thly. Let nothing ever be said which good Sense may disapprove, Good-nature dislike, or sound Judgment condemn.

As some late unhappy Events have made Duelling *a very popular Topic, the following Letter which I can warrant to be genuine, will, I apprehend, be deem'd not unseasonable.*

A Letter from Alexander Robinson, *Esq; to Mr.* Walter Smyth.

SIR,

I Must absolutely decline accepting the Challenge you sent me Yesterday by *Robin*, and frankly acknowledge I *dare not* fight you. I am very sensible the World in general will call this Cowardice, and that the odious Appellation of Scoundrel will be given me in every Coffee-house. But, I hope, you'll not judge with the Multitude, because you have been an Eye-witness to my Behaviour, in no less than seven Engagements with the common Enemy. I then had the Reputation of being a brave Man, and am conscious I am so still, even when I once more tell you I *dare not* fight you. The Reasons of my Conduct in this Affair, Sir, are very valid, tho' but very few. To be brief,

Sir,

Sir, I had rather endure the Contempt of Man, than the Anger of my Maker, a temporal Evil rather than an eternal one. In one of the wiſeſt States of the World, there was no Law againſt Parricide, becauſe they thought it a Crime, which the worſt of Villains would be incapable of. Perhaps the Silence of our Legiſlature, with Regard to Duelling, is owing to ſome ſuch Reaſon. What can be more enormous than for Men, not to ſay *Chriſtians* and Friends, to thirſt for the Blood of each other —— nay more, —— to aim the Blow with a true *Italian* Vengeance at once, both at the Body and the Soul. I hope in the Coolneſs of Reflexion you'll think as I do —— If otherwiſe, I am determined to give you up to the Tyranny of your Paſſions, as I am to remain Maſter of my own.

Yours, &c.

A genuine Letter from an amorous Cantab. *to a Chandler's Daughter, being a Specimen of Academic Gallantry.*

MADAM,

THE very firſt Moment I ſaw you, I conceived an inexpreſſible Paſſion for you, which at length has riſen to ſuch an Height, that I ſhould not diſcharge the firſt Duty of Self-

vation, were I to conceal it any longer. I am convinced by the charming engaging Softneſs, which is perpetually in your Looks, that it is impoſſible you ſhould be ill-natur'd, and that you would free any Animal from Pain, when you could do it without Danger or Detriment to yourſelf. I here therefore offer you an Opportunity of exerciſing your Humanity, by condeſcending to a Requeſt I am about to make. The Favour I would beg, Madam, is, that you would contrive ſome Means, by which I may have the Pleaſure, the exquiſite Pleaſure of converſing with you. Then, Madam, I ſhall be able more at large to explain my Sentiments, declare that vehement Love, with which you have inſpired me, and make an Apology for my Pretenſions, which if you don't approve, I promiſe, never to trouble you with 'em any more. If there is, Madam, any Impertinence in this Addreſs, it muſt be placed to the Account of your Beauty, and you muſt conſider, that 'tis the ſame Nature, which both laviſh'd all thoſe Charms upon you, and raiſed in me a proper Regard for 'em, and the Deſire of the Poſſeſſion of 'em. My Intentions, Madam, are honeſt, my Love is pure and unfeigned, and like thoſe Excellencies in you that occaſioned it, too great to be deſcribed. I am conſcious you'll have ſome Objections to the favouring me with an Interview; but upon more mature Deliberation you will, I believe, acknowledge, that no Lady need be aſhamed of converſing with any Gentleman, unleſs ſhe knows him

not

not to be a Man of Honour; and 'tis the Privilege of every Engliſhman to plead for Love as well as for Life, but I ſhall plead for both at the ſame Time, ſince I hardly think the latter worth holding without the former. The Uncertainty I am in, (and a cruel Uncertainty it is) how you'll receive this, hinders my diſcovering to you my Name and my College: But tho' I don't tell you what I am, I'll tell you what I am not: I am not quite three and twenty, not in bad Circumſtances, not a Freſhman, not Fellow of the College, not in Orders.

If you'll pleaſe to appoint any Place of meeting, you'll make me the happieſt of Men. My Love is ſo impatient that I ſhall perpetually plague you with Letters till you give me ſome Anſwer or other. On Wedneſday Night at Eight o'Clock, a Perſon ſhall come to the Apothecary's Shop which you frequent, under Pretence of buying ſome Tamarinds; by him you may ſend a Note, and my dear ſweet Angel, I beg you will not fail being there.

A modern Love Letter, copied from the W r-Office: Being a Specimen of Martial Gallantry.*

Damme Madam,

WHAT becauſe *Cupid* baſks in your Eyes, and the Graces perch on your Bubbies,

and I have no Beard, you think to treat me as you pleaſe, and to make a *Tom Shuttlecock* of me, do you? You little, impertinent, plaguy, audacious Devil! Have not I beſtowed all the Plunder I got in the laſt War upon you, and pawn'd even my Honour to maintain you? And am I now to be rivall'd, and you to be run away with by a Templar, a Lawyer's Clerk, a Fellow that lives by ſcratching of Parchment? Blood, I can't bear it! I'll make Parchment of his Skin, and burn you into a Pumice Stone to pounce it with, before I'll be plagued in this Manner. Is this all the Reſpect you have for a Red Coat, and a Cockade, and a fine Gentleman? 'Tis mighty well —— but I ſwear by the united Powers of Gun, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder, that I ſhall not hereafter viſit you with Sighs, as the God * *Cuper* did *Phyſic*, but in Storms of Lightning, as the God *Jopitor* did *Simile*.

I am d——mme you, Madam, Yours,

BEN. BAGONETT.

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* I ſuppoſe Capt. *Bagonett* means to refer to the Stories of *Cupid* and *Pſyche*; and *Jupiter* and *Semele*, tho' he is a little out in his Orthography.

A modern Love Letter, compoſed of ſuch Materials as may ſerve for any other Love Letter whatever, and with a little Variation will ſuit every Circumſtance where Love is the Subject.

Being a Specimen of Univerſal Gallantry.

Oh my dear angelick Angel!

EVERY Minute is an Hour, and every Hour is a Day, and every Day is a Year ſince I had the Happineſs to fall at your Feet, and warm myſelf at the Sunſhine of your Beauty. Oh my little *Cherub*, I was yeſterday flying with all the Wings of Fervency to offer myſelf at thy Shrine, but the angry Heavens threatned me with their forked Lightning, which darted round me, and the big black Thunder roar'd horrid o'er my Head, as much as to ſay, Wilt thou, oh raſh Youth, who art but mortal, aſſume a Goddeſs? Can'ſt thou ſuſtain her refulgent ineffable Brightneſs? Can'ſt thou mount the golden flaming Car of *Phœbus*, and give genial Warmth to the World? I trembled at this chiding of the Elements, and ſtood wrapt up in Fear and Amazement, till the Clouds in downright Compaſſion (perceiving me weep) wept themſelves alſo, till with our joint Tears I was wet from Top to Toe, and all the Rivers ſwell'd and overflow'd with my Sorrows; ſo that I was this Morning obliged to ſwim thro'

a whole Flood of my own Griefs to procure from thy bright Eyes one Dawn of Comfort. Oh, come my ſweet Angel, and ſave me from myſelf, or I ſhall hang myſelf, or drown myſelf, or make away with myſelf, and all for the Love of thee. I am now at the Sign of the Lamb in a freezing burning Fever. Oh come to me! melt down my Iſicles with the Beams of thy Eyes, and cool and comfort me with the Balm of thy Lips, that I may live till I die.

My dear Angel,
Your moſt obſequious Slave,
T. TAWDERY.

A Deſcription of the Vacation, to a Friend in the Country.

Dear CHARLES, *Camb. July* 9, 1745.

AT length arrives the dull Vacation,
And all around is Deſolation;
At Noon one meets unapron'd Cooks,
And leiſure Gyps with downcaſt Looks.
The Barber's Coat from white is turning,
And blacken's by Degrees to Mourning;
The Cobler's Hands ſo clean are grown,
He does not know them for his own;
The Sciences neglected ſnore,
And all our Bogs are cobweb'd o'er;
The Whores crawl home with Limbs infirm
To ſalivate againſt the Term;

Each

Each Coffee-houſe, left in the Lurch,
Is *full* as *empty* — as a Church —
The Widow cleans her unus'd Delph,
And's forc'd to read the News herſelf;
Now Boys for bitten Apples ſquabble,
Where Geeſe ſophiſtic us'd to gabble;
Of hoary Owls a reverend Band
Have at St. *Mary*'s took their Stand,
Where each in ſolemn Gibberiſh howls,
And gentle *Athens* owns her Fowls.
To *Johnian* Hogs obſerve, ſucceed
Hogs that are real Hogs indeed;
And pretty Maſter *Pert* of *Trinity*,
Who in lac'd Waiſtcoat woes Divinity,
Reviſits, having doft his Gown,
His gay Acquaintance in the Town:
The Barbers, Butlers, Taylors, Panders,
Are preſs'd and gone to ſerve in *Flanders*;
Or to the Realms of *Ireland* ſail,
Or elſe (for Cheapneſs) go to Goal. —
Alone the penſive Black-Gowns ſtray
Like Ravens on a rainy Day.
Some ſaunter on the drowſy Dam,
Surrounded by the Hum-drum CAM,
Who ever and anon awakes,
And grumbles at the Mud he makes,
Oh how much finer than the Mall
At Night to traverſe thro' *Clare-Hall!*
And view our Nymphs, like beauteous Geeſe,
Cackling and waddling on the Piece;

Or near the Gutters, Lakes, and Ponds
That ſtagnate round ſerene St. *John*'s,
Under the Trees to take my Station,
And envy them their Vegetation.

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Cætera deſiderantur.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S *Account of her own Abilities. In Imitation of ſeveral Authors.*

THE Reputation I have acquired by my Wit and Humour in my younger Days, and the Candour I have diſcover'd ſince I commenced Critic, added to the Judgment which I have ſhewn in my *maternal* Profeſſion, have given all People a prodigious Opinion of my Abilities. And really, if I may be allow'd to do myſelf Juſtice, and to ſpeak myſelf for myſelf, I don't believe that the whole Race of Lawyers, Divines, or even Phyſicians themſelves can produce a greater old Woman than I am. People flock to me from every Quarter, and I find, tho' too late, that a ſuperb and exalted Reputation is but an Incumbrance, a Sort of Rub, in the Road to Happineſs; for beſides my own Buſineſs (I mean that of my Profeſſion) and the Care of my Magazine, I am continually peſter'd with Caſes and Queſtions from the Literati of all Nations.

tions. No Casuist ever had so many Cases of Conscience as I when Consciences were in Vogue; indeed since the Use of Doubts and Scruples have been dropt by the better Sort, and consider'd as old fashion'd Furniture, I have been eas'd in that Respect. For when once my Lord puts off all Sense of Religion, of Conscience, of Honour, and of Honesty, his Steward, his Gentleman, his Valet de Chambre, and indeed all his Family, will do the same. And, Pray where is the Wonder? ——— Wou'd not any complaisant Man, any Servant of good Breeding, readily throw off a Garb which he saw had render'd itself so obnoxious to his Master. But this is a Digression which I make by way of Digression, to shew People the Use of Digressions, and now let us return to our Subject. ——— I say, notwithstanding the total Neglect of Religion and Conscience, of Honour and Honesty among the Great, and of Consequence among the Small, I am as much as ever harrass'd with Cases and Questions, tho' of another Nature. Religion and Conscience, while in Vogue, were a Sort of stimulating Plaisters to the Passions, and braced them up within their proper Cells; but when the Use of those became unfashionable, the Passions obtain'd their wish'd for Elasticity and acted without Restraint; so that Drinking and Whoring, and Theft and Murder advanced, as Religion and Virtue, Honour and Honesty declin'd; and consequently there was no Business for the Casuist, Fortune, by establishing a dissolute Course of Life, had thrown all her Favours

vours into the Laps of the Lawyer and the Phyſician; thoſe are the Peeple to be apply'd to, and as thoſe People are continually applying to me, I find myſelf obliged to publiſh the following Advertiſement.

MARY MIDNIGHT,

Author of the *Old Woman's Magazine*, and of many other celebrated Pieces, which can never be enough admired, propoſes *(for the Benefit of the Publick)* to open at the Sign of the Mop-Handle in *Shoe-Lane*,

An Office for the IGNORANT;

OR,

A Warehouſe of Intelligence.

Where Phyſicians may learn the true Practice of Phyſic, Divines the true Practice of Piety, and Lawyers the true Practice of the Law. In a Word, Fumblers of all Faculties will be corroborated without Loſs of Time.

VIVAT REX.

An

An ESSAY *on* LOVE.

Solid Love, *whose Root is* Virtue, *can no more die than* Virtue *itself.* ERASMUS.

SINCE Love is a Passion deeply implanted in the Nature of Human Kind, and productive of as much Misery as Happiness, since Emperors, Kings and Princes are oblig'd to submit to its Power; and we may every Day observe more pine away with secret Anguish, for the Unkindness of those upon whom they have fix'd their Affections, than for any other Calamity in Life; it cannot be foreign to our Design to point out those Soils in which this *amphibious* Plant is most likely to grow and prosper: But that we may not be thought too rigid in Principle, or to advance any new *Hypothesis*, repugnant to the known Laws of Nature and Religion, let us first lay before you the Sentiments of a *gay* and great Genius, as well read in *this Science* as any of his Predecessors were, or any of his Successors ought to be.

Love the most generous Passion of the Mind,
The softest Refuge Innocence can find;
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth;
The cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down;
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists Subsidies of Praise;

For

For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his Pow'r, in Love.

Thus far we agree with him, for the wise Author of our Motto informs us, that if we would keep *Love* from withering, and preserve its Verdure, we should plant it in Truth and Virtue, prune off all the luxuriant Branches, which weaken the Stock, and depreciate the Fruit: How careful therefore should we be in the Choice of this happy Spot, in which, should we mistake, we are sure to entail Sorrow and Anxiety upon ourselves and Posterity.

To anticipate Success in this important Affair, be careful not to make too much Haste to be happy, any more than to be rich, to avoid Strangers, and to let your Eyes and Inclination keep Pace with your Reason and Understanding. Laugh at the old Miser who covets you for a Nurse, and despise the vain young Butterfly, who bristles with gaudy Plumes, squanders away his Wealth and Patrimony, and tosses about his empty Noddle to no other Purpose, than to get Possession of a Mistress altogether as trifling and vicious as himself. Then turn your Eyes upon the gay World, and behold it made up for the most Part of a Set of conceited, fluttering, emaciated Animals, worn out in hunting after their own Pleasures; Wretches who confess, condemn and lament, but continue to pursue their own Infelicity! These are Scenes of Sorrow, and Objects of Misery! Vultures that prey upon the Vitals of the

the Imprudent, and hope to repair their ſhatter'd Fortunes from the Spoils of Innocence and Credulity!

There is another fatal Miſchief incident to virtuous Love, which calls aloud for Redreſs; in the Courſe of my Life I have more than once or twice been preſent at the Bargain and Sale of Children and Orphans of both Sexes, to the beſt Bidder: Nay, not long ago I was by when a young Gentleman of no inconſiderable Fortune was ſent for from * * * * to *London*, and in leſs than three Hours after his Arrival, obliged to marry a young Lady he had never before ſet his Eyes on, or perhaps heard of. What Love, Harmony, Conſtancy or *Friendſhip* (the Bands of conjugal Happineſs) can poſſibly be expected from ſuch Precipitancy? If indeed a large *Premium* given to the principal *Marriage Broker*, or the laying together large Eſtates could purchaſe Felicity as it does Huſbands and Wives, the Contract might be deem'd laudable; but when we daily obſerve Controverſies, Animoſities, Elopements, and Divorces, the Conſequences of ſuch Junctions, it is an evident Act of Inhumanity and Barbarity.

It has often amazed me to obſerve how nice and anxious Gentlemen are in keeping up and improving the Breed of their irrational Stocks, whether Horſes, Sheep, Poultry, &c. and how careleſs and indolent in that of their own Progeny. Oh ſhocking Cuſtom! the Height of Cruelty, the Scandal of Chriſtianity!

'Tis well known there are Gentlemen and Ladies enough in the Kingdom of Rank, Quality, and Affluence with perſonal Endowments ſuitable to any Degree of Life; why then ſhould we chuſe to couple them ſo unequally? Old Age with Youth; Diſeaſe with Health; Debauchery with Modeſty; and all Vices with the contrary Virtues.

Let the prudent Lady chuſe for a Partner, a Gentleman fraught with Religion, Virtue, and good Manners; of a free, open, generous Diſpoſition; of a Soul ſincere and ſuſceptible; one who can ſee and feel the Misfortunes of others, and is ready to lend his friendly Advice and timely Aſſiſtance to thoſe who are in Diſtreſs. He who is not poſſeſs'd of a warm generous Heart, will make but a cold, friendleſs Companion; you are therefore to find the Way to that, and not precipitately take a Man becauſe he wears a Smile on his Cheek, and a fine Coat on his Back, which perhaps may diſguiſe and cloak a thouſand Rogueries, and vile Intentions. You muſt learn to diſtinguiſh between Reality and Appearance, which is not to be done without being intimately acquainted with the Object. And from hence ariſes the Neceſſity of a formal Courtſhip, for in the Courſe of Time, however artful the Perſon may be, ſome unguarded Sallies will be made, ſufficient to give you a *Cue* to the whole Character, provided Paſſion does not eclipſe the Sun Beams of Reaſon, and prevent your laying hold of the Opportunity.

But

But that our *British* Ladies may be the better enabled to engage Gentlemen with these Endowments 'twill be necessary for them to imitate the following Character of *Antiope*.

'*Antiope* is gentle, plain hearted, prudent; 'her Hands despise not Labour; she foresees Things 'at a great Distance; she provides against Contin-'gencies; she knows how to be silent; she acts 'regularly without a Hurry; she is for ever 'employ'd, but never embarras'd, because she 'does every Thing in due Season; the good Order 'of her Father's House is her Glory; it adds a 'greater Lustre to her than her very Beauty. Tho' 'the Care of all lies upon her, and she is charg'd 'with the Burden of reproving, refusing, sparing, '(Things that make all other Women hated) she 'has acquir'd the Love of all the Houshold; and 'this, because they find not in her either Passion, 'Conceitedness, Levity, or Humour, as in other 'Women. With the single Glance of her Eye they 'know her Meaning, and are afraid to displease 'her. The Orders she gives are plain; she com-'mands nothing but what may be perform'd; she 'reproves with Kindness, and even amidst her Re-'prehensions she finds Room to give Encourage-'ment to do better. Her Father's Heart reposes 'itself upon her, as a Traveller, fainting under 'the Sun's sultry Rays, reposes himself upon the 'tender Grass, beneath a shady Tree.

'*Antiope*, O *Telemachus*, is a Treasure worthy 'to be sought for, even in the most remote Re-

'gions: Her Mind is never trimm'd, any more 'than her Body, with vain gaudy Ornaments; 'her Fancy, though full of Life, is reſtrain'd by 'her Diſcretion; ſhe never ſpeaks but when there 'is an abſolute Occaſion; and when ſhe opens her 'Mouth, ſoft Perſuaſion and genuine Graces flow 'from her Lips. The Moment ſhe begins every 'Body is ſilent, which throws a baſhful Confuſion 'into her Face; ſhe could find in her Heart to ſup-'preſs what ſhe was about to ſay, when ſhe per-'ceives ſhe is ſo attentively liſten'd to.

'You may remember, O *Telemachus*, when 'her Father one Day made her come in, how ſhe 'appear'd with Eyes caſt down, cover'd with a 'large Veil, and ſpoke no more than juſt enough 'to moderate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, who was 'juſt going to inflict a rigorous Puniſhment on 'one of his Slaves. At firſt ſhe took part with 'him in his Troubles, then ſhe calm'd him; at laſt 'ſhe intimated to him what might be alledg'd in 'Excuſe of the poor Wretch, and without letting 'the King know that he was tranſported beyond 'due Bounds, ſhe inſpir'd into him Sentiments of 'Juſtice and Compaſſion. *Thetis*, when ſhe ſooths 'old *Nereus*, does not appeaſe with more Sweetneſs 'the raging Billows.

'Thus, *Antiope*, without aſſuming any Autho-'rity, and without taking any Advantage of her 'Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of a 'Huſband, as ſhe now touches the Lute, when ſhe 'would draw from it the moſt melting Sounds.

Once

‘ Once again. I tell you, *Telemachus*, your Love ‘ for her is well grounded; the Gods design her for ‘ you; you love her with a rational Affection, but ‘ you must wait 'till *Ulysses* grants her to you. I ‘ commend you for not having discover'd your ‘ Sentiments to her; but know, that if you had ‘ taken any By-methods to let her know your ‘ Designs, she would have rejected them, and ‘ ceas'd to have a Value for you; she will never ‘ promise herself to any one, but will leave herself ‘ to be disposed of by her Father. She will never ‘ take for her Spouse a Man that does not fear the ‘ Gods, and who does not quit himself of all the ‘ Duties that are incumbent upon him.

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Gossip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL *and* SPAIN.

THOUGH his most faithful Majesty has rejected the Ministry of his Predecessor; he, however, has pursued his Example in publishing a Proclamation for the Prevention of Luxury; in which the Use of gilt Coaches and Chariots is allow'd, provided they are made in Portugal. This occasions me to make an old Woman's Observation, that either the Portugueze Ministry have less Pride, or more Frugality, than are to be generally found in other Countries; particularly my own dear native Kingdom of old England, where, whilst my poor fellow Subjects are most grievously oppressed with publick Debts and Taxes, yet a Spirit of

Luxury prevails, when our firſt rate Quality ſhould follow my Example, and go clad in plain home-ſpun and grey, if they have half that Love for their Poſterity, as I have for the whole Community.

The Spaniards have ſatisfied us, that we were all old Women, to imagine they had any Deſign on Gibraltar: They, indeed, make Don Benjamin more remarkable for this Character than all the reſt of his Countrymen; for while he is continually preferring Memorial after Memorial, in hopes of the Procuration of ſuch Conceſſions in America, which the Spaniards have hitherto obſtinately diſregarded, in what other Light muſt ſuch a Negotiation be held! And as for his Remonſtrance to obtain the Return of ſuch Britiſh Manufacturers as have been invited over to Spain; in the Name of good Luck, what muſt the Spaniards think of ſuch a Demand, when we but lately had it in our Power, to encourage theſe Artizans at home, inſtead of letting their Neceſſity, and our onerous Taxes, drive them to ſeek Employments in other Countries? I am afraid, if they give us no worſe an Appellation than that of old Women, they will deal very candidly by us. —— The Infant Don Lewis is to reſign all his eccleſiaſtical Employments, to marry a Daughter of France, and aſcend the Throne of Corſica; if the termagant old Woman at St. Ildefonſo can get Poſſeſſion of it.

ITALY.

From the Reſolution which the King of Sardinia has taken to reform his Troops, as well as ſeveral other Diſpoſitions, no Troubles are apprehended in Italy; even the Barbary Corſairs are check'd in their Piratical Excurſions, by the Vigilance of ſome Malteſe and Neapolitan Veſſels. The poor Republick of Genoa is ſtill

ſtruggling

ſtruggling with thoſe Difficulties, which her Senators, like a Parcel of ſilly old Women, entailed upon their Country by aſſociating with France in the Year 1746: Their Regality of Corſica evinces what the Duke of Wirtemberg formerly told their Doge, that the whole Iſland is not worth Poſſeſſion: So that we are in Expectation of ſeeing this Saracen Crown incloſe the Head of another Prince of the Bourbonian Line; while, miſerable Theodore, their late acknowledged Sovereign, is a neceſſitous Priſoner within the Confines of an Engliſh Goal. The Genoeſe Bills belonging to the Bank of St. George, are ſtill 45 per Cent. under Par; and the Senate intend to have an annual Lottery, of 600,000 Livres, for reviving the Credit of the Bank.

FRANCE.

While the poor acceding Parties to the definitive Treaty of Aix la Chapelle have been quietly amuſing themſelves with the Thoughts of enjoying the Product of their own Vintages; the vigilant French have been extending their Commerce on the Coaſts of Africa, and repairing their ruin'd Marine; which they have done ſo expeditiouſly, as to be now able to boaſt of 96 Men of War and Frigates ready for Service, excluſive of the Ships built in Canada, and thoſe on the Stocks in the ſeveral Ports of France —— But this muſt needs be *falſe*; for we are told by the *beſt Authority*, no longer ago than January laſt, that *all* the contracting Powers in the *definitive* Treaty, had given the *fulleſt* and *cleareſt* Declarations of their Reſolution to *preſerve* the general Peace. Beſides this, the French have juſt erected a new Manufactory of Cottons and Linnens, plain, ſtriped, and flower'd: — All rare News for England! Hey ho! Old Women and Aix la Chapelle, for ever? huzza! for

my

my Lord S——, huzza, huzza! —— But if Mr. Perrier ſhould ſail from Breſt, or the Veſſels from Toulon ſhould get out, before Commodore Rodney departs from Portſmouth, what is to come of our new diſcovered Iſland?

GERMANY.

The Imperial Diet have come to the Reſolution of guarantying the Treaty of Dreſden in its utmoſt Extent, and which it is expected his Imperial Majeſty will ratify from Hungary, where his royal Conſort is making freſh Work for her Midwife. The Election of the King of the Romans is ſtill oppoſed by the King of Pruſſia; while France, who has already made an old Woman of the Elector of Cologne, is endeavouring to clap the ſilly Petticoat over the ſacerdotal Habiliments of the Electors of Mentz and Cologne.

DENMARK and SWEDEN.

The old Tranquility is predominant at the Court of Copenhagen. The Court of Stockholm has ſent ſatisfactory Accounts of its Proceedings to the Czarina, and every Thing ſeems to promiſe a durable Harmony between the two Courts, at the ſame Time that they are both putting their Frontiers in the moſt defenſible Condition; and they are both to be commended; for the Ruſſian Miniſtry are well apprized that Count Teſſin has the Aſcendency over the new Swediſh Sovereign, who may probably imbibe the ambitious and deſpotick Sentiments for which that Miniſter is ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed in all the different Courts of Europe.

RUSSIA.

The Court of Peterſburgh does not ſeem to entertain any dangerous Attempts from the Ottoman Forces; the Grand Vizir has aſſured the Ruſſian Miniſter that his Sub-

Sublime Highneſs is deſirous of contributing to the Peace of Europe; the Swedes, notwithſtanding their Tranſportation of 8000 Men into Finland, occaſion no Apprehenſions that his Swediſh Majeſty will diſregard his Coronation Oath, or not fulfil his Aſſurances he has made to the Czarina, of preſerving the preſent Form of Eſtabliſhment in Sweden: So that the Czarina is entirely eaſy; but, notwithſtanding, ſhe keeps up a numerous Army in the Ukraine.

The Czarina is an Honour to her Sex; for while ſhe maintains the Poſſeſſions of her illuſtrious Father by the Sword; ſhe alſo follows his excellent Example in refining their Inhabitants by the Introduction of Commerce: For it appears, by the Cuſtom-houſe Books of Peterſburgh, that the foreign Ships arrived there, within this Year, have traded with the Ruſſians to the Value of 5 Millions of Rubles, in ſuch Commodities only as are produced in the Ruſſian Territories; and it is generally conjectured that the Engliſh have taken off no leſs than 3 of the 5 Millions, for the Commerce with Ruſſia has greatly increaſed within this laſt ten Years.

PERSIA.

This Country is now in a more calamitous Condition than ever, principally owing to the Intrigues of the Ottoman Miniſtry, to divide and weaken the Perſians by different Factions cauſing the Deſtruction of one another. For this politic Purpoſe, the Turks have inſpirited Heraclius, Prince of Georgia, to make an Invaſion upon that diſtracted Empire; who has ingratiated himſelf into the Affections of the Aghuans, a bold People, continually at War with the Perſians; with whoſe Aſſiſtance he has marched from Candahar, at the Head of a numerous Army, into the Perſian Provinces, where he lays all waſte before him, to deprive the other contending

Com-

Competitors for the Throne, of Proviſions, and at the ſame Time ſtrike ſuch a Terror into the Perſians as may accelerate their Submiſſion to him.

TURKEY.

The Peſtilence has again broke out in the Neighbourhood of Conſtantinople, particularly in the Suburbs of Pera; the foreign Miniſters have retired into the Country on this Account.

PLANTATION NEWS.

From Maryland, we hear, that a Convict Servant lately went into his Maſter's Houſe, with an Axe in his Hand, determined to kill his Miſtreſs; but changing his Purpoſe, thro' the Innocence of her Countenance, he laid his Left Hand on a Block, cut it off, and threw it at her, ſaying, *Now make me work if you can*; which to be ſure manifeſted a noble Spirit of Induſtry.

We have Advice from Rhode-Iſland, that their laſt Aſſembly at Providence, paſſed an Act for emitting 200,000 l. old Tenor, on Loan, for ten Years; both Principal and Intereſt to be paid at that Period. They have aſcertained the Value at eight for one, fixing Dollars at 48 per Bill of Exchange at 1200, that is 1100 Advance; enforcing the Obſervance of this Law with the like Penalties as thoſe in New-England, and making the Puniſhment for Counterfeiting, Death. The Intereſt is Six per Cent, to be paid annually, and to be employed in encouraging Induſtry, and giving a Bounty on Linnen and Woollen Manufactures of the Colony, as alſo on the Whale and Cod Fiſhery.

A very barbarous Murder was lately committed at Elkridge, in New-York, by Jeremiah Swift, a Convict Servant belonging to Mr. John Hatherley, about 21 Years of Age; who took an Opportunity, while Mr. Ha-

Hatherley and his Wife were attending a Funeral, to knock out the Brains of their two Sons with a Hoe, and to kill their Daughter with an Axe.

Domestic Occurrences.

To encourage the Crew of each Buſs belonging to the Britiſh Herring Fiſhery to do their Duty, a Premium of 30 l. will be given to the Company of that Veſſel who ſhall catch the moſt Herrings during the Seaſon, and cure them beſt; 20 l. to the ſecond, and 15 l. to the third; to be diſtributed among them in Proportion to their Wages.

The Chamber of Campbel-Town have ſubſcribed 10,000 l. into the Society of the free Britiſh Fiſhery.

The Dutch have 450 Buſſes ready for the Herring Fiſhery; but we, alas! have no more than ten.

The iniquitous Cuſtom of Duelling has been lately very prevalent. Capt. Sole and Mr. Paſcal, upon a Quarrel ariſing from a Diſpute at Gaming, quitted the Tavern, with an Intent to terminate their Difference in Hyde-Park: But Mr. Paſcal was either too much in Liquor, or too little in Reaſon, to ſtay till they got to the appointed Place, and drew his Sword upon his Antagoniſt in the Street, who with much Reluctance alſo drew his Weapon, and after a little Trial of Skill very prettily pink'd his drunken Enemy thro' the Body, the Sword entering below the Navel, and coming out at the Back-bone. Mr. Paſcal was afterwards ſo ſenſible of the Provocation he had given Capt. Sole, that he freely forgave him; and the Coroner's Inqueſt brought in their Verdict Manſlaughter.

But the moſt remarkable Accident of this Nature happened betweeen Mr. Dalton and Mr. Paul, two young Gentlemen of Fortune, and very intimate Friends. Mr. Paul had paid his Addreſſes to a young Lady, but Mr. Dalton

Dalton had met with a more favourable Reception, and the Lady gave him a Promiſe of Marriage. Mr. Paul and Mr. Dalton paid a Viſit to the young Gentlewoman in Company with Mr. Paul's Siſters; when the young Lady told the Company, Mr. Dalton had detained her Snuff-box; which Mr. Paul, on her Intreaty procured from Mr. Dalton, and did not return it him, which made Mr. Dalton ſomewhat angry; a few Words aroſe; the Gentlemen parted; and the Ladies were in the utmoſt Confuſion on this Occaſion. Mr. Paul conducted his Siſters home, put on his Sword, and went to Mr. Dalton's Lodgings; ſent him a Challenge while he was in Company at the Braund's Head Tavern, which the other accepted, and went to meet Mr. Paul. They went up into Mr. Dalton's Room, who ſeemed to retain his Anger, and propoſed fighting in the Room; which the other agreed to. They firſt propoſed firing off Piſtols, but retracted that Propoſal, and meaſured Swords. They then embraced, and invok'd Heaven for Mercy, Forgiveneſs, and Succeſs, and made ſeveral violent Paſſes, in which the Candles were knock'd down. Mr. Dalton went out and lighted the Candles; on his Return they repeated their Embrace; and renewed the Encounter; Mr. Dalton received a Wound on his Left-hand, but diſregarding that, he preſſed home on his Antagoniſt, and received a Wound in the Breaſt, of which he immediately expired. Mr. Paul, on this fatal Accident threw down his Sword, and ran with all poſſible Expedition to two eminent Surgeons, who came directly, but in vain, for the unhappy Gentleman was dead. ——— How terrible is this inhuman Proceeding of Duelling! in this melancholy Affair Mr. Paul has depriv'd himſelf of a Friend, a young Lady of a valuable Lover, the King of a Subject, a diſtreſſed Parent of a Son, and the World of a fine Gentleman.

The MIDWIFE.

NUMBER IV.

VOL. II.

A Remarkable Prediction of an Author, who ſhall write an Hiſtory of England *in the Year* 1931, *with Part of the Contents of his* 23*d Chapter. By Mrs.* MIDNIGHT.

THIS now near two Centuries ſince the Inhabitants of this Iſland contracted a miſchievous Habit of drinking Gin, which has been fatal to all their Race, and is the Reaſon why we are now the moſt diminutive Creatures upon Earth. By what I can learn from the Hiſtorians of that Time, and by what we gather from the Door-Poſts of their Buildings, it plainly appears that the *Britons* were then as big as the *French*, *Spaniards*, or any other People; and this alſo agrees with what Old *Poplin* hath often told me: This old Man ſaw the Tower of *London* before it was de-

deſtroy'd, and aſſured me, that by the Armour there, the Inhabitants of that Time muſt have been between five and ſix Feet high. And this is farther proved and confirm'd by Mr. *Caxall*, the Antiquarian, who hath now by him a Walking-Staff, dug out of the Ruins of *Canbury-Houſe*, near *Iſlington*, which is four Foot long, and on it are engraved the Letters *NEWBERY*. Probably the ſame *Newbery* who wrote the Heroic Poem entitled *The Benefit of eating Beef*,* a Sort of Food much in Repute in thoſe Days, tho' now not digeſtible by our puny Stomachs; and if the ſame, he was not a very tall Man, if we may believe the Biographer who wrote his Life, which is prefix'd to the Poem. —Theſe Things conſidered, have we not Reaſon to curſe the People who entail'd ſuch Miſery on their own Race, and brought us to this State of Deſtruction. At that Time we made a glorious Figure in Hiſtory, we were reſpected by other Nations, and it was no Wonder then to ſee an *Engliſhman* ſix Feet high and his Hat cock'd, whereas the mightieſt of us now is not above two Feet and a half, and we hang down our Heads and are deſpiſed by all the People in the World.

Thus much by Way of Introduction, or Proem, or Reflection; for in thoſe Days Hiſtorians will make their Reflections at the Beginning of their Chapters.

* Of which there now (ſays the Author) remain ſome Fragments, with the Commentary of one *Smart*, who tho' but four Feet high would now be eſteem'd a Giant.

He

He then proceeds to his Hiſtory, from which I ſhall ſelect a few Paragraphs.

At this Time there was a War between our Nation and the *French* and the *Spaniards*, wherein we were aſſiſted, or at leaſt ought to have been aſſiſted, by the *Dutch*; A People who at that Time inhabited the Low Countries, which are now called *Frenchalia*. There was nothing very remarkable effected by our Land Forces; but Admiral *Anſon* and Admiral *Hawk* beat the *French* and *Spaniards* by Sea damnably *(this Phraſe may ſeem rather too rough for the Ladies, but I am oblig'd to keep literally to my Author)* He proceeds——I cannot quit this Period without taking Notice of one of the Authors of that Time, namely, Madam *Mary Midnight*: She wrote that celebrated Book entitled The MIDWIFE: Or, *Old Woman's Magazine*, which is now tranſlated into all the modern Languages, and read in all the *European* Univerſities and Schools as a Claſſic. She was a Woman of prodigious Vivacity, of fine fertile Fancy, of profound Learning, of good ſound ſolid ſubſtantial Senſe, and had more Wit and Humour than all the Writers of that Age or any other Age whatever. She had a moſt ſuperb * * *

further; the Encomium is so great 'twou'd be Vanity in me to own it. But as he will be an Author of great Veracity, I cannot quit his History without giving you the Copy of a Letter from his 54th Chapter. He is there got down to the Year 1915. *The Reflections on this Chapter are at the Beginning like the former, and the Subject of them the Parliaments of* Britain.

The Parliaments in former Ages were of some Use, but now the only Figure they make is a Cypher: They talk of this and that and t'other and do nothing, or at least what they do is to no Purpose; and this has generally been the Case since the Establishment of Bribery and Corruption, which began in the Reign of King *Jonathan* the Third. —— Mark what a Letter a Member at that Time wrote to a Prime Minister who had offer'd him Money for his Vote.

Honrd. Sir,

The Money you bid me is too little, I really can't afford to take less than I ask'd you, and if you will not give me my Price I am determin'd to vote according to my Conscience.

I am, Honrd. Sir,

Your most obsequious humble Servant,

Turnagain-Street, P. H. Truckle.

Aug. 12, 1901.

P. S. Consider I have ten Years of my Time to come.

N. B

N. B. In order to understand this Postscript, it will be necessary for me to inform you, that the Parliaments will then sit fourteen Years; but as that is a terrible Prospect to look at, let us drop the Veil of Fate, and hide the other Parts of this History 'till the Time be expired, and the Author has wrote them.

M. MIDNIGHT.

The History of the Birth and Adventures of Mess. INCLINATION *and* ABILITY.

MRS. *Virginia Virtue*, an ancient Maiden, who about a Century and a half ago resided in this Kingdom, after refusing a great many Offers, at length gave her Hand to one Sir *David Desire*. But she did not long enjoy the Comforts of Matrimony, for *Desire* soon expired after Possession, and left Lady *Virtue* a Widow, as she had been before an Orphan. Lady *Virtue* having a Fortune of her own, which neither Time nor Chance cou'd divest her of, did not despair of a second Husband; but finding herself pregnant, she thought proper to wait till she was deliver'd, and in due time she brought forth a brave chopping Boy, whom she call'd *Hercules Ability* — who in Process of Time became remarkably distinguished for all the Accomplishments both of Body and Mind. In about a Year after the Decease of Sir

David Desire, Lady *Virtue* listen'd to the Vows of Sir *Surface Smatter*, by whom in ten Years Time, and with the help of Medicines, she had a little ricketty Brat, whom they agreed shou'd have the Name of *Isgrim Inclination*. *Ability* had the best Masters in all the Arts and Sciences, and profited by them all; *Inclination* had the same Advantages, and profited by none. The younger Brother had a perpetual Affectation of mimicking the Elder, but he did it in so uncouth a Manner, that he appeared beyond Measure absurd and ridiculous. *Isgrim* was extravagantly fond of his Brother *Hercules*, but he (tho' otherwise a Lad of singular Humanity) cou'd not help both pitying and contemning poor *Isgrim*. At the Age of thirteen *Ability* shew'd some Signs of a Genius for Poetry, and has since wrote several excellent Pieces, which he published under the Names *Collins*, *Warton*, *Mason*, and others. This set *Isgrim* agog, and to say the Truth, most of the modern Compositions are in Fact his, tho' they pass under the Names of others. But I can favour the Publick with a little Piece of Poetry which he wrote at Eighteen, and which he valued himself upon above all his other Compositions.

The little Bee into the Garden hies,
To search out various Flow'rs of various Dies;
The Rose and Lilly sweetly sucketh he,
Then goeth Home again the little Bee.

Thus

Thus little i away to charming Phyllis,
To Sylvia, Daphne, *or to* Amaryllis,
Claſp'd in their Arms I ſweetly taſte and try,
Then full of Rapture home comes little i.

The Conceit of expreſſing himſelf with a little i inſtead of a Capital, he acknowledges to be the greateſt Stroke of Genius he ever hit off in his Life. —— It is remarkable * Lady *Virtue* gave her Children no Fortune, ſo they were obliged to earn a Livelyhood in the beſt Manner they were able. *Ability* took to the Stage at one Houſe, and *Iſgrim*, who always imitated his Brother, choſe the ſame Profeſſion at another. Their different Reception in this and other Occupations in Life will be recounted in the next Number.

To the Keeper of the Curioſities at Greſham-College.

SIR,

IN the Month of *December*, 1709, Capt. *Lemuel Gulliver* depoſited ſeveral Curioſities in your Repoſitory, as appears by a Memorandum in his Red-leather Pocket-Book, which I have

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* We hope no Perſon of Diſtinction will take it amiſs that *Virtue* is made a Lady of Quality.

now

now in my Poſſeſſion, and by a Paſſage in the 3d Chapter of his Voyage to BRODDINGNAG. As the Articles are not ſpecified in the Pocket-Book, I am at a Loſs to know exactly what and how many they are; but the following Quotation from the Chapter abovementioned will ſet us right in one Particular.

Extract from the Voyage to BRODDINGNAG, *Chap.* III.

" I remember one Morning when *Glumdalclitch* " had ſet me in a Box upon a Window, as ſhe " uſually did in fair Days to give me Air, (for " I durſt not venture to let the Box be hung on a " Nail out of the Window, as we do with Cages " in *England*) after I had lifted up one of the " Saſhes, and ſat down at my Table to eat a " Piece of ſweet Cake for my Breakfaſt, above " twenty *Waſps* allured by the Smell came flying " round the Room, humming louder than the " Drones of as many Bagpipes. Some of them " ſeized my Cake, and carried it piece-meal away, " others flew about my Head and Face, and con- " founded me with their Noiſe, and put me in the " utmoſt Terror of their Stings. However I had " the Courage to riſe and draw my Hanger, and " attack them in the Air. I diſpatch'd four of " them, but the reſt got away, and I preſently " ſhut my Window. Theſe Creatures were as " large as *Partridges*, I took out their Stings,

found

" found them an Inch and a half long, and as " sharp as Needles. I carefully preserved them " all, and having since shewn them in several " Parts of *Europe*; upon my Return to *England*, " I deposited three of them in *Gresham-College*, " and kept the fourth for myself."

Now Sir, this Capt. *Lemuel Gulliver* did by his last Will and Testament bearing Date *July* 24, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighteen, (a Copy of which you may procure from the Commons) give and bequeath unto me, all and every the Curiosities which he brought from *Lilliput*, *Brobdingnag*, *Laputa*, *Balnibarbi*, *Luggnagg*, *Glubdubribb* and *Japan*; together with what he procured in the Country of the *Honyhnhnms*; as you will see by the following.

An Extract from the Will of Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.

" And I also give and bequeath to my dear " Friend Mrs. *Mary Midnight*, all and every the " Curiosities which I brought with me from *Lil-* " *liput*, *Brobdingnag*, *Laputa*, *Balnibarbi*, *Glub-* " *dubrib*, and *Japan*, and the County of the " *Honihnhnms* to her and her Heirs for ever. And " as I have never in all my Travels found any " Person so wise and learned as that Gentle- " woman, I do also give her and her Heirs for " ever the Property and Copy-right of all my " Voyages, which she shall think proper to write

" Notes

" Notes or Comments upon, well knowing that " there is no Person in this World so capable of " doing Justice to my Works, to my Memory, " and to the Publick, *&c. &c.*

Now notwithstanding the Care of the Testator, and of his Executors, I am informed that there are certain Persons have laid a Scheme to deprive me of this my Property in Defiance of Law, Equity, and the Will of the Deceased. I hope none of your Society are in the Combination, yet if they should I shall be able to disconcert their Projects. That the Stings of these Wasps were lodg'd in your Repository, no Body, I presume, will have the Face to deny? 'Twas publickly asserted by the Testator in his Life-time, and that in Print, and as none of your Society have said any thing to the contrary, or ever offered to disprove it, their Silence will be considered by all wise and just Men as a tacit Acknowledgement of the Receipt of those Goods.

Besides the above, Mr. *Jonathan Gulliver*, a Relation of the Captain's, assures me, that some of your Society borrowed of him the said Captain, a Snail's Horn brought from *Lilliput*, which was so small that it could not be perceived even with a Microscope; and another from *Brobdingnag* as big as the Whale's Rib in *St. James*'s Palace Court. He farther affirms that he also lent your Society the Comb that was made of the King of *Brobdingnag*'s Beard, the Eye of a worsted Needle, and the Back-side of a Bee; all which you are desired immediately

mediately to send me. 'Tis to no Purpose to equivocate, as the Fashion is, and deny the Receipt of them, for I am ready to prove it by the Mouths of twenty-six Evidences, and Mr. *Bustle-about*, the Witness-monger, a Gentleman who attends many of his Majesty's Courts of Judicature, and understands all Sorts of these Sort of Affairs, has promised to procure me fifty more if through your Obstinacy my Cause should require it. But I hope you will weigh and consider these Things, and do immediate Justice to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

In Imitation of Horace, *by my Lord* O—,

Eheu fugaces Posthume, Posthume, &c.

I.

HOW swift alas, the rolling Years
Haste to devour their destin'd Prey!
A Moth each winged Minute bears,
Which still in vain the Stationers
From the dead Authors sweep away;
And Troops of Canker-worms with secret Pride,
Thro' gay vermillion Leaves and gilded glide.

II.

Great *Bavius*, should thy critic Vein
Each Day supply the teeming Press,

Of

Of Ink ſhould'ſt thou whole Rivers drain,
Not one Octavo ſhall remain
To ſhew thy Learning and Addreſs:
Oblivion drags them to her ſilent Cell,
Where brave King *Arthur* and his Nobles dwell.

III.

Authors of every Size and Name,
Knights, 'Squires, and Doctors of all Colours,
From the Purſuit of laſting Fame,
Retiring there a Manſion claim;
Behold the Fate of modern Scholars!
Why will you then with Hope deluſive led,
For various Readings toil, which never will be read.

IV.

With Silver Claſp, and corner Plate,
You fortify the favourite Book.
Fear not from Worms nor Time thy Fate:
More cruel Foes thy Works await.
The Butler, with the impatient Cook,
And paſtry Nymphs with Trunk-makers combine
To eaſe the groaning Shelves, and ſpoil the fair Deſign.

The Humble Petition of ANY-BODY.

MAY it pleaſe your Ladyſhip, out of your tender and compaſſionate Regard for the whole Race of Mankind, to take into your Conſideration the lamentable Circumſtances of your poor Petitioner, which are as follows.

That

That he is deny'd even the Power as well as Benefit of Exiſtence. An Aſſertion however it may ſeem incredible, yet it is no leſs poſitive than true: When ſome charitable Perſon is inclinable to do an Act of Benevolence, which is deſigned with a liberal Intention and laudable Spirit, for ANYBODY, *who thoroughly deſerves it*, I am not only deprived of the Donation, but denied even my Exiſtence, with an Anſwer that ANYBODY is NOBODY. Hence it is, that many Things, which are agreed on all Hands to be capable of making ANYBODY happy, are given to NOBODY. Yet what is more common than the Queſtion, is ANYBODY within? ANYBODY there? which very Queſtions prove my *Exiſtence*.

What greater Indignities can be impoſed on any Being than are daily inflicted on me. Do not I ſee them that are mere Non-Entities given the Right of Precedence and Poſſeſſion before me? How many Times is it ſaid, NOBODY ſhall have it, NOBODY ſhall take it, when at the ſame Time ANYBODY would be glad of it; and at other Times when NOBODY will refuſe it, ANYBODY may take it.

Yet this I may boaſt of, that I am as keen in the Purſuit and Reward of Merit, as ANYBODY is or can be, and that tho' NOBODY diſlikes, yet ANYBODY who has common Senſe, (which an Encourager of Merit muſt have) will always approve your Lucubrations. Conſider then, Madam,

of these my Complaints, or you will shortly hear from SOMEBODY whom you little suspect.

Yours,

ANY-BODY.

---

* *From the* RAMBLER.

——*Fatis accede deisque,*
Et cole felices, miseros fuge. Sidera cœlo
Ut distant, & flamma mari, sic utile recto.

LUCAN.

THERE is scarcely any Sentiment in which, amidst the innumerable Varieties of Inclination that Nature or Accident have scattered in the World, we find greater Numbers concurring than in the Wish for Riches; a Wish indeed so prevalent, that it may be considered as universal and transcendental, as the Desire in which all other Desires are included, and of which the various Purposes that actuate Mankind, are only subordinate Species, and different Modifications.

Wealth is indeed the general Center of Inclination, the Point to which all Minds preserve an invariable Tendency, and from which they afterwards diverge in numberless Directions. Whatever is the remote or ultimate Design, the immediate Care is to be rich; and in whatever Enjoyment we intend finally to acquiesce, we seldom consider it as attainable but by the Means of

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* A Paper publish'd every *Tuesday* and *Saturday*, price 2*d*.

Money,

Money, of which all therefore confeſs the Value; nor is there any Diſagreement but about the Uſe.

There is ſcarcely any Paſſion which Riches do not aſſiſt us to gratify. He that places his Happineſs in full Cheſts or numerous Dependents, in refined Praiſe or popular Acclamation, in the Accumulation of Curioſities or the Revels of Luxury, in ſplendid Edifices or wide Plantations, muſt ſtill either by Birth or Acquiſition poſſeſs Riches. They may be conſidered as the elemental Principles of Pleaſure, which may be combined with endleſs Diverſity; as the eſſential and neceſſary Subſtance, of which the Form only is to be adjuſted by Choice.

The Neceſſity of Riches being thus apparent, it is not wonderful that almoſt every Mind has been employed in Endeavours to acquire them; that Multitudes have vied with each other in Arts by which Life is furniſhed with Accommodations, and which therefore Mankind may reaſonably be expected to reward.

It had indeed been happy had this predominant Appetite operated only in Concurrence with Virtue, and influenced none but thoſe who were zealous to deſerve what they were eager to poſſeſs, and had Abilities to improve their own Fortunes, by contributing to the Eaſe or Happineſs of others. To have Riches and to have Virtue would then have been the ſame, and Succeſs might reaſonably have been conſidered as a Proof of Merit.

But we do not find that any of the Deſires of Men keep a ſtated Proportion to their Powers of

Attainment. Many envy and desire Wealth, who can never procure it by honest Industry, or useful Knowledge. They therefore turn their Eyes about to examine what other Methods can be found of gaining what none, however impotent, or worthless, can be content to want.

A little Enquiry will discover that there are nearer Ways to Profit than through the Intricacies of Art, or up the Steeps of Labour; that what Wisdom and Virtue scarcely receive at the Close of Life, as the Recompence of long Toil and repeated Efforts, is brought within the Reach of Subtilty and Dishonesty, by more expeditious and compendious Measures: That the Wealth of Credulity is an open Prey to Falshood, and that the Possessions of Ignorance and Imbecillity are easily withdrawn by the secret Conveyances of Artifice, or seized by the Gripe of unresisted Violence.

It is likewise not hard to discover, that Riches always procure Protection for themselves, that they dazzle the Eyes of Enquiry, divert the Celerity of Pursuit, or appease the Ferosity of Vengeance; that when any Man is incontestibly known to have large Possessions, very few think it requisite to enquire by what Practices they were obtained; that the Resentment of Mankind rages only against the Struggles of feeble and timorous Corruption; but that when it has surmounted the first Opposition, it is afterwards supported by Favour, and animated by Applause.

The

The Proſpect of gaining ſpeedily what is ardently deſired, and the Certainty of obtaining by every Acceſſion of Advantage an Addition of Security, have ſo far prevailed upon the Paſſions of Mankind, that the Peace of Life is deſtroyed by a general and inceſſant Struggle for Riches. It is obſerved of Gold, by an old Epigrammatiſt, that *to have it is to be in Fear, and to want it is to be in Sorrow.* There is no Condition which is not diſquieted either with the Care of gaining or of keeping Money; and the Race of Man may be divided in a political Eſtimate between thoſe who are practiſing Fraud, and thoſe who are repelling it.

If we conſider the preſent State of the World, it will be found, that all Confidence is loſt among Mankind; that no Man ventures to act, where Money can be endangered, upon the Faith of another. It is impoſſible to ſee the long Scrolls in which every Contract is included, with all their Appendages of Seals and Atteſtation, without wondering at the Depravity of thoſe Beings, who muſt be reſtrained from Violation of Promiſe by ſuch formal and publick Evidences, and precluded from Equivocation and Subterfuge by ſuch punctilious Minuteneſs. Among the Satires to which Folly and Wickedneſs have given Occaſion, none is equally ſevere with a Bond, or a Settlement.

Among the various Arts by which Riches may be obtained, the greater Part are at the firſt View irreconcileable with the Laws of Virtue; ſome are openly flagitious, and practiſed not only in

Neglect, but in Defiance of Faith and Juſtice, and the reſt are on every Side ſo entangled with dubious Tendencies, and ſo beſet with perpetual Temptations, that very few, even of thoſe who are not yet abandoned, are able to preſerve their Innocence, or can produce any other Claim to Regard, than that they have deviated from the Right leſs than others, and have ſooner and more diligently endeavoured to return.

One of the chief Characteriſticks of the golden Age, of the Age in which neither Care nor Danger had intruded on Mankind, is the Community of Poſſeſſions, by which Strife and Fraud were excluded, and every turbulent Paſſion was ſtilled by Plenty and Equality. Such were indeed happy Times, but ſuch Times can return no more. Community of Poſſeſſion muſt always include Spontaneity of Production; for what is only to be obtained by Labour muſt be of right the Property of him by whoſe Labour it is gained. And while a rightful Claim to Pleaſure or to Affluence muſt be procured either by ſlow Induſtry or uncertain Hazard, there will always be Multitudes whom Cowardice or Impatience will incite to more ſafe and more ſpeedy Methods, who will ſtudy to pluck the Fruit without cultivating the Tree, and to ſhare the Advantages of Victory without partaking the Danger of the Battle.

In later Ages, the Conviction of the Danger to which Virtue is expoſed, while the Mind continues open to the Influence of Riches, has determined many

many to Vows of perpetual Poverty; they have suppressed Desire by cutting off the Possibility of Gratification, and secured their Peace by destroying the Enemy whom they had no Hope of reducing to quiet Subjection. But by debarring themselves from Evil, they have rescinded many Opportunities of Good; they have sunk into Inactivity and Uselessness, and if they have foreborn to injure Society, they cannot be considered as Contributors to its Felicity.

While Riches are so necessary to present Convenience, and so much more easily obtained by Crimes than Virtues, the Mind can only be secured from yielding to the continual Impulse of Covetousness by the Preponderation of other Motives. Gold will generally turn the intellectual Balance, when weighed only against Reputation, but will be light and ineffectual when the opposite Scale is charged with Justice, Veracity, and Piety.

To Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT.

MADAM,

I Read the Letter from Mr. *Robinson* to Mr. *Smyth*, inserted in your last Number, with incredible Satisfaction, as, I think, there breathes thro' the whole, a truly sensible, manly, and (what is best of all) a *Christian* Spirit. Nothing in Nature can be more unreasonable or more nonsensical, than ranging the giving of a Challenge amongst the

Acts

Acts of Bravery, or the refusing one amongst those of Cowardice. The *Romans* were allowed by all the World to be the bravest People in it. And yet from the Foundation of that State to its Destruction, I defy the most learned of our modern Bravoes to produce an Instance of one Duel fought, or one Challenge given. I sincerely, Madam, congratulate you on the Success of your Work, and am glad to see that your Magazine is not (as I at first imagined) a Matter of meer Mirth—— But is ——

With a moral View design'd
To please and to reform Mankind.

Yours affectionately,

ISABELLA.

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†††† As none of our pretended Poets or Criticks have ever translated the first Ode of my good Friend HORACE, according to the genuine Reading, I shall present them with the following Translation by my Neice *Nelly*, which she undertook for the Benefit of the Gentlemen of both Universities.

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis: (for so the Herd of Writers have it) *Nelly* tells me should be:

Te doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis, for HORACE had not the Vanity to apply it to himself, and assume a Cha-

racter

racter that ſo juſtly belong'd to MECÆNAS: Nor could he be ſo mean-ſpirited, after he had aſſerted his Right to quaff Nectar with the Gods, as to condeſcend to aſk his Patron to number him among the Lyric Poets and Ballad-makers.

To MECÆNAS.

THY noble Birth, *Mecænas* ſprings
From an illuſtrious Race of Kings,
That in *Etruria* reign'd;
Thy kind Protection is my Boaſt,
My all without Thee, had been loſt,
My Patron and my Friend.

Some in Olympick Games delight,
Where Clouds of Duſt obſcure the Sight,
And darken all the Skies;
Striving who firſt ſhall reach the Goal,
Their kindling Wheels around to roll,
And gain the glorious Prize.

The Palm obtain'd, ſo great the Odds,
It ranks the Victors with the Gods,
That rule the World below:
Others by low Intrigues elate,
To ſhine a Miniſter of State,
All leſs Purſuits forego.

Some

Some lur'd with Hopes of ample Gain,
Their Garners fill with *Lybian* Grain,
Awaiting Times of Dearth:
Some wedded to paternal Fields,
Admire the Store that Labour yields,
Employ'd to till the Earth.

Offer to theſe *Peruvian* Mines,
Or all the glitt'ring Wealth that ſhines,
On *India*'s diſtant Shore;
They would not tempt the ſtormy Main,
Where Winds unequal War maintain,
And Waves inceſſant roar.

The Merchant views, with Fear aghaſt,
The Fury of the *Northern* Blaſt,
When lofty Billows foam;
Praiſes the Country's calm Retreats,
Yet ſoon his ſhatter'd Bark refits,
In trackleſs Paths to roam.

Some cheer the Hours with racy Wine,
The Product of the Maſſick Vine,
Reclin'd beneath a Shade;
Or near a Moſſy ſacred Source,
Where Streams begin their ſilent Courſe,
Their liſtleſs Limbs are laid.

Others are pleas'd when Monarchs jarr,
Admiring all the Pomp of War,
And ev'ry warlike Air;

When

When Trumpets fainting Hearts inſpire,
And Clarions kindle martial Fire,
Deteſted by the Fair.

The Sportſman bent to chace the Hind,
To all Delights beſides is blind,
His Spouſe entreats in vain;
Deſpiſing wint'ry Skies he bounds,
Attended by ſagacious Hounds,
O'er Hill, and Dale, and Plain.

Politer Arts, *Mecænas*, ſhare,
Thy calmer Hours and baniſh Care,
Th' Employment of the Wiſe;
An Ivy Wreath thy Temples binds,
An Honour due t'exalted Minds,
The Kindred of the Skies.

I love to ſing the cooling Grove,
Where Nymphs and Fawns in Meaſures move;
And if the Muſes aid:
Euterpe ſhall the Flute inſpire,
And *Polyhymnia* touch the Lyre,
Deep in a ſacred Shade.

Thus rais'd above the vulgar Throng,
To noble Themes I'll ſuit my Song,
And if you rank my Name;
Among the tuneful Lyrick Train,
My Works ſhall envious Time diſdain;
Secure of deathleſs Fame.

The SILENT FAIR;

A SONG.

I.

FROM all her fair loquacious Kind,
So different is my *Roſalind*;
That not one Accent can I gain,
To crown my Hopes, or ſooth my Pain.

II.

Ye Lovers who can conſtrue Sighs,
And are the Interpreters of Eyes;
To Language all her Looks tranſlate,
And in her Geſtures read my Fate.

III.

And if in them you chance to find,
Ought that is gentle, ought that's kind;
Adieu mean Hopes of being Great,
And all the Littleneſs of State.

IV.

All Thoughts of Grandeur I'll deſpiſe,
That from Dependance take their Riſe;
To ſerve her ſhall be my Employ,
And Love's ſweet Agony my Joy.

See the Contraſt to the above in Page 85. *Vol.* I.

By Mr. POPE.

WHAT is Prudery?
'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a Fear that ſtarts at Shadows.
'Tis (no 'tis'nt) like Miſs *Meadows.*
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all Good-nature:
Lean and fretful, would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the Fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepel* and you.

Theſe Verſes are inſerted in the new Edition of Mr. *Pope*'s Works, and (if they are his) I will venture to ſay, the much-ridicul'd Mr. *Cibber* never wrote any half ſo bad. Quære, 1ſt. What are we to think of the Editor? and 2dly, What are we to think of the Edition!

As I have often given Specimens of Pieces of Poetry, in which I conceived there was Merit, I am ſorry to have ſo long neglected the *Horatian*-Canons of Friendſhip, publiſh'd by my good Friend Mr. *Newbery*, in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. —The Reader will find in the ſubſequent Extract, ſeveral good and facetious Rules for making and confirming Friendſhips, which I heartily recom-

mend to the Perusal and the Practice of all those who chuse to call themselves my Friends.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

LET's be like Lover's gloriously deceiv'd,
And each good Man a better still believ'd;
E'en Celia's Wart Strephon will not neglect,
But praises, kisses, loves the dear Defect.
Oh! that in Friendship we were thus to blame
And ermin'd Candour, tender of our Fame,
Wou'd cloath the honest Error with an honest Name;
Be we then still to those we hold most dear,
Fatherly fond, and tenderly severe.
The Sire, whose Son squints forty thousand Ways,
Finds in his Features mighty Room for Praise:
Ah! born (he cries) to make the Ladies sigh,
Jacky, thou hast an am'rous Cast o' the Eye.
Another's Child's abortive --- he believes
Nature most perfect in Diminutives;
And Men of ev'ry Rank, with one Accord
Salute each crooked Brachet with My Lord.
(For bandy Legs, hump Back, and knocking Knee,
Are all excessive Signs of Q----ty.)
Thus let us judge our Friends--- if Scrub subsist
Too meanly, Scrub is an Œconomist;
And if Tom Tinkle is full loud and pert,
He aims at Wit, and does it to divert.
Largus is apt to bluster, but you'll find
'Tis owing to his Magnitude of Mind:

Lollius

Lollius is paſſionate, and loves a Whore,
Spirit and Conſtitution! --- nothing more ---
Ned to a bullying Peer is ty'd for Life,
And in commendam holds a ſcolding Wife;
Slave to a Fool's Caprice, and Woman's Will;
But Patience, Patience is a Virtue ſtill!
Aſk of Chamont a Kingdom for a Fiſh,
He'll give you three rather than ſpoil a Diſh;
Nor Pride, nor Luxury, is in the Caſe,
But Hoſpitality --- an't pleaſe your Grace.
Should a great Gen'ral give a Drab a Penſion ---
Meanneſs!---the Devil---'tis perfect Condeſcenſion.
Such Ways make many Friends, and make Friends long,
Or elſe my good Friend Horace reaſons wrong.

A SONG.

I.

GAY *Florimel* of noble Birth,
The moſt engaging Fair on Earth
To pleaſe a blithe Gallant,
Has much of Wit and much of Worth,
And much of Tongue to ſet it forth,
But then ſhe has an Aunt.

II.

How oft, alas! in vain I've try'd
To tempt her from her Guardian's Side,
And trap her on Love's Hook;

She's like a little wanton Lamb
That friſks about the careful Dam,
And ſhuns the Shepherd's Crook.

III.

Like wretched *Dives* am I plac'd
To ſee the Joys I cannot taſte,
Of all my Hopes bereaven;
Her Aunt's the diſmal Gulph betwixt,
By all the Powers of Malice fixt,
To cheat me of my Heav'n.

Some Account of a new Mill to Grind old People Young.

IT is very ſtrange that we are ever ready to believe all that is incredible, and to doubt of every thing that is demonſtrable; yet as much a Miracle as it is, it is nevertheleſs a Truth. Any Perſon that has been at Mr. *Overton*'s Shop, or indeed at any Pot-houſe in this Kingdom, has ſeen depicted in black and white, the Figure of a Mill to grind old Folks young; yet there are many who are hardy enough to believe there can be no ſuch Mill really exiſting, notwithſtanding they ſee it in Print. In order therefore to ſatisfy the Incredulous, I have inſerted an Account of ſome Miracles effected by a new Mill lately built near *Glaſtenbury*.

The

The Case of Mrs. Martha Spriggings.

Whereas I *Martha Spriggings*, was violently afflicted with that inevitable Disease old Age, attended with Blindness, Lameness, Deafness, Numbness and Dumbness; I do declare that I am perfectly cured by being ground in Mr. *Whacum's* Mill near *Glastenbury*, and whereas a Year ago I was upwards of Ninety-nine, I am at this present writing, not quite Eighteen Years Old.

Witness, MARTHA SPRIGGINGS.
Simon Luck,
Peter Pringle.

The Case of Mrs. Richard Fumbletext, *D. D. F. R. S. and Head of *** College, in the University of ****.*

Whereas I Mrs. *Richard Fumbletext*, was vehemently afflicted with the Weight of Seventy Years and upwards, by the means of which I became extremely peevish, froward, absurd and disorder'd, in the few Senses that were left me: I do assert, that by being ground in the *Glastenbury* Mill, I am perfectly recovered and restored to Youth, insomuch that I am as much a Child as ever I was.

Witness, RICHARD FUMBLETEXT.
Mrs. *George Trinket*, D. D. F. R. S.
Mrs. *Godina Wilking*, D. D. F. R. S.

The Case of Mrs. William Capevi, *Doctor of Physick.*

Whereas I Mrs. *William Capevi*, Dr. of Physic, lately aged Eighty-three; was so immoderately disordered with a Course of Years, that I cou'd not cure myself with any of my infallible Medicines: This is to certify those whom it may concern, that I am no more than twenty-five, being ground so down to that Age precisely, in the *Glastenbury* Mill, which I sincerely recommend to the old Women of all Faculties.

N. B. The Mill is adapted for Females only, so no Gentleman who does not make it appear that he has been an old Woman, can possibly be ground.

To the Criticks and the Poets.

GENTLEMEN,

IN some of my former Papers I pointed out the Excellency and true characteristical Beauties of Pastoral and Elegiac Poetry, and I shall now, for your Instruction and Entertainment, give you my Sentiments on the Ode and the Song; two Species of Poesy that are of all others my peculiar Favourites. I call them two Species of Poesy, and I think with the greatest poetical and critical Justice; for there is as much Difference between an Ode

Ode and a Song, as between a high-heel'd and a low-heel'd Shoe, or indeed as there is between a *Whig* and a *Tory*. The Ode-writer mounts *Pegasus* upon the Withers, and for Fear of falling holds fast by the Mane; but the Ballad-monger gets up behind, sits a Degree lower, and to save himself, clings close to the Tail. There are some Poets indeed, who are a Sort of Mules in Verse, and are endow'd with such excellent Qualities, that they can intimately mix these two Species together, and make of them a true and poetical Hermaphrodite. A most animated and extraordinary Instance of this Sort we have in one of our Poets of the last Century, who through his excessive Modesty and abundant Wealth (two Qualities inherent to Poetry and Poets) has endeavour'd to conceal his Merit, and avoid the Praises he so eminently deserved. He has by many of our Criticks been compared to *Horace*, and by others mounted with *Pindar*; but I think he deserves a more exalted Class than either, and I am persuaded you will be of my Opinion, Gentlemen, when you have read over the following Stanzas.

On JOLLITY: *An* Ode, *or* Song, *or both.*

I.

There was a jovial Butcher,
He liv'd at *Northern-fall-gate*,
He kept a Stall
At *Leadenhall*,
And got drunk at the Boy at *Aldgate*.

II.

II.

He ran down *Houndſditch* reeling,
At *Bedlam* he was frighted,
He in *Moorfields*
Be-ſh--t his Heels
And at *Hoxton* he was wiped.

Now, Gentlemen, for the Dignity of your Science, (which I hold in the higheſt Eſtimation) I ſhall endeavour to point out critically, and according to the Rules of Art, the Beauties, the Graces, and elevated Sentiments in this much admired Piece.

Our incomparable Author, agreeable to the Laws preſcribed by *Ariſtotle*, *Dionyſius*, *Longinus*, and *Quintilian*, and purſuant to the great Examples of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, begins his Exordium in a ſimple Manner, for here he wiſely ſaw, that the plain Stile would be moſt prevalent. Nothing can be more eaſy,

There was a jovial Butcher,

One would think from the Simplicity, natural Eaſe, and Elegance of that Line, that the Author intended only the Hiſtory of his Hero in Manner of *Thucidydes*, *Livy*, or any other trifling Hiſtorian; for no one from theſe Words would expect a *Pindaric* Ode any more than an *Epic* Poem. But in the next Line he artfully riſes upon you:

He liv'd at Northern-fall-gate.

How expreſſive is this! ——— Here you learn in one Line, not only that the Man liv'd, but the Place

Place where he liv'd, *viz.* at *Northern-fall-gate.* Hitherto we are peaceable enough, for *Pegasus* only trots; but now the Poet is all on Fire, and his Steed foams at Mouth:

He kept a Stall
At Leaden-hall,
And got drunk at the Boy *at* Aldgate.

And got drunk! —— ay, got drunk! why that's an Atchievement we little expected: It surprizes us, and therefore is extremely agreeable; for the Business of Poetry is to *instruct*, to *elevate*, and *surprize*. And how aptly is this effected? We are *instructed*, and that in few Words, that,

He kept a Stall
In Leaden-hall;

We are *elevated* with the Thoughts of his getting drunk, and extreamly *surprized* that it was *at the Boy at* Aldgate; for who the Devil would have thought of his getting drunk there; Besides, at the Time this Ode was wrote, 'twas not customary for People to get drunk; and therefore the Surprize was greater. Drunkenness was then consider'd as the Province only of the Nobleman, the Knight, the 'Squire, the Lord of the Manor, or the Justice of Peace; but now we have Ladies of such elevated Spirits, that they can get drunk as well as the best Butcher of them all, which renders that Incident in these our Days less wonderful.

Our Author's Method is also much to be admired; for after he has perfected his first Stanza,

he

he proceeds to the second; and pray what can be more natural than for the second to succeed the first.

He ran down Houndsditch *reeling.*

Homer is not more admired for the *Copiosity* of his Invention, the Force of his Imagination, the Beauty of his Similies, the Harmony of his Numbers, or the Dignity of his Diction, than for his extensive Knowledge in Nature, and the several Arts and Sciences; He was a Philosopher, a Divine, a Mathematician, an Historian, a Geographer, and a Warrior as well as a Poet. He understood every thing he has described, and therefore all his Descriptions are animated and beautiful, just and rational, correspondent to the Precepts of Art and to the Laws of Nature. But our Author vastly exceeds *Homer* in his Knowledge of Nature and the mechanic Laws, as may be demonstrated from this Line:

He ran down Houndsditch *reeling*,

Any Woman who has a Sot to her Husband can tell you, that a drunken Man will run up Stairs when he can't walk even on a smooth Pavement. A staggering Man, like a reeling Top, is secured from falling by encreasing the Velocity of his Motion, and this is also illustrated and proved by a stumbling Horse, who will always travel with most Safety when kept up to a good Pace, as our Gentlemen that ride Post can testify. But I appeal from

from the Poſt-Boy to Mr. *Pope*, who in his Eſſay on our Science, has the two following Lines:

Falſe Steps but help them to renew the Race;
As, after ſtumbling, Jades will mend their Pace.

'Tis therefore with great poetical Juſtice and Judgment that our Author precipitates his Hero down *Houndſditch*, and brings him to *Bedlam*.

Here now is Matter enough to have employed your little modern Verſifyers a Month, who run into long Common-places, and lay hold of every Hint that preſents itſelf. But *ſeaſonable Silence has its Emphaſis*; our Author only informs us in a plain ſimple Manner, that

At Bedlam *he was frighted.*

He would probably have given a Deſcription of that horrid Place, where ſo many of his Fraternity had made their miſerable Exits, but the Cataſtrophe of his Piece was at Hand; the Fate of this Hero was determin'd, and a long Suſpenſion of it by any Epiſode whatſoever, wou'd have been unnatural and offenſive. He therefore in Imitation of VIRGIL, *Geor.* IV. 457, *&c.* declines all Allurements of that ſort, for the ſake of Uniformity and Order, without which he knew his Work might be an Heap of ſhining Materials, but not a beautiful and permanent Edifice.

The Cataſtrophe is preceded by the Affright, and is made the Conſequence or Effect of that Cauſe, as you will perceive.

At

At Bedlam *he was frighted,*
He in Moorfields,
Be ſh—t his Heels,
And at Hoxton *he was wiped.*

The Geography of the Places where the Action happen'd, were ſtrictly obſerv'd and arrang'd in their natural Order; *Hounſditch* is the direct Road from *Aldgate* to *Bedlam*, which is built in *Moorfields*; and as *Hoxton* is not more than half a Mile to the right, it was very natural for him, and very prudent of him to cloſe the Scene there. And to prevent any Diſturbances by the Conteſts of Places, for the Birth of this great Poet, we will, if you pleaſe, Gentlemen, aſſign that Honour to *Hoxton*; This I think we may do with the greateſt Propriety and Juſtice, for every Man is partially prone to favour the Place of his Nativity, and his exceſſive Fondneſs of his native Place *Hoxton*, made him without doubt bring the Jovial Butcher from *Northern-Falgate* to enrich it with his Burthen.

I am Gentlemen,

Your faithful Friend, &c.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

Epigram

Epigram of Martial, *Lib.* VIII. *Ep.* 69.
Imitated by Mrs. Midnight.

Miraris veteres, Vacerra, *ſolos*,
Nec laudas, *niſi mortuos poetas*;
Ignoſcas, *petimus*, Vacerra; *tanti*
Non eſt ut placeam tibi, *perire*.

NO Praiſe the grutching *Roſalinda* yields
To Bards, till they are in th' *Elyſian Fields*.
She ſays that every Modern is a Dunce,
Forgetting *Homer* was a Modern once.
Die—die— ſhe cries— and then I'll deign a Smile,
Your Servant, Ma'm, — but 'tis not worth my while.

A few Thoughts on FAMILY.

By Mrs. Midnight.

THERE are many People in the World, that are ſo proud of their being of a good Family, that they never ſeek after any other Excellence, tho' in fact, this is no Excellence at all, but a meer Matter of Chance. The following Extract from *Buſbequius* is ſo much to my preſent Purpoſe, that I cannot avoid giving a Tranſlation of it for the Benefit of the unlearned Reader. "Qui "rerum primas a principe tenent ferè ſunt paſto- "rum et bubulcorum filii, de quo tantum abeſt

" ut eos pudeat, etiam inter se gloriantur; eoque " sibi plus tribuunt, quo minùs majoribus aut for- " tunæ natalium debent. Neque aut nasci, aut " propagari, traducive virtutem putant. Sed " partem a Deo dari, partem bona disciplina, mul- " toque labore & studio comparari: utque pa- " ternam artem nullam, non musicam, non arith- " meticam, non geometriam; sic nec virtutem " ad filium aut hæredem transire credunt." In *English* thus:

Those who are at the Head of Affairs amongst the Turks, *are generally the Sons of Shepherds or Graziers; of which they are so far from being ashamed, that they make a Matter of Boast of it; and they attribute to themselves the more Praise, the less they owe to their Progenitors and the Chance of Birth; for 'tis their Opinion that Virtue can neither be born, propagated, or transferr'd: But that partly 'tis the Gift of God, and partly to be acquired by a good Education with much Labour and Study: And as no paternal Art, such as Musick, Arithmetick, and Geometry devolves to the Son or Heir, the same also do they believe of Virtue.*

Much to the same Purpose sings Sir *William D'Avenant*, in his GONDIBERT, where speaking of the Manner of a certain Prince's disposing of Preferment, he has the following most excellent Lines ——

He

He Wealth nor Birth preferr'd to Council's Place;
For Council is for Use not Ornament;
Souls are alike of rich and antient Race;
Tho' Bodies claim Distinction by Descent.
Gondibert, *Book II. Canto 2.*

Read, meditate, and digest, my dear Neighbours of *St. James*'s.

Yours,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

To Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT.

MADAM,

IT is very odd I think that you can't let People alone to mind their Business in their own Way. What have the Tradesmen done to you, you old Gypsy you, that they must be lugg'd in Head and Shoulders, like a Vat of Dowlas among your Maxims in the Index to Mankind as you call it; you are an impudent Jade, and deserve to be punish'd for your scandalous Behaviour to your Betters in this Manner, and when I am Lord-Mayor, which I hope I shall be before it be long, I will pack all such old Strumpets out of Town; know that, Hussey, and correct and alter your Manners for the future, or you shall feel the Weight of my Re-

ſentment, ye old cock-ey'd Jezebel, you ſhall ſo; and this is all the needful from

Yours,

B. Ballance-beam.

To my Readers.

Gentle Gentlemen,

I Am now going to ballance Accounts with the great Mr. *Benjamin Ballance-beam*, of *Cheapſide*, in the City of *London*, *Middleſex*, and I hope you will all bear Witneſs, that I give him a Receipt in full. The ſaid *Benjamin Ballance-beam* chargeth me with being impudent, and for what? Why truly, for introducing into my *Index of Mankind* the following *Axioms*, or *Maxims*, or *Poſtulatas*, Terms unknown to him in Point of Signification, but yet ſuch as he has taken into his Head to be angry with.

Theſe are the Words complain'd of,

A Tradeſman's Principle is too often his Intereſt, and his Intereſt his Principle.

He that keeps his Accounts will keep his Family, but he that keeps no Account, may be kept by the Pariſh.

A Knave may get more than an honeſt Man for a Day, but the honeſt Man will get moſt by the Year.

A Defence of *and Commentary* on *theſe Maxims*, *the Reader may expect in a future Number*.

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Gossip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL *and* SPAIN.

THE Portugueſe Dominions enjoy all the Bleſſings of that profound Tranquility, which augmented their Commerce, and increaſed their Opulence, during the late War; while their Neighbours of Spain were hurried by a Spirit of Quixotiſm to dig themſelves a fatal Grave in the Bowels of Italy.

While the Britiſh Ambaſſador at Madrid, is employing all the Strain of Oratory, which he has ſo frequently, and ſo ineffectually aſſerted, to mollify the Haughtineſs of the turbulent Spaniards; the Miniſtry of Madrid, not only refuſe to hearken to any humble Supplications for a free Navigation in America; but have lately ordered Don Francis Buccarelli y Urſua, the Commandant of the Spaniſh Troops poſted in the Diſtrict of Gibraltar, to ſee that the tenth Article of the Treaty of Utrecht be punctually obſerved. By that Article Gibraltar was ceded to the Crown of Great Britain, without any territorial Juriſdiction, nor any open Communication by Land, in order to prevent the Abuſes and Frauds that might be committed under Colour of Trafficking. But as it was agreed by the ſaid Article that it ſhould be lawful to purchaſe with ready Money, in the Spaniſh Territory adjacent, Proviſions and other Neceſſaries for the Uſe of the Garriſon, the Inhabitants and the Veſſels lying in the Bay; this Commandant is likewiſe charged to take particular Care that this Stipulation be literally obſerved; and not to ſuffer, upon any Pretext whatſoever, the bartering of any Merchandize for theſe Pro-

viſions; it being the Intention of his Catholic Majeſty, that the Delinquents, beſides the Penalty of Confiſcation, ſhall be proſecuted with the utmoſt Rigour of the Law. —— However, this Reſtriction is not ſo bad for the Engliſh as a Siege; though, under this political Diſguiſe, the Spaniards can greatly diſtreſs the Garriſon, by allowing them to trade only for a very ſmall Quantity of Proviſions, which they have frequently done, and obliged the poor Engliſh to ſeek for a Supply from the Coaſts of Barbary. —— Surely the Britiſh Nation is to be no longer liable to the Inſults of Spain! My old Blood glows with Reſentment when I recollect their former Depredations; and I, *Mary Midnight*, take upon me to aſſure the old Lady at St. Ildefonſo, that the Subjects of her late Huſband, have no excluſive Right to the Navigation of the American Seas. Was not it this important Matter that raiſed the Voice of every old Woman in England, both in and out of Miniſterial Employment, to arm againſt the inſolent Spaniard? It was; but what have we done? To our Shame, Nothing! —— The Spaniards ſtill give Interruption to our Trade; while foreign Politicians cannot refrain from ſneering at our tedious Negociations at Madrid, and ſeem to wonder how Britons can be ſo patient, while a mutinous Spirit in the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, and the enterpriſing Humour of the States of Barbary, put it in our Power to bring that Court to reaſonable Terms: but, for this ſalutary Purpoſe, we muſt recal Don Benjamin from his pacific Overtures; and ſend the brave honeſt Admiral Vernon to re-demoliſh their Porto Bello.

ITALY.

ITALY.

The Barbary Corſairs renew their piratical Excurſions on the Italian Powers, who, rouſed by the Sufferings of the Merchants, are, in proportionate Contingents to form a naval Force effectually to ſuppreſs theſe barbarous Invaders; theſe Confederates are ſaid to be the Pope, the King of the two Sicilies, with the Republics of Venice and Genoa; who are in Expectation that Spain and Portugal will accede to the League, and furniſh powerful Contingents, becauſe theſe two Nations are equally concerned in the Deſtruction of thoſe Pirates. —— The Bankers in moſt of the principal Cities in Italy have had conſiderable Failures, eſpecially at Turin and Bologna, which has affected ſeveral other Cities, and together with the great and ſudden Fall in the Price of Silk, occaſions frequent Bankrupcies at Naples, Leghorn, Florence, Genoa, Modena, Bergamo, and Novi. —— However; the poor Genoeſe are in the moſt calamitous Condition; becauſe they have diſguſted the French at Corſica, who are evacuating the Iſland, having reſtored the Town of St. Fiorenza to the Malecontents. But I apprehend this to be a Sort of a Stratagem, to make the Genoeſe relinquiſh their Right to that troubleſome Iſland, and introduce the unprovided Infant Don Lewis of Spain to the Throne of Corſica.

FRANCE.

The French continue to fill their Magazines in Alſace, where they intend to form a Camp of 40,000 Men: But for what Purpoſe? Ha! Old as I am, my Eyes, or my Head, are yet good enough to diſcover that the Intentions of France can only be to awe the Election

Election of a King of the Romans, as they did of an Emperor in 1742. As Cardinal Tencin has quitted the Miniſtry, and retired to his Archbiſhoprick of Lyons, I would adviſe him to conſider that he is an Eccleſiaſtick, and ſhould conſequently be a Promoter of Peace, which he was the Cauſe of baniſhing from the Plains of Europe for eight Years together: let him think how many thouſands of Lives he has wantonly ſacrificed, and ſurely he muſt expect that the Manes of Bernclau, the Prince of Pruſſia, Clayton, Belleiſle, Grammont, Ponſonby, and the rebel Lords of Scotland, will perpetually diſturb his Quiet, if his Crimes are not properly expiated by a due and ſeaſonable Contrition; let him remember that Saxe is gone to find out Fleury the Lord knows where; that Lowendahl may ſoon go in Queſt of the coadjutor Tencin, but the Lord knows when. His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty has nominated M. de Rouille, late Secretary for the Department of the Marine, to be Secretary of State with the Count de St. Florentin: M. Rouille is become the Darling of the Court and People, for his great Vigilance and Induſtry in reſtoring their Marine, which is now almoſt in as good a Condition as it was before the great Sea-fight off La Hogue, in the Year 1692. A ſorry Truth for Old England! —— The French Clergy begin to lower their Creſts, and ſubmit to their dictatorial Power, with regard to their Payment of the twentieth Penny, and the Declaration of their eccleſiaſtical Revenues —— Though the French have reported that M. Bompart, Governour of Martinico, had cauſed the Iſlands of Tobago, St. Lucia, and Dominico, to be evacuated; I have receiv'd private Intelligence to the contrary; though I ſhould be glad to find it true, becauſe then the French would

would give us one Proof of their Sincerity among those daily exhibited of their Politeness.

GERMANY.

It has at last appeared that the Elector of Cologne deserted the maritime Powers for the Sake of obtaining a Debt of 160,000 Crowns from France; so that now I shall call him an Old Miser, instead of an Old Woman. —— The Empire is still in the same uncertain Condition about the Election of a King of the Romans: but the Emissaries of France give Reason to imagine, that their Court has a greater Share, than it would have the World believe, in the Opposition made to such an Election, by a Faction having at its Head an Elector pleading for the pretended Rights of the Prince, against the indisputable Rights which the electoral College has enjoyed ever since the Extinction of the Emperors of the Race of the Carlivingieme, and which has been confirmed by the whole Body of the Empire, in its Approbation, and accepting of the Golden Bull. However, let France take what Pains she will, it is to be hoped that there is still a Majority in the Electoral College to maintain and defend the Rights of that Constitution.

DENMARK.

Mr. Titley, the British Minister at Copenhagen, is reported to have made some Propositions for a Marriage between his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, and the Princess Wilhelmina Carolina, second Daughter of their Danish Majesties, born 10th of June 1747; but I entirely disapprove of such nuptial Contracts, because, not to mention they are first Cousins, I think Princes are born

born to ſhare an equal Felicity with other Men; and we had an Inſtance of the bad Effects of ſuch Engagements, in that between his preſent Majeſty of France, and the young Infant of Spain; beſides, I ſhould not like to ſee our DARLING HOPEFUL PRINCE, eſpouſe a Lady, born on the 10th of June; for the Jacobites may then have a ſeaſonable Opportunity of commemorating the Anniverſary of the Pretender, even under a Cloak of Loyalty.

SWEDEN.

While the Swedes ſeemed to be happy in the peaceable Declarations of Ruſſia, they have ſuffer'd a great Deväſtation in their Capital City, by a Fire which broke out on the 19th of June, in the Church of St. Claire, in the Norder Malm, and burnt with ſo much Violence, that this fine Building was ſoon reduced to Aſhes, together with ſeveral Houſes adjoining, beſides, the Wind being very high, the Flames communicated to ſome Houſes at a Diſtance, which were likewiſe conſumed. About an Hour after, the ſame Day, another Fire broke out in the Suder-Malm, which did a great deal of Damage; and, about Nine o'Clock in the Evening, a Brewer's Houſe took Fire, and was burnt to the Ground; as were ſeveral adjacent Houſes. The King being informed of theſe Fires, came to Stockholm from Ulrichdahl, and went in Perſon to the Places where there was the greateſt Danger. His Majeſty gave ſuch Orders for ſtopping the Progreſs of the Flames, that the Fire was extinguiſhed the next Day; after which his Majeſty returned to Ulrichdahl. The 21ſt, a freſh Fire broke out in the Market in the Suburb of Ladugarſland, and the Day following another in the ſame Diſtrict, near the

the Packer Market. The Number of Houſes conſumed amounts to near 1000; among which are the fine Houſe of the Senator Count Thuro-Bielcke, another magnificent Edifice belonging to Baron Palſtierna, the ſuperb Church of St. Clara, the Hotel of the late Preſident Rolam, and many other conſiderable Edifices both in the North and South Quarters. The Ships and Gallies, as alſo the Arſenals and the Granaries, which lie in thoſe Quarters, were in great Danger, but happily received no Damage, the King's Directions, for preventing the Flames ſpreading towards them, having been extremely well executed. —— It is pretended that combuſtible Materials have been found in divers Parts of the Town, and ſome ſuſpicious Perſons have been taken up: A Reward of 2000 Ducats is alſo offered to ſuch as may diſcover any of the Incendiaries, with a free Pardon to any one that ſhall impeach his Accomplices; who, I dare ſay, were no other Sort of Old Women than ſuch as are uſually diſcover'd under jeſuitical Habits.

RUSSIA.

The moſt pacific Intentions are apparently prevalent among the Northern Powers; but Peace has more reſplendently ſhewn her Countenance at the Court of Peterſburgh, where a Declaration, concerning the Affairs of Sweden, has been delivered to the Maritime, and other allied Powers, wherein the Czarina declares her perfect Satisfaction in regard to the Conduct of his Swediſh Majeſty, ſince his Acceſſion to the Throne. — As a Proof of the Inſtability of human Happineſs, the Czarina, while the Gates of Janus are cloſed in her Capital, ſees her poor Subjects of the Ukraine, invaded and plundered by a lawleſs Body of the Crim Tartars, who lately made an Invaſion, and rifled ſeveral Villages; but were met and engaged, and diſperſed by a De-

Detachment of Coſſacks in the Neighbourhood of Precop.

PERSIA.

This Country is in a more deplorable Condition than ever, having at preſent no leſs than five Competitors for the Throne. The ancient Lores, or Bactrians, who plundered Spahan, have made a great Progreſs in their Conqueſts; and the young Man they have nominated for King, being of the old Race, induced the People of Shyraſs to deliver their City into his Hands without Reſiſtance; notwithſtanding which, the People were carried into Slavery. It was imagined Jaroom, Doroob, and Ireſſau, would have made a bold and reſolute Stand; but they all ſubmitted themſelves to Slavery; the Lores making no Diſtinction between Force or voluntary Submiſſion. As the ill Treatment the Engliſh Gentlemen met with at Spahan, left them no Expectation for Favour or Mercy, both they and the Dutch came to a firm Reſolution to leave Gombroon, and it is not doubted but they have put it into Execution; ſo that the grand Scheme of plundering the two European Factories, where they imagined half the Wealth of Perſia was contained, will prove abortive.

TURKEY.

The Ottoman Miniſtry ſeem to poſtpone every military Preparation on the Borders of Europe; and it is ſurpriſing that they have, at this Time, ſuch a regard to their fiducial Engagements, as to neglect making an Incurſion into the Heart of Perſia, while that diſtracted Country is too much incapacitated by its inteſtine Commotions, from making any Reſiſtance.

POLAND.

Aſſurances have been received from Warſaw, that the eldeſt Son of the Pretender to the Britiſh Throne, has been lately married very privately to the Princeſs Radzivil, reputed the moſt opulent Heireſs in Poland.

The MIDWIFE.

NUMBER V.

VOL. II.

A Letter to Mrs. Mary Midnight *from the* Guildford *Miller, intreating her to be ground forthwith; together with some fresh Cases.*

Most incomparable MADAM,

IT has been dogmatically laid down, and credulously received, as a Maxim, that no Person can give any thing, of which he himself is not possest. — In some Instances indeed this is true, but by no means so with regard to the Poet and Historian; for they can bestow Immortality, though they are but frail Flesh and Blood; and the Works of some perishable Hands are calculated to survive the Universe. — In this Light, Madam, I consider both you, and your Works — and the Business of this Epistle is not

ſo much out of a lucrative View of bring'ng more Griſts to my Mill, as to do an eminent Piece of Service to the whole World. If you are diſpoſed to be ground, or (to uſe your Publiſher's Language) you intend to have a new Edition of your ſelf, I declare in the firſt Place, that it ſhall not coſt you a Penny — the Popularity which I ſhall acquire by reſtoring ſuch an amiable and uſeful old Lady to Youth, will be more than an adequate Recompence for my Trouble.—I aſſure you, Madam, there is no ſort of Pain attending the Operation, but you grow *back again* (if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion) in the ſame gradual imperceptible Manner, only in a much leſſer Time, as you grow old. But as you may be curious to know the Nature and Mechaniſm of this Mill, I have ſent you a Tranſcript of an Account taken by a Fellow of the Royal Society.

A Mathematical Deſcription of the Guildford *Mill.*

By NEHEMIAH NICKNACK, F. R. S.

The *perpendicular Altitude* of this Mill is about thirty Feet, and the *horizontal Aperture*, or *Dilatation* of the *Hopper*, is about ten. There are nine *principal* or *cardinal* Wheels, ſo *judgematically contrived*, that in them all the *Squares* of the *periodical Times* are equal to the *Cubes* of the *Diſtances*. The Sails (for it is a Wind-Mill) are ſeven, *numerically* conſider'd, but *proportionally* they

they are in a *reciprocal ſubduplicate Ratio* of the *Diameters* of the Wheels.

The Trough, which is the Receptacle of the Perſons ground, is a *Parallellogram*, the *Diagonal* of which is about two Yards and an half. Between the Trough and the Hopper are twelve Tubes ſeal'd *hermetically*, of different Sizes, for the Squares of their Diameters riſe in an *Arithmetical Progreſſion*. Diametrically oppoſite to the Tubes are four Ropes ſuſpended *funicularly*, at the *Extremities* of which are four Levers of the third Kind, namely, ſuch as have the *Pow'r* between the *Fulchrum* and the Weight. Beſides which, there are Abundance of *inclined Planes*, *Axes in Peritrochio*, Polyſpaſts, Cylinders, together with the *Trochlea*, *Cuneus*, and *Cochlea*, and in ſhort all the *mechanical* and *mathematical Powers*.

Such is the Deſcription of my Mill, which is ſo admirable for it's PERSPICUITY, that a Child ſix Years old may underſtand it; ſo I ſhall not any further explain it, for that would be to give a Deſcription of a Deſcription, in the Manner of modern Commentators. I ſhall therefore add a Caſe or two, and for the preſent take my Leave of you.

The Caſe of the Honourable Mrs. PHILIP HUG-BRIBE.

Whereas I *the Honourable Mrs. Philip Hug-bribe* was lately ſo ſuperannuated, that I ſlob-

ber'd in Company, and could by no Means give a rational Anſwer to any Queſtion propoſed; and whereas I drivelled to ſuch a Degree, that I miſtook Negatives for Affirmatives, and Affirmatives for Negatives, and in a certain Place of publick Buſineſs ſaid aye, when I ſhould have ſaid no; which had like to have carried a Point for the Good of my Country, contrary both to my Inſtructions and Inclination; this is to aſſure the World, that by being ground in the *Guildford* Mill, I am perfectly cured, and I am as wiſe and as upright as heretofore.

Signed

Witneſs Mrs. *Philip Hug-bribe.*

The Right Hon. Mrs. *Charles Courtly.*
The Right Hon. Mrs. *Peter Penſion.*

The Caſe of the Right Honourable Mrs. SIMON SHARPER.

Whereas I *the Right Honourable Mrs. Simon Sharper* was ſome Time ſince ſo very old and infirm, that I could not play at Hazard without Spectacles, and ſo very paralytic, that I was obliged to quit both Billiards and Tennis; this is to certify all old Women of Quality, that by being ground in the *Guildford* Mill, I am reinſtated in my former Health and Youth, and will be bold to ſay, that I can now cheat at Cards, or cog the Dice

Dice, as well as any Perſon of HONOUR in the three Kingdoms.

Signed,

Witneſs, Mrs. *Simon Sharper.*

The Right Hon. Mrs. *Ben. Bragwell.*
The Right Hon. Mrs. *Roger Rout.*

I am, dear Madam,
Your faithful Servant,
and ſincere Admirer,

Guildford, July 24, 1751.

Walter Whacum.

The little Lighterman, *or the diſſembling* Waterman, *(which was ſung at the Corner of* Blow Bladder Street *on the 10th of* June *laſt, to the Tune of the Rolling Hornpipe) Chirurgically diſſected.*

I.

PRAY did you never hear of a ſad Diſaſter —
'Twas but t'other Day that he ran away from his Maſter.
Oh the little little Lighterman, and the diſſembling Waterman;
Molly's a Girl that will dye, if ſhe has not a Kiſs from the Lighterman.

2.

With his black Shammy Pumps and his rolling Eye, Sir,
He did kiſs ev'ry Girl that he did come nigh, Sir.
Oh the little, little, &c.

3.

But when his Maſter he found him he put him into Bridewell;
Molly ſhe loved him ſo well that ſhe gave him a Pot of Porter.
Oh the little, &c.

I am ſorry to inform my Readers that this Ballad is the reputed Bantling of a Gentleman of great Eminence and Diſtinction, becauſe I am fully perſuaded that upon a candid and impartial Examination, we ſhall find it fraught with Principles deſtructive to the Community, derogatory from the Dignity of the Crown, and repugnant to that Integrity and Honour which every *Briton* ought to bear in his Breaſt.

Allegories have been always ſuſpected of evil Tendency, and diſcouraged by the wiſe Legiſlators of every Nation. PLATO, who had as much Prudence, Wiſdom and Learning as any Man among us, baniſh'd *Homer* out of his Common Wealth for this very Conſideration; SOLON expelled CHILOSA for the ſame Reaſon, and MORTOLO was exiled by LYCURGUS for entituling his

his Poem Χαμαιτοφαγος (i. e. the *Cabbage Eater*) in which that great Lawgiver thought himself affronted, as his Father had for some Years before his Advancement practised the Art of a Taylor.

That HOMER's *Iliad* was a Satire upon the several States and Princes of *Greece* I make no doubt, and was it at all to my Purpose I could prove it; for those high Encomiums with which that Poem is interlarded, could never be ascribed but by way of sneer or sarcasm to Princes, who, for ten Years together, had beat their Subjects Brains out against the Stone Walls of *Illium*, and that for a Woman who had not half the Beauty, Modesty, or Virtue that I have. No—one might as well suppose that Mr. ***, or any of our modern Poets, wou'd write a serious Epic Poem on King *Richard*'s frantic Expedition to *Damascus*.

The Author of the above Song had doubtless studied *Homer*, for, together with his Art of *secretly dispensing invidious Satire*, he has translated some of his poetical Flights, and retain'd in a great Measure the Structure of his Versification. But let us leave the Poets to themselves, as a Pack of poor paultry People unworthy our Consideration, and examine this wicked Piece of Work to the Bottom, in order to discover the secret Designs and Villanies of its audacious Author, and endeavour as much as possible to convict and bring him to condign Punishment for his attrocious Crimes.

Pray

Pray did you never hear of a ſad Diſaſter.

No Man that is poſſeſt of a Grain of common Senſe, can doubt but that the Author by this *ſad Diſaſter* means the Pretender's landing in *Scotland*, and eſpecially when he comes to weigh and conſider the Purport of the following Line,

'Twas but the other Day he ran away from his Maſter.

Not only the *French* King but the whole Court of *France* pretended ſuch Ignorance at the Time he left that Kingdom, of his Deſtination and Enterprize, that the following Advertiſement was printed in ſome of their Papers.

Stolen or Stray'd,

A living Creature five Foot eight Inches high, that talks rationally and walks erect; whoever ſhall bring him to (I forget the Name of the Place) *ſhall receive* 30,000*l. Reward.*

This not only ſtrengthens and corroborates what I advanced before, but evidently proves that the Author in this Song makes the *French* King his Maſter or Employer, for ſtolen or ſtray'd ſignifies being forced away, ſeduced away, led away, or going or running away, voluntarily and wilfully, or by Accident and without Deſign; and the Crime in this Caſe muſt depend on *Volition*, as Mr. Locke very juſtly obſerves; for a Servant who loſes his Way in a Wood by Accident and againſt his Will,

is

is not culpable or answerable to his Master for the Time that has been so misemploy'd or lost.——But leaving this to the Casuists, let us return to our Poet.—The next Line still strengthens my Argument.

Oh the little little Lighterman, and the dissembling Waterman.

Here he calls his Hero the little Lighterman, which Name or Appellation is drawn from that Circumstance of his running away, for *Lighterman* is only a Corruption of the Phrase *Lighter-Man*, i. e. a Man that is lighter, or swifter on foot, and can run faster.

By the dissembling Waterman, the Author undoubtedly means the *Dutch*, for you must remember, gentle Reader, that those high and mighty People did not come up to their Contract with us at that Time, to say no worse of it; which I think will account for the Epithet or adjective *dissembling*, and when to the adjective dissembling we join the substantive *Waterman*, you will plainly see the Force of the Argument; for, as the *Dutch* are bred among the Fens and the Frogs, and are amphibious Creatures that live sometimes on Land and sometimes in the Water, which cannot be said of any other People in the World, the Term *Waterman* must appertain unto them and them only, for *Waterman* is a Corruption of *Water-Man*, i. e. a Man that can live in the Water. But if you exclude this Argument (which is as self evident as any

Axiom

Axiom in EUCLID) and consider those People without having regard to their Country and Manner of Life, you will find that no Man hath so much of Water in his Composition as your *Dutchman*.

The bearing of the Author's Song is too audacious to be pass'd silently over, and deserves the Consideration of the Magistracy as much as any Part of it.

Molly's a Girl that will die if she has not a Kiss from the Lighterman.

This was wrote to warm and animate the Hearts of our *British* Amazons in behalf of the young Pretender, and I believe in my Conscience was the Cause of the mad and unaccountable Healths that were drank, the party colour'd Ribbands they wore, and the Dancings, Clubs, Songs and Revellings of that Time; which I suppose will be talk'd on with Wonder and Amazement, when my little Grand-Child is a Grand-Mother. But to proceed ——

With his black shammy Pumps, and his rolling Eye, Sir,
He did kiss every Girl that he did come nigh, Sir.

This Verse alludes to a private Ball given by the Cardinal TENCIN, just before the little Lighterman's Expedition, where it was particularly observ'd that he danced in black shammy Pumps, gave a wanton Liberty to his Eyes, and, what is not usual in polite Assemblies, kiss'd all the Ladies in Company, as soon as the Ball was over; which

which Circumſtance this wicked Poet has improved to the Pretender's Advantage, with a palpable Deſign of promoting his Cauſe, by rendering his Perſon and Behaviour the more agreeable to our *Engliſh* Ladies. —We come now to the third and laſt Verſe of this Virulent and Treaſonable Performance, in which the Poiſon is ſo artfully and deeply conceal'd, that 'twill coſt us ſome Pains to diſcover and expel it:

But when his Maſter he found him he put him into Bridewell;
Molly *ſhe loved him ſo well, ſhe gave him a Pot of Porter.*

That the young Adventurer, upon his Return to *France*, was ſeized by Order of the *French* King, is a Circumſtance too well known to be longer inſiſted on; and that during this Confinement, Application was made for his Enlargement by *Molly*, which all Decypherers allow means *Molly Britaina*, or *our Britiſh Ladies*, is altogether as notorious, who are here ſaid to have given him a *Pot of Porter*, that is, procured him a *free Paſſage*; for Porter, in this Place, means no more than the Perſon who has the Care of the Portal of the Goal; and conſequently the Phraſe, *gave him a Pot of Porter*, ſignifies *paid the Porter*, or *gave him his free Liberty:* And in this Senſe it is taken by GRONOVIOUS, CAMBLITARO, and ELMILLIUS.

And here I muſt beg Leave to obſerve, that *Molly*, or *Molly Britannia*, is indifferently uſed by our

our Author, either for the Daughters of *Britannia*, or a Moiety of the *Engliſh* Ladies; and of Conſequence this Line,

Molly's *a Girl that will die if ſhe has not a Kiſs from the Lighterman*,

was not only wrote for the Purpoſe I have already mentioned, but alſo to inſinuate, that the Daughters of *Britannia* are in a languiſhing State for the Loſs of this Lighterman. This is, I muſt own, too groſs to be mentioned but in polite Company, and too bad to be farther explain'd in any; but it plainly ſhews what this wicked Author would be at, and ſufficiently indicates the Neceſſity of placing him in a State of *Durance*. — But I have done — no, I have not done — Creatures of this Complexion, Monſters of this Magnitude, Serpents of ſuch Subtility, can never be enough expoſed.

This *Janus-headed* Author (for I hate a Man that has a double Face) has ſo artfully contrived this Piece, that if it be ſung on any other Day of the Year except the 10th of *June*, and to the Tune of *Jack in the Green*, or any other Tune but the *Rolling Hornpipe*, the Words will have a quite different Signification; but the Virulence remains, 'tis only Poiſon differently prepared, in order to anſwer different wicked Purpoſes; and this laſt is a Circumſtance that could not have been diſcover'd, but by my extraordinary Knowledge in the Art of *Decypheration*.

M. MIDNIGHT.

On the Practice of Gaming among Ladies of Quality.

WOman was intended by the great Creator, as the moſt amiable of terreſtrial Beings; with Beauty little inferior to that of Angels; with Senſation equal to the brighteſt Son of Reaſon, and inveſted with the Robe of Modeſty to give an additional Luſtre to all her Actions. Without the Poſſeſſion of this delectable Aſſociate, Man had roved comfortleſs even through the perennial Groves of Paradiſe; without the Solace and pleaſing Endearments of Woman, he had been no more than a rational Brute, unconſcious of Love, inſenſible of Joy: but for the Promotion of his Felicity, Woman was created; for his Comfort, the divine Author of Nature formed Woman from the Loins of Man, and infuſed into her Noſtrils the Breath of Life, principally to contribute to his Happineſs.

Upon this Conſideration it has been aſſerted, that if Providence intended Women only for the Service of Man, that the ſame Providence ought to ſecure her from Danger and Temptation; becauſe,

—— if weak Women go aſtray,
Their Stars are more in fault than they.

But I think this one Inſtance of the refin'd Impiety of the modern Age; for, unleſs we deny

Woman the Faculty of Reaſon, ſhe can never be more peculiarly exempted from acting according to her own Judgment than Man is allow'd to do; and this is one of thoſe Privileges which no Woman will eaſily be brought to relinquiſh.

If the firſt Woman deprived her Huſband of Paradiſe by her Indiſcretion, her Deſcendants are not more inculpable in other Reſpects, which I could prove by innumerable Examples from the Days of *Helen*, and *Dalilah* to thoſe of *Catherine de Medicis* and *Iſabella* of *Farneſe*; but as this would be altogether immaterial to my preſent Deſign, I ſhall confine myſelf to the prevailing Folly and Vice of the preſent Day, ſo ardently purſued by the *Britiſh* Ladies at Routs, Drums, Maſquerades and Aſſemblies; all tending to the Abolition of connubial Happineſs, the Miſery of every indulgent Huſband, and the Deſtruction of whole Families.

Gaming, as it is now encouraged, is productive of every Calamity that can involve Ladies into thoſe inextricable Snares, which are perpetually ambuſhed for the Captivity of Virtue; and when that is gone farewel Pleaſure, farewel Joy; Content is fled, Tranquillity is baniſhed. What an unamiable Sight it is to be a Spectator at a Gaming-Table, ſurrounded by Ladies of Quality, in Company with Profligates and Sharpers! where the Smile of Beauty is waſted upon an inanimate Card, or diſtorted into all the hideous Features of a Fury. When the Deciſion of a Stake of four or five Hundred Guineas is dependant upon a ſingle Card,

Card, ſurely it muſt be attended with the utmoſt Anxiety. If the Event is fortunate, it is only the Parent of Extravagance; but if unſucceſsful, the Mother of Neceſſity.

I am acquainted in a very illuſtrious Family, where the Lady of the Houſe has loſt more in Gaming in leſs than a Week, than would have maintained a Coach and ſix for a Twelvemonth. As I had the Honour to attend this Lady in my maternal Capacity, I frequently found her out of Humour, and generally in a diſconſolate Diſpoſition; though, perhaps, the ſame Day, I have ſeen her paying a Viſit to my Lady *Whiſt-away*, with all the Raptures of inexpreſſible Joy and Jollity. I thought this Variation of Temper very extraordinary, and began to entertain ſome ſhrewd Suſpicions tending to the Impeachment of her Virtue: but on reflecting that her Huſband had every amiable Quality that could charm her Sex or dignify his own, my Suſpicions vaniſhed; and I was ſoon afterwards convinced of the Reality of this ſtrange Viciſſitude in the Temper of a Woman, who was univerſally allowed to be a Lady of extraordinary Senſe and Delicacy; which indeed, though a Daughter of a very worthy Gentleman, was the only Fortune ſhe brought to her noble Conſort, or, at leaſt, was the only one he admitted to his Arms. As her Ladyſhip was pretty far advanced in her Pregnancy, I paid her an early Viſit in the Morning; but, to my great Surprize, was informed by her Lord, that ſhe was diſcarded

from his Houſe, till her Vanity was diminiſhed, and her Prudence increaſed. I was aſtoniſhed at ſuch an Information; but as I was ſenſible his Lordſhip had a particular Regard for me, I humbly entreated him to conſider the Conſequence of ſuch a Reſolution; I repreſented to him the Malevolence of the World, both from his own Enemies, and thoſe of her Ladyſhip; and deſir'd he would prevent the ever-flowing Tide of Cenſure and Scandal from approaching his Reſidence. His Lordſhip declared, that he valued his own private Happineſs and Peace of Mind, more than all the Cenſures of an ill natur'd World; he allowed that he had baniſhed a Woman from his Breaſt, whom he had once fondly repoſited there as a ſweet tender Dove; but as ſhe was now altered to a Viper, and infected the Heart ſhe had once moulded to her Pleaſure, he was of Opinion that he ſhould ſtand readily acquitted in the Eye of God, and in the Light of Reaſon. "For, Mrs. *Midnight*, continued he, Heaven alone knows the Diſtraction of my Mind." He pauſed here, and in ſpite of his manly Pride, gave way to the ſofter Power of Nature, though he attempted to conceal it, I perceived a large Drop of Anguiſh tremble in his Eye. He deſired me to ſit down by him; then told me, he knew his Lady had a great Opinion of my Underſtanding; that he had a Regard for me; and therefore ſhould readily diſcloſe to me the Affliction of his Heart; hoping I would endeavour to alleviate his Sorrows. "Madam, continued he,

" he, it is now more than three Years since I en-
" tered into the State of Matrimony. My For-
" tune and Patrimony were too noble to lead my
" Inclinations to Wealth; I therefore fought only
" to illustrate my Line by intermarrying into a
" worthy tho' not opulent Family; and I soon
" fixed my Affections on an Object every Way
" adequate to my Wishes. She soon made me
" the happy Father of a beautiful Child; I was
" all Indulgence, she was all Love and Compla-
" cency; but, in some unhappy Hour surely her
" Reason was extinguished, her domestic Fide-
" lity eradicated. I had little of her Company;
" she came home generally disconcerted in Tem-
" per; and was either extremely angry to all
" about her at Night, or very liberal to her Ser-
" vants in the Morning. Instead of indulging me
" in her usual Caresses, or shewing her maternal
" Fondness to her little Babe, she endeavour'd to
" shun my Company, and seem'd offended at the
" sweet Innocence of her Child. This continued
" for some Time, before I discover'd that all her
" Uneasiness proceeded from a Fondness to Gaming;
" I found she had squandered away more Money
" than her Fortune would have amounted to had
" I receiv'd it; and I strongly remonstrated to her
" the Folly and Danger of her Continuance in
" such a Scene of Extravagance. But this was all
" ineffectual; she redoubled her Pursuit of Gaming;
" augmented her former Loss with several Thou-
" sands; and though I laid before her the Train

" of Poverty and Misfortunes conſequential to " ſuch a Behaviour, ſhe ſtill perſiſted in her riotous " Exceſs, till the Neceſſity that ſurrounded me, " convinced me that I was to conſult the Preſer- " vation and Honour of my Family, rather than " tamely ſubmit to the Folly and Vanity of a de- " luded Woman. With this Reſolution, I yeſter- " day informed her how greatly ſhe had impove- " riſhed my Eſtate, and inſiſted upon an Aſſurance " that ſhe would immediately conſult the Honour " of our Family, and relinquiſh all the Pleaſures " to be found in a Society of Gameſters. But ſhe " threw up her Head with an unaccuſtom'd Shew " of Inſolence, aſſuring me that ſhe was then en- " gaged to ſpend the Evening at Lady *Swabb*'s on " a Party of Whiſt, and could not poſſibly forfeit " her Honour. I endeavour'd to diſſuade her " from her Deſign, exerting all the Force of En- " treaty, with all the Declarations of Authority: " but in vain; ſhe was determin'd to go, though " I vowed by every Thing ſolemn that if ſhe went, " ſhe ſhould have no Admiſſion on her Return. " And yet, Mrs. *Midnight*, ſo ſtrongly is ſhe ad- " dicted to her Pleaſures, that ſhe diſcharged her " Aſſignation, nor did ſhe deign to return till " Day-light waited upon her Home, where, by " my Orders, ſhe was refuſed Admiſſion, and I " am unacquainted with what is come of her " ſince." Juſt as his Lordſhip had ended this melancholy Relation, we were alarm'd with the loud ring-

ringing at the Gate; when a Servant came up and acquainted his Lordſhip that his Lady's Mother deſired Admiſſion; which was immediately granted, and I retired: but I was ſoon inform'd that the Mother acquainted his Lordſhip that her Daughter had been with her, and gave her an Account of what had happen'd; that the Mother told her ſhe ſhould have no Encouragement in her Folly from her; and had compelled her to return to his Lordſhip to acknowledge her Error, implore his Pardon, and ſincerely promiſe a total Amendment: which ſhe was now deſirous of doing, and only waited below for his Lordſhip's Order to fall at his Knees, and give him the moſt abſolute Aſſurance of Obedience. Overjoy'd with this unexpected Declaration, his Lordſhip ſprang to the Arms of his penitential Lady with all the Raptures of an eager Lover. Since which happy Minute, their Lives have been one interrupted Scene of domeſtic Pleaſure and Tranquillity: The Lady, truly ſenſible of her Errors, ſtrives to make an ample Attonement, by all the winning Ways that Love and Prudence can invent; while her happy Lord confines all his Deſires to the Promotion of her Felicity.

I wiſh Heaven would ſo turn the Thoughts of ſeveral other Ladies of Diſtinction, whoſe Love and Purſuit of Gaming muſt be deſtructive to their Families, and perhaps the Means of ſacrificing their Virtue. Debts of Gaming, are called Debts

of

of Honour, and they must be satisfied: a Gaming Husband indeed may do it by mortgaging his Estate, but a Wife, when her Pin-money is exhausted, may be obliged to gratify an importunate Dun with something more valuable than Pelf. I would have Ladies to consider, that Gaming is not only destructive to the Estate of their Husbands, but is equally so to their own Beauty; which cannot continue long, under the Disadvantages of those hollow Eyes, haggard Looks, and pale Complexions, perpetually attendant on the intemperate Hours of Female Gamesters; and what a Race of Warriors, Patriots, and Statesmen, is poor *Britain* to expect I shall bring into the World from the Wombs of such dissolute Mothers?

A Dissertation on the following most excellent old English *Rules*, videlicet,

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED,
DO AS YOU ARE BID, and
SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

Notwithstanding these Rules are so obvious and intelligible, that any Rustic may understand them, yet the perpetual Breach of them makes it necessary for me to preach them into Practice at this Juncture. I shall consider them in their proper Order,

Order, and endeavour to ſet them in a proper Light.—And firſt,

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED.

I had a violent Hoarſneſs upon me for three Months with calling my *Woman*, who was ſo wilfully Deaf, that neither the jingling of the Bell, the ſtamping of my Foot, nor my own Voice (which Heaven be praiſed is pretty diſtinguiſhable) could ever make her approach, when I wanted her.—I have recommended this Precept with the more Vehemence, becauſe I have always enforced it by my Example, and if I had not punctually *came* when *I was called* in my maternal Profeſſion, half the Women of Quality in this Kingdom wou'd have dy'd before their Time.

And now for the ſecond Rule,

DO AS YOU ARE BID.

This I look upon to be one of the moſt capital Rules in the World, *in* this are included, and *by* this are inculcated the Duty of a Child to his Parents, of a Soldier to his General, of a Subject to his Prince, with an Hundred and Fifty *&* *cæteras*. I was credibly inform'd by the Ghoſt of Sir *Thomas More*, which appeared to me a few Nights ago, that no Biſhoprick, or indeed any Poſt of Honour, Dignity or Profit whatſoever, was diſpoſed of in the Kingdom of UTOPIA, without the Perſons preferr'd previouſly giving Security to obſerve this truly

truly GOLDEN Rule—and I desire all my Readers would strictly adhere to this Injunction of DOING AS THEY ARE BID, when I command them to buy up all the odd Numbers of my Magazine, and compleat their Sets immediately.

And now I come to the most important Article of all.

SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

About two Years before my Marriage with my dear Mr. *Midnight*, I took the grand Tour of *Europe*, I visited all the Islands in *Archipelago*—I went to *Turky* and *Grand Cairo*, but never could find one single Person in all my Travels that had Wit enough to observe this Rule. I had a Dog indeed whose Name was *Whisky* (tho' he was but a stupid Dog I promise you) that never fail'd shutting the Door if he cou'd; but if it was so situated that he cou'd not manage it, he bark'd at it, in order to shew his Indignation, and that he was convinc'd in his own Mind, that it was very wrong the Door should remain open. As trifling an Affair as this may seem to some Criticasters, there has many a Life been lost by this ridiculous Piece of Negligence: Colds have been catch'd, Thieves and Murderers have had Admission into the Houses of honest Men, Virgins have been deflower'd merely by a Contempt of this Rule: And if I had a Voice ten Thousand Times louder than *Stentor*, or even Thunder itself, I would get upon the

the Top of St. *Paul*'s and bellow out,

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALL'D,
DO AS YOU ARE BID, and
SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

A Propoſal for expelling all Party, Party People, and Party Principles, out of our two Univerſities; and all our Churches and Religious Aſſemblies. By Mrs. SUSANNAH COXETER. *In a Letter to Mrs.* Midnight.

Dear Mary,

MR. *Williams* tells me, that your *Magazine* is read by all the great People, and that you get a great deal of Money by it, which is a great Satisfaction to me and all your Friends in this Country. The Succeſs you have met with, almoſt encourages me to try my Skill at Writing, for Money is very ſcarce here, and if one cou'd only make Eighty, or Ninety, or an Hundred Pounds a Year of it, 'twou'd be a great Help to one, now the Intereſt of Money is ſo fallen; and Mr. *Williams* ſays, you get more than that every Year by writing of Manuſcript Sermons for your Acquaintance. If ſo, you can recommend one a little; and I know, dear *Mary*, if it is in your Power you will do it. My Son *Tommy* does not do ſo well as I would have him; and I find that the

the Learning I have given him is almoſt thrown away.

When he firſt came from College, it was thought neceſſary that he ſhould be examin'd, which *Tom* was terribly afraid of, for he had been examin'd ſeveral Times by his School-maſter before he went to the *Verſity*, as we call it, and flog'd for not being perfect; and as he had improved himſelf there in little elſe but puffing his Pipe, he had great Reaſon to apprehend himſelf in Danger. Wherefore I took him to myſelf, as the Saying is, for eight or ten Days, and retaught him his *Latin*, and *Greek*, and *Engliſh*, together with as much of *Logic*, *Rhetoric*, *Geography*, *Aſtronomy*, *Mathematicks* and *Morality*, as learned Men generally know, and more of *Divinity* than they practiſe, and carried him to the ſage old Gentleman to be initiated. When we firſt came in (it makes me laugh to think on't) my old Gums chatter'd for Fear, and the Lad's Hair ſtood ſo an End, that his Head ſeem'd bigger than I had ever known it. The grave Doctor, however, did not appear ſo formidable as I expected. When I courteſy'd to the Ground, and told him my Buſineſs. *Madam*, ſays he, *you have in your Time been a very handſom Woman; ſit down Madam, and as to your Son there — why I ſhall examine him preſently — Here, bring a Bottle, and my long Pipe, and the Cuſhion* — and then ſwabbing himſelf down in an eaſy Chair — *You muſt know young Man*, ſays he, *our Neigh-*

*Neighbourhood is divided into two Parties; but you, I am told in this Letter, take the Part of my Lord **** and so here's my Service to you — All his Lordship's Friends come well qualified; he was my Patron, and a farther Examination would be unnecessary: but as for the People of the other Side of the Question, they are the meerest Dunces in Nature, and plague me sometimes for Hours together.* So I got the Business done here, and he came from College, and I got him a Curacy of 20 *l.* a Year, and had almost got him a Living, but he happen'd to vote of the wrong Side the Question at our Election, and so that destroy'd all. And now he's marry'd, Madam, (tho' I don't blame him for that, for a Man had better marry than do worse) and he has six Children, and no more than 20 *l.* a Year to maintain them. I wish I could have foretold this fifteen Years ago, I am sure I would not have bestow'd Five Hundred Pounds on his Education, for with that Money, Mr. *Williams* says, I could have bought him an Annuity of 50 *l.* a Year for his Life, and he might have follow'd other Business; and now he has only 20 *l.* a Year, and is oblig'd to follow no other Business, and that 20 *l.* is only for Life. And I don't see that there is any Likelihood of his advancing himself, unless he had consider'd better of it before he had given his Vote. But *Tommy* says, if it was to do again he would do it, for Clergymen ought not to vote against their Consciences, as other People do, for the Sake of Mo-

ney; and that is true too, so that I can't be angry with him. I wish, dear *Mary*, you cou'd get him a Living in *London*; I don't mean a Lectureship, no, *Tommy* once try'd for that, but your People are so bold in *London*, and think themselves such Judges, that a Man is deny'd before he can ask the Question. Even the Cheesemonger where my Son lodged, when he put up for that Place, told him, he should be for *Voice and Action*, *Voice and Action*, and toss'd up his Head like a young Squire at a Country Assizes; so I had rather you would get him a Living, your good Word will go a great Way with the great People, and I am sure there is not an honester Man in the World than my Son, if that is any Recommendation; and you'll hugely oblige me and him, and his Wife and six small Children, so do dear *Mary* remember us.

I am,

Your loving Friend,

S. COXETER.

P. S. I think all Party, and Party People, and Party Principles, should be excommunicated out of our Universities, and Churches, and Religious Assemblies, and People only promoted for Piety, and Virtue, and Honesty; and if Things were order'd so, the People in our Country would go to Church oftener than they do, and come away better taught than they are: Don't you think they wou'd Mrs. *Midnight?*

*** *I do highly approve of Mrs.* Coxeter's *Propoſal for expelling all Party, party People, and party Principles out of our Univerſities, Churches, and other Religious Aſſemblies; and deſire that the Expurgation may commence before the Alteration of the Style, that with the new Period we may turn over a new Leaf; for while we have Parties in the Church, there can be no Orthodox Religion; and while there are Parties in the State, there can be no true Patriot Policy.*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

A Queſtion to be debated by the Robin Hood Society *at the Requeſt of a very great Man, and the Arguments* pro *and* con *to be ſubmitted to Mrs.* Midnight.

The QUESTION.

W Hether HONEY *or* MUSTARD *is the beſt to oil a Man's* WIG?

N. B. The Gentlemen concern'd are deſired to be particularly careful and circumſpect in diſcuſſing this Point, for the whole Debates will be inſerted in the next Number of my Magazine.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

Continuation of the Adventures of Meſſrs. INCLINATION *and* ABILITY.

Hercules did not remain a Batchelor long after he went upon the Stage, for a beautiful young Lady fell in Love with him, who after ſeveral Years Cohabitation, made him the happy Father of the following Sons and Daughters, viz. *Garrick*, *Quin*, *Ryan*, *Woodward*, *Cibber*, *Pritchard*, *Clive*, *Berry*, *Bellamy*, and ſome others. — ISGRIM married alſo, but in leſs than a Month his Wife obtain'd a Divorce, for Reaſons that there requires no great Sagacity to gueſs at. ABILITY having acquired a very conſiderable Fortune by his truly admirable Performances, quitted the Stage, and (as he was extreamly generous) gave poor INCLINATION a pretty Competency, with which he always ſupports the APPEARANCE of a Gentleman. Notwithſtanding the Goodneſs of his Brother, ISGRIM was ſo ungrateful, as to oppoſe him upon all Occaſions; the firſt Inſtance of this unnatural Behaviour, was at an Election of a Profeſſorſhip in a certain Univerſity, where *Iſgrim* was choſe, becauſe he did not *underſtand* the Language he was to teach, and *Hercules* was rejected for being *too well qualify'd.* After this Diſappointment, *Hercules* was ſomewhat ſower'd in his Temper, and Application was made in his Behalf to the great

Mæcenas's

Mæcenas's of the Age; who, without knowing and encouraging one Art, has been reckon'd the Patron and Master of them all. He told ABILITY he was a very good sort of a Person, and that he should be glad of an Opportunity of serving him; he soon found an Opportunity, and (what is more marvellous) embraced it. And now, gentle Reader, what do you think he proposed to do? — Why by the Interest of his Friend my Lord *Danglecourt*, he got a Promise that ABILITY, now in the *Bloom* of Youth, and the *Hardiness* of Health, fond of Peace and still domestic Life, should be admitted as a lame, old, disabled Soldier into the *Chelsea* Hospital. ——

Enraged at this Usage, and impoverish'd by his boundless Generosity, *Hercules* determined to accommodate his Labours more to the Taste of the Times. He therefore betook himself to the Study of Architecture, and soon found sufficient Applause, Profit and Encouragement in every Shape from the Extravagance and Vanity of the Times. Our modern great ones (to do them but Justice) are vast Patrons of Matter and Mechanism, and while they despise and oppress Genius and Learning; the Toyman, the Gambler, and the Fidler, are always welcome to their Houses: *Isgrim*, you may be sure, must commence *Vitruvius*, in order to ape his Brother, and many and various were his Exploits in the exalted Science of Building. — He erected a Fabrick in the Fens, after the Model of a Palace in the hottest Parts of *Africa*.—

He perſuaded a Nobleman to be at ten Thouſand Pounds Expence to level an Hill which intercepted the Proſpect of a Marſh, and kept off the deſirable Breezes of the Eaſt-Wind, with many Works equally laudable and judicious.

[*To be continued.*]

EPIGRAM.

BOLD BAVIUS, the Bard — by *himſelf* much renown'd,
Came up to *Apollo*, and beg'd to be crown'd,
And (he cry'd) *Brother Phœbus*, 'fore George we ſhall quarrel,
Unleſs you provide me the beſt of your Laurel.
The God laught aloud, and he beckon'd to *Momus*,
Who was ſmoaking his Pipe, and carouſing with *Comus*:
Th' old *Wag* cry'd, dear *Bavius*, from hence I muſt drive ye,
But firſt pray accept of this Wreath of GROUND IVY.

A Word or two for thoſe whom it may Concern.

MRS. *Midnight* is perfectly well ſatisfied with the Alteration that is to be made in the Stile; 'tis what ſhe has long wiſh'd for, and endeavour'd

deavour'd to promote in her Magazine, but as by such Alteration her Rent becomes due eleven Days sooner than usual, and she is totally unprovided for the Discharge of it, she desires the honourable Gentlemen who were the Promoters of that Scheme would discharge it for her, and they shall be repaid out of the Profits of her next Magazine,* as a Security for which, a Note of her Hand in the following Form will be given.

I promise to pay the ***** or Bearer, three Hundred and seventy Pounds out of the Profits of my next Magazine. At my Bank in St. *Paul's Church Yard*, Aug. 12. 1751.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

* Or if it be more agreeable, Mrs. *Midnight* will attend the Gentleman's Lady in her maternal Capacity, after the Rate of one Guinea each Time 'till the whole Money is repaid.

N. B. At Mrs. *Midnight*'s Bank abovemention'd, Annuities are granted on Lives, and Ships insured (but no Men of War unless she knows the Commanders) for the Payment of which her whole Magazine is made liable.

An Attempt to prove that the Fair Sex have every Qualification necessary for Learning.

THE Male Sex have perpetually plumed themselves in the vain and ambitious Opinion of being as much superior to Women, in their rational Facul-

Faculties, as they are in the natural ones of Strength and Activity; and this has been moſt tenaciouſly exerted by all Ranks and Conditions of Men, from the Nobleman lolling in his gilded Chariot, to the plain Ruſtic labouring at the Plough. If a Lady of Quality pretends to the leaſt Appearance of Wiſdom; if ſhe is allowed to be a Woman of extraordinary Senſe; and ventures to declare her Opinion upon any important Matter in which the national Intereſt is moſt materially concerned; truly her ſenatorial Conſort replies, Madam, theſe are Affairs above the Reach of a Female Capacity, we Men are only deſign'd by Nature for Politicians, and the moſt a Woman can pretend to is Virtue and Diſcretion. The Merchant will never permit his Lady to hold the leaſt Converſation on commercial Affairs; becauſe, ſays he, how can ſhe be acquainted with the different Intereſts and Connexions of Nations; or how can ſhe tell what Commodities a *European* Trader muſt barter for Slaves on the Coaſt of *Africa?* The Lawyer will not admit his Wife to have any Pretence to Eloquence, though her Tongue is inceſſantly flowing with the utmoſt Volubility. The Clergyman will grant his Lady to be endowed with good Senſe, and every œconomical Virtue; but deſpiſes her Underſtanding, becauſe ſhe is unacquainted with the Beauties of the antient Claſſics. The Mechanic ſays his Wife is a very prudent Woman, but rejects her Advice in many material Affairs, becauſe ſhe is ignorant of the Secrets of that Profeſſion

feſſion which he had ſerv'd a long Apprenticeſhip to learn. And the Farmer allows that his honeſt Mate may underſtand how to manage her Dairy, but ſagaciouſly conceives ſhe has no Right to treſpaſs upon the Superiority of Man, who is born to be abſolute.

That Men are extremely fallacious in theſe Opinions, and erroneous in their Conduct, I think may be very evidently demonſtrated, and is therefore a Taſk which I have undertaken to illuſtrate in Vindication of my Sex.

Women, as reaſonable Creatures, are certainly upon an Equality with Men; and this is a Maxim univerſally acceded to in every Country of Chriſtianity; though if I was to declare my Sentiments ſo freely in the *Ottoman* Empire, I make no doubt but I ſhould be deſtroyed for a Magician, among a People who maintain the heretical Opinion that a Woman has no Soul. It is not the Sex, but the Species, that diſtinguiſhes ſublunary Beings; and if the Females in all the Animal Creation are equally eſtimable with the Males, why ſhould not Woman be ſet upon an equal Compariſon with regard to Man?

That the Mind of Woman is capable of the ſame Improvements as that of Man, is to be proved by innumerable Inſtances. Women are generally allowed to have a ſpeedier and more penetrating Apprehenſion than Men; nor are they leſs retentive in Memory; and as for the peculiar Grace, Elegance, and Volubility of Speech, it

would

would be next to Impiety for the Men to conteſt it. Why then are not Women capable of diſtinguiſhing themſelves as much as Men in the Acquiſition of Knowledge, the Invention of Arts, and the Refinement of Sciences? If a *Pythagoras* civilized the rude *Samians* by his ethical Preſents; if a *Lycurgus* reſtrained the Licentiouſneſs of the *Lacedemonians* by his legiſlative Inſtitutions; or if a *Plato*, ſurrounded with the Gloom of *Paganiſm*, could trace the glorious Attributes of the omnipotent Creator, and with his pious Reflections ſtartle the Profeſſors of Chriſtianity; all this ought not to be attributed to any Superiority of Sex; for thoſe venerable Sages as much ſurpaſſed the reſt of Mankind, as the moſt ſtrenuous Votary for the Male Sex eſteems the Inferiority of Women to Men.

Stoical Reſolution, and cynical Pride, have always been held derogatory to the Female Sex; though this was a Stroke of Policy in the Men, which was diſregarded both by *Portia* and *Hipparchia*; the former proving herſelf as ſtanch a Stoic as *Cato* her Father, and the latter deſpiſing Cenſure as much as *Diogenes*. The human Soul is every where the ſame, though Climates and Cuſtoms may implant in it different Paſſions and Senſations: therefore, I make no Doubt, but the Female Inhabitants of *Great Britain*, may, under proper Regulations, appear as illuſtrious as any of the ſame Sex that ever breathed the Air of *Greece* or *Rome*.

How

How greatly is it to be lamented, that the Female Sex ſhould be in a Manner diſinherited from their Right of common in the Fields of Learning? That we have Capacity for attaining the Height of Wiſdom ought not to be denied; and why was the bright Spark of Reaſon implanted in our Souls? Surely, not to place us in a State of Subjection. Let our Faculties be improved, and our Abilities tried, we ſhall ſoon convince Men of our Equality. And certainly an Application to Learning among the Female Sex, would be attended with many Advantages to themſelves, their Acquaintance, and the whole Nation in general; and therefore ought to be encouraged. For by the Advantages reſulting from a liberal Education, the Ladies might be attending to a Syſtem of Ethics, inſtead of cenſuring the Conduct of their Neighbours: they might be examining the Beauty and Regularity of the planetary Syſtem, inſtead of exclaiming againſt the Indecency and Intemperance of their Huſbands: they might be admiring the Secrets of the vegetable Creation, inſtead of commenting upon the Indiſcretion of a celebrated Beauty; and, above all, they might be ſcrutinizing into the Tenets of Philoſophy, inſtead of diſtorting their Countenances at a Game at Whiſt. Beſides, there is another extraordinary Advantage that would immediately accrue from the Encouragement of Female Learning, eſpecially in thoſe of Women of Quality; and this is the Preſervation of Senſe, which is greatly endanger'd in our preſent

ſent illuſtrious Families, where Huſbands are generally Strangers to every Part of Literature, leaving it now confined as a Mechanical Thing, to Butlers and Footmen, juſt able to ſpell, and figure out a weekly Bill of domeſtic Expences in thoſe few Houſes where any Regard is had to Œconomy.

I would not here be underſtood to mean, that Ladies of Quality in general are unacquainted with Learning; no, I am conſcious to myſelf and muſt acknowledge, that her Grace of ****, her Grace of ****, her Grace of ****, her Grace of ***, and about nineteen other Ladies, whom you have had the Honour frequently to drink Tea with, have a greater Share both of Genius and Learning than I am poſſeſt of, and are abundantly better qualified to write on any Subject than their

Moſt obedient humble Servant,

SARAH MARIA SMITH.

Memoirs of a Pamphlet reflecting on the Miſs G——gs.

Written ſomewhat in the Manner of *Dean Swift*.

——*Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto.*

IN ſweet *Vaux-hall* I love to ſtray;
But wiſh it were completely gay:
In ſplendid Scenes we drink and eat;
In ſordid Huts —— evacuate:

Ah!

Ah! why, ye Gods! more Care about
What we put in, than we put out?
Yet I've no Reaſon to complain;
My Off'rings pleaſe in any Fane:
Fair *Cloacina* nods the Head,
While Fumes of Incenſe round her ſpread.
Beſides, it lately was my Lot
To meet Adventures in her Grot:
Scarce had I oped and ſhut the Door;
And veil'd, in Form, the Common Shore;
When, lo! I ſpy'd a Wretch forlorn,
In hapleſs Plight, all rent and torn;
Vile as the batter'd, dying Whore,
Lie half expiring on the Floor.
This *Being* once a Pamphlet ſhow'd;
An Hundred Leaves together ſow'd:
Now only two from Fate could ſave;
And one of them was in the Grave.
"I've been (it cry'd) in bloody Wars;
As you ſhall hear: pray, mind my Scars.
I know my Doom —— to kiſs your Br——
My Hour is come— I'll make my Speech.
Fortune nor * Periwig, nor Gooſequill
(Compared to me) did ever uſe Ill.
I've been a Vagabond from firſt,
A luckleſs Fox, though ever curſt.
In Youth a Stationer, for Pay,
Poor me to Printer pack'd away.

* The Midwife has given us the Memoirs of a Tie-Wig, as the Student has preſented us with thoſe of a Gooſequill.

My ſpotleſs Innocence was ſtain'd;
The worſt of *Characters* I gain'd.
But, like the Miſtreſs of a K——,
Obtain'd a *Title* by my Sin.
At † **'s next my Tent was pitcht,
Where I was folded, preſs'd and ſtitcht.
As Cinder-girls, embracing Shoe-men,
No more are Girls, but Cinder-women;
Or Eggs, well batter'd, turn an Amlet;
Thus I, when ſtitcht, commenc'd a Pamphlet.
Whence all my Miſeries I date;
Whence Gods and Men conſpire my Fate.
A new-born Libel flies about,
Quicker than Felon juſt broke-out:
Thus I, full ſoon for Six-pence bought,
To G——*e*'s Coffee-houſe was brought.
But know, the Meſſenger in ſport,
Thrice dropt me ſhiv'ring in the Dirt;
And thrice he cry'd, why d—n your Blood,
You've ſtrange Propenſity to Mud.
Yet all the Criticks I could ſee,
Were more intemperate than he.
They d—n'd me as they read me o'er;
They never read ſuch Stuff before.
Theſe twiſt me when they light their Pipes;
Thoſe foul me, tortur'd with the Gripes.
One ſwell'd as big as any Porpus,
And ſpill'd his Chocolate on Purpoſe.
Another ſlop'd his Bohea Tea,
And two whole Leaves diſſolv'd away.

† A Publiſher.

Coffee-

Coffee (the Politicians vext)
Depriv'd me of my Title next.
An honeſt *Scotſman* in a Huff,
Begrimed me with *half-ſnotty* Snuff.
Hear me, ye Manuſcripts of *C*——*!*
I interpoſed, or he'd beſ—t ye.
A—d! where's now your candid Strain?
Good — very good — and *good again?*

* * * * * *

A Beau, who would not for the World,
A Lock of his ſhould go uncurl'd;
Before the Glaſs, in raging Vein,
Tore out a Leaf to eaſe his Pain:
Beſides (my Muſe the Truth relates)
All Folly, but his own, he hates;
So next Day, at his Breakfaſt ſtuffing,
Greaſed me all over with his Muffin.
To night he brought me to this Garden;
Forgetting I belong to † *Hardin:*
But roſe too ſoon, for ever fickle,
And waddled off in dainty pickle.

Thus I obtain'd a ſhort Reprieve;
But ſhall, alas! no longer live:
My Courſe of Wickedneſs I've run;
Beſides, I ſee you've almoſt done:
And you will not, right well I ween,
Take your Departure till you're clean.

For ev'ry Ill my Sire I blame;
My Sire, who often bore the ſame:

† He keeps *G*——*e*'s Coffee-houſe.

Muſt I too ſuffer, and attone
For Crimes, that he commits alone?
Could he his Naſtineſs contain,
Nor void the Ordure of his Brain;
I might have paſs'd like other Folks,
And unpolluted crack'd my Jokes:
But Excrement long having born,
I muſt to Excrement return.
Brought forth in Folly! born in Sin!
Happy had Dunces never been;
Or Scandal were confin'd to Tea;
No Vengeance then had fall'n on me.
But from its Riſe my Fate I'll trace:
The Author of each dire Diſgrace,
Would ev'n the Queen of Beauty brave,
Bright *Venus* riſing from the Wave.
Vile as the foul-mouth'd, foul-tail'd Trull;
Or Heart—and Body—rotten Cull!
For know, the Caitiff, fraught with Spight,
With Pen envenom'd prone to write,
Choſe for his Strumpet-Muſe a Theme,
The heav'nly *G—nn—gs* to blaſpheme.
And I was doom'd to bear about,
The blackeſt Rancour he could ſpout.
Hence all the Evils I have bore;
My preſent Doom to Common Shore;
And yet leſs wretched! ſince my End
In Time of Need can you befriend.
I've made my Story very ample;
Take Warning by my ſad Example:

I die in Charity with Men,
Who for the *G—nn—ngs* draw the Pen."
It ceas'd. I ſnatch'd the trembling Victim,
Had I the Author I'd have kick'd him.
Whom not the Love-creating Smile
Of either *G—nn—ngs* could beguile;
Not all their Paradiſe of Charms,
The Rancour of his Soul diſarms.
But I could bear no more delay;
No other Paper in the Way:
Had Painter's Works, like Painter, ſtood,
To ſuffer for another's Good;
Oh! were there left one Birth-Day Ode,
To grace the lower fam'd Abode;
No! I in vain ſearch'd all around,
For not a Scribble could be found.
'Twas then the flutt'ring Leaf I ſpread;
The Siſters bid me cut the Thread:
I gave it firſt the Honours due;
The Goddeſs' Robe of Saffron Hue:
The Winds a miſtic Murmur bear;
"Where more is meant than meets the Ear:"
At length, my Finger ſtretching wide,
It flounders in the ſable Tide.
So *Square* or *Thwackum*, one or t'other,
When *Tom* at *Molly*'s made a pother,
While the Nail holds, in high-tied Rug,
Certes, a yellow one, lies ſnug;
But when that fails, the Pedant-Sot
Falls Headlong in the Chamber P—.

But now fair *Cloacina*'s Rites
Perform'd, the Grove once more invites:
And see the *G—nn—ngs* spread their Charms:
Oh! could I clasp them to my Arms!
But, while each Nymph my Soul bewitches,
Ye Muses, close your Poet's **

The gentle Reader may, if he please, add the Word *Speeches*.

On the Merit of Brevity; *being a Fellow to the* * *Jackboot.*

By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

SI non ingenium certè brevitatem *approba*;
Quæ commendari tanto debet justiùs,
Quanto poetæ sunt molesti validiùs.

PHÆDRUS.

In *English* thus,

If you think that my Works are too puft up with Levity,
Yet at least Approbation is due to my Brevity,
The Praises of which shou'd be now more egregious,
As our Bards at this Time are confoundedly tedious.

The *Spartans*, who, by the Bye, for *Brevity*'s sake, were styl'd the LACEDÆMONIANS, were

* See Numb. 3. Page 116.

very

very eminent for this Virtue; they are reported to have sent a full and satisfactory Answer to the *Athenians* upon the Wing of a Fly. *Thucydides* and *Sallust* have acquired more Reputation by this Excellence, than by all their other Virtues. *Horace* however, seems to condemn it as the Parent of Obscurity.

——— *Brevis esse laboro* ———
Obscurus fio. De Arte Poetica.

And now since Example goes beyond Precept, I'll give you an Instance of Brevity A-la-mode a *Paris.* ——— Taken from a merry Doctor.

CHANGE SADDLES.

For thus it is expres'd in *English* Prolixity.

But in *French* Brevity it runs thus: Do thou get off from thy Horse, and I will get off from my Horse; and when thou hast got off from thy Horse, and I have got off from my Horse; then thou shalt take the Saddle off from thy Horse, and shall take the Saddle off from my Horse; and when thou hast taken the Saddle off from thy Horse, and hast taken the Saddle off from my Horse; thou shalt take that Saddle which was upon thy Horse, and shall put it upon my Horse, and shall take that Saddle which was upon my Horse, and shall put it upon thy Horse; *&* *cætera*, *&* *cætera*, *&* *cætera*.

Mrs.

MRS. *Midnight* thinks it extreamly hard, that ſhe who values herſelf upon her Attachment to the preſent happy Eſtabliſhment both in Church and State, ſhould be accuſed, or even ſuſpected, of doing any Thing which might render her Writings obnoxious to her Friends in Power; and in order to bring the Author of the malicious Paragraph lately inſerted in the publick Papers to Juſtice, ſhe doth hereby promiſe a Reward of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS, to any Perſon or Perſons who ſhall diſcover the Author, or Authors, Perpetrator, or Perpetrators thereof.

Witneſs my Hand,

St. *James's Place*, July 24, 1751.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

An EPIGRAM.

MY *Polly*'s moſt divinely Fair,
Soft, tender, lovely, ſweet and young,
How delicate her Shape and Air?
And what Inchantment arms her Tongue!
Her ſwimming Eye! her ſwelling Breaſt!
From her the Graces ne'er are ſunder'd,
This Charm too add, which crowns the reſt,
She can be conſtant ——— to a Hundred.

N. B.

N. B. This *Epigram* was wrote by a Phyſician, and with a Deſign to affront the Ladies; in return for which Favour, I ſhall preſcribe the Doctor a Doſe of his own Phyſick in one of my ſubſequent Magazines.

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Goſſip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL *and* SPAIN.

HIS moſt faithful Majeſty of Portugal, ſeems to inherit none of that religious Puſillanimity which was inſtilled into his Father by the Artifices of Father Gaſpard. This Monarch who is now in the 37th Year of his Age, was brought into the World by the Aſſiſtance of one of my intimate Acquaintance, who deliver'd his Mother the Archdutcheſs Mary Anne of Auſtria of this lovely Prince, Don Joſeph, on the 6th of June 1714, when ſhe acquainted his Mother that ſhe could diſcover, by her Skill in Metopoſcopy, that the young Prince would have more of the Auſtrian than of the Braganzan Diſpoſition; which ſhe can now have the Happineſs to ſay, was a very faithful Prediction. — His Moſt Catholic Majeſty ſeems wholly attentive to the Augmentation of his Marine; having iſſued Orders for aſſembling all the Seamen that can be found in the reſpective Ports of Spain: Orders are alſo given for reſtoring the Regiment of Miquelets which had been reformed, and for completing with the utmoſt Diligence, the Troops of his Catholic Majeſty: A Thouſand full

grown

grown Trees are ordered to be felled in the Foreſts of Catalonia; and the Marquis de la Enſenada, who has the Care of the Navy, has found Means to engage into the Spaniſh Service, an Engliſhman, of whoſe Skill in Ship-building ſeveral fine Ships built at Carthagena, are valuable Proofs to the Spaniſh Monarch, who grants him a Piſtole per Diem.

ITALY.

The Italian States are ſtill prejudiced by the Barbary Corſairs, who have lately taken a Malteſe Felucca.—Count Chriſtiani, Chancellor of Milan, has happily adjuſted all the Claims for Money expended by his Sardinian Majeſty during the laſt War, for the Troops of the Empreſs Queen; and alſo regulated whatever Difficulties ſtill remained in regard to their reſpective Frontiers in Lombardy.—M. Chauvelin was to have a Meeting with the Corſican Chiefs on the 25th of July; for which Purpoſe circular Letters were diſpatched to all the Pieves of the Iſland, inviting them to ſend Deputies to a general Aſſembly that was to be held before the End of that Month, for definitively ſetling the Affairs of their Country; and it is reported that a Spaniſh Emiſſary will be there, to concert Meaſures for facilitating an Agreement to yield up that turbulent Iſland. By Advices from Florence we find, that while England is endeavouring to furniſh the Court of Vienna with a King of the Romans, the Dutchy of Tuſcany is going to furniſh the French with Timber for Ships, to diſpute the Superiority of the Main.

FRANCE.

FRANCE.

The Conteſts between the French Court and the Parliament of Paris, kindle upon the leaſt Occaſion: but his Majeſty has ordered the premier Preſident to acquaint the Parliament, that he expreſly forbad them interfering for the future, in any Thing more than examining into the Conduct of the Sub-Directors; deſiring them to make no more Remonſtrances againſt the Regulations for the good Order of the Hoſpitals; for, as well in this Reſpect as in all others, his Majeſty inſiſted upon being obeyed without Reply. *A fine Inſtance of arbitrary Power*; therefore, happy *Britain*, whoſe Monarch *rules only by the Law of Juſtice, and in Concurrence of that Parliament which is the pure repreſentative of Liberty!*—The Breſt Squadron, conſiſting of ten Men of War and two Frigates, ſet ſail the 20th of July to the South-Weſt; and it is generally reported to be deſtined for the American Colonies; however, they have left that Diſcovery to be made by a neighbouring Nation as ſoon as they can.

GERMANY.

The ableſt Heads at Vienna, among the Auſtrian and Britiſh Negociators, are clubbing their Wits to bring about a Reconciliation between the Ruſſian and Pruſſian Courts, being ſenſible that the making Pruſſia eaſy, is an Article that muſt precede the bringing the Election of a King of the Romans on the Tapis: and, in Germany, it is ſincerely wiſhed they may ſucceed, not becauſe of any real Intereſt Britain may have in perpetuating the Imperial Dignity in the Auſtrian Family, but becauſe they apprehend ſhe is not now in Circumſtances to go to War about it.

SWEDEN

SWEDEN *and* RUSSIA.

The Hopes of a thorough Reconciliation between the Courts of Peterſburgh and Stockholm continue, and increaſe ſo much, that the Czarina certainly intends to viſit Moſcow and the Ukraine in October next; and the Court of Vienna has interpoſed its good Offices, to bring about an amicable Underſtanding between the Courts of Peterſburgh and Berlin. This Tranquillity is ſo much the more fortunate at Stockholm, as the Attention of the King and Miniſtry can be employed, without Avocations, on the beſt Means for retrieving the Damages of the Fires, and procuring to every one, as far as poſſible, what they may have loſt in the Confuſion. Poor Swedes! while their new Monarch was healing the Wounds given them by the Temerity of Charles XII, how great a Calamity has fallen upon them.

PERSIA.

The laſt Letters from Conſtantinople make mention of a bloody Battle fought in the Neighbourhood of Iſpahan, between the two Competitors for the Perſian Throne, in which upwards of 30,000 Men were killed on the Spot. They had not as yet any Particulars of this Action, but only knew in general, that Fortune followed the Standard of the Shah, whom the Majority of the Nation had already acknowledged in Quality of Sophi; that his Victory was complete, and that his Rival had been wounded in the Battle, but had nevertheleſs the good Fortune to eſcape with a ſmall Part of his Army. Peace, and Felicity, when are you again to reviſit the Plains of Perſia! Plenty, when art thou again to ſmile in the Vallies watered by the Streams of Araxes! while the Sect of Omar wear the Turban in Tranquillity; the Followers of Hali have their ſilken Mandils ſtrewed over the Soil among an Hecatomb of ſlain: ſuch is the Rapacity of contending Tyrants, ſuch the Devaſtation of inteſtine War!

The MIDWIFE.

NUMBER VI.

VOL. II.

A Letter from the Whiſpering-Gallery *in St.* Paul's, *to Mrs.* MARY MIDNIGHT.

Madam,

AS I have the Honour to be the Confidante of almoſt every Individual in this great Metropolis, I imagine my Correſpondence may be of ſome Service to your Magazine; I therefore promiſe it you unaſk'd, and as a Specimen both of my Intelligence and Abilities, I have incloſed a Copy of a Letter, which I beg you'd publiſh or ſuppreſs, according as you approve or diſlike it. I aſſure you Madam, there's not a Day paſſes over my Head, but I hear ſomething *whiſ-*

pered to your Advantage; in Conſequence of which, I muſt profeſs myſelf,

Your Friend, Servant, and Admirer,
The WHISPERING GALLERY.

A genuine Copy of a moſt ſurpriſing Epiſtle ſent by the Whiſpering Gallery *in St.* Paul's, *to a certain* Chocolate-Houſe *at the other End of the Town.*

Calumniari ſiquis autem voluerit,
Quod ARBORES *loquantur, non tantum feræ,*
Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis.

PHÆDRUS.

Thou Place of Infamy!

Didſt thou think, that I, who am acquainted with all the Proceedings of the two moſt opulent Cities in the World, cou'd be long ignorant of the enormous Pranks to which thou art Witneſs: Didſt thou think, that I, who am privy to the tender Sighs of the wiſhing Maiden, the profound Secrets of the unfathomable Politician, the lamentable Groans of the grutching Miſer, and grievous Grumblings of the diſcontented Tradeſman, cou'd be a Stranger to thoſe CRIMES which are publiſhed by the COMMITTERS, and to that NONSENSE which is propagated by NOISE. There were two worthy Aldermen *whiſpering* in my Precincts the other Day; that

that a *little* Society of Men that frequent *Thee*, have made ſeveral *Bye-Laws* againſt Gaming, which is not ſo much a Vice itſelf, as it is the Parent of all others.—Notwithſtanding which *Bye-Laws* (they ſtill perſiſted to *whiſper*) that the *little* Society aforeſaid, did meet on purpoſe to break the Statutes they themſelves promulged, and *this* more particularly on *that Day*, when every thing about me in the ſober City, is dedicated to the moſt ſacred Purpoſes. When ſuch Things as theſe are tranſacted in thee, how dareſt thou remain upon thy Foundations, why doſt thou not ſhake at every Oath, or rather, why doſt thou not tumble down and cruſh the horrible Blaſphemers?

Much more I have to ſay to thee, and much more I *will* ſay to thee, if I do not ſhortly hear it *whiſper'd* that thou mendeſt thy Manners. Thy Vanity, thy Pride, thy Folly, Ignorance and Gluttony, will afford an ample Field for *Whiſperers*, and what they *whiſper* I will divulge, for Secrecy, when ſhe works for the wicked, revolts from her fair Miſtreſs Prudence, and becomes a Vice inſtead of a Virtue.

Thine, as thou behaveſt,

The WHISPERING GALLERY.

N. B. Mrs. *Midnight* hereby gives Notice, that ſhe has now made a League, and eſtabliſhed a Correſpondence with the *Whiſpering Gallery*: So People of all Ranks and Degrees, are particularly admoniſh'd

moniſh'd to be careful in their Conduct, or they will certainly be detected and expoſed.—'Tis high time to do ſomething for the Cauſe of Virtue, when the very *Stocks* and *Stones* cry out againſt us.

To Mrs. SARAH ROWDEN, *Senior Organiſt of St.* Paul's Church, LONDON.

Madam,

IN the following Account of the Diſpute between you and your Brother Muſicians, I hope I have done you the Juſtice you expected. I have prevailed on my Bookſeller, who is alſo a Genius, to undertake the Inſpection of the Work you are about to publiſh, and if I can be otherways ſerviceable to you, 'twill be a great Satisfaction to,

Madam,

Your Friend and Admirer,

M. MIDNIGHT.

A GENIUS *reſtor'd*; *Or the Matter ſet in a clear Light.*

MODESTY has been generally eſteemed the true Characteriſtic, and conſtant Concomitant of Merit. And as the Fraternity of Muſicians have been as famous for the one as the other; that is to ſay, for *Merit* as for *Modeſty*, I am not a little ſurpriz'd at their Treatment of my Siſter *Sarah Rowden*.

Rowden. As the Diſpute between that old Gentlewoman and the other Organiſts and Muſicians, has of late ran very high, I ſhall lay the Matter open, that every Body may ſee who has the better of the Argument, and of Conſequence where the moſt Merit is center'd.

That Mrs. *Rowden* is a prodigious Genius, her very Enemies muſt and do allow: It will be ſufficient therefore if I only ſet forth how I became acquainted with that extraordinary Woman, and give a true Hiſtory of the Caſe, without enforcing any Arguments to the Advantage or Diſadvantage of either Party. Truth is beſt when naked——And here follows the naked Truth.

As I was walking the other Day in one of the Iſles of St. *Paul's* Church, I perceiv'd an old Woman in a dark Hole under the Organ Loft, preſſing down ſeveral large Pieces of Timber, one of which aroſe before the other was well nigh down, ſo that ſhe was oblig'd to move backward and forward with great Celerity, without the leaſt Reſpite or Relaxation, and her Labour (if you will make Allowance for preſſing down inſtead of heaving up) appear'd to me not unlike that of old *Syſiphus* mention'd in my Edition of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes.* Upon my enquiring what ſhe was about, ſhe ſtarted with Surprize, that I ſhou'd aſk ſuch a Queſtion. *Don't you hear*, ſays ſhe, *that I am playing the Organ; this is the* 104*th Pſalm, and by and by I ſhall play you one of Dr.* Boyce's *Anthems. Ay,*

ſays another good Woman that ſtood by; *'Tis very true, Dr.* Green *is the reputed Organiſt, and receives the Salary, but* Goody Rowden *plays the Organ for Forty Shillings a Year.* Here I began to reflect on the ill Treatment the Aged of our Sex meet with, and the Difficulties we labour under. We are undoubtedly the wiſeſt of all the human Species, and ſo eſſential in Life, that you ſee a Boy can't well be born, or an Organ play'd, without our Aid; and yet we are deſpiſed and contemn'd by thoſe who are our Inferiors and Dependants.—But to return to my Subject—I was determin'd to go, as we ſay in my Country, to the Bottom of this Affair; and ſeeing a Gentleman come out of the Organ-Loft, that I knew, aſk'd him who had play'd the Organ: *Madam*, ſays he, *I play'd it myſelf, and I hope I had the Honour to pleaſe you.* As this was confirm'd by two of the Vergers, who ſtood by, I was ſtill more embarraſſed; and returning to *Goody Rowden*, told her I had been informed that Mr. *** had play'd the Service. *Ay*, ſays ſhe, *The Clapper rings the Bell, but who pulls the Rope? 'Tis here as in a Puppet Show; you apprehend that Punch ſpeaks, but 'tis we behind the Curtain that move his wooden Limbs, and articulate the Sounds. In ſhort we do the Buſineſs, and they gain the Applauſe.*—Nor is this to be wonder'd at, for all the World ſeems to detract from the Merit of us old Women; and my Printer had the Aſſurance t'other Day, to tell me, that the extraordinary Sale

Sale of my Magazine, was entirely owing to his Manner of printing it.

As I have taken on me the Guardianſhip and Defence of my Sex, I thought it my Duty to vindicate this poor Woman; accordingly I ſummon'd all the great muſical Maſters to attend. The Conteſt lay between Mr. *Handel* and Mrs. *Rowden*; and juſt as he was playing his Coronation Anthem, and for the Sake of Pre-eminence, jiging his Fingers upon the Keys, a total Suſpenſion of all Sound enſued; upon which the old Woman peeps out of her Hole, *Where are ye now? Out*, ſays the Artiſt above. *Out, ay*, ſays ſhe, *you can't play your own Muſic without my Aſſiſtance.* Upon this a Truce was drawn, and under my Mediation it was agreed, that the Reputation acquired, or to be acquired, by the free Uſe and Exerciſe of that Organ, ſhould be divided into two equal Parts; one whereof to be given in the firſt Place to *Goody Rowden*, as the Senior Performer on the Bellows, and the remaining Part to the other Organiſt, who ſhou'd jig the Jacks above Stairs.

It gives me a two-fold Satisfaction, that I have been abled to get this Affair ſettled upon ſo amicable a Footing; in the firſt Place becauſe it is doing Juſtice to Genius, and aſſigning to my old Friend *Goody Rowden* her Right; and ſecondly, becauſe it will be a Means of preventing Diſputes of this Nature for the future, and keep my Brother Organiſts in proper Order.

I re-

I remember an Affair of this Sort once at *Windsor:* A particular Friend of mine was playing on that Organ one of Dr. *Blow*'s Anthems, and just as he had finish'd the Verse Part and begun the full Chorus the Organ ceas'd; upon which he call'd to *Dick Hoar*, the Organist beneath, to know what was the Matter, *The Matter*, says Dick, *I have play'd the Anthem below: Ay*, says the other, *but I have not play'd it above. No Matter*, quoth Dick, *you might have made more Haste then, I know how many Puffs go to one of Dr.* Blow*'s Anthems as well as you do; I have not play'd the Organ so many Years for nothing.*

But as all Disputes of this Sort are now entirely settled, and accommodated to the Satisfaction of both Parties; I have only to inform my Readers, that *Goody Rowden* the Organist, is a very industrious Woman, tho' very poor, and to desire all Gentlemen and Ladies to call at her Office under the Organ Loft, and leave something towards her Subsistence before they go into the Choir, which will greatly oblige their

Most obedient humble Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

The

The Question, " Whether 'tis best to oil a Man's Wig with Honey or Mustard," *being proposed to the most numerous Assembly that ever met at the* ROBIN-HOOD,

The celebrated Mr. WHIPPER SNAPPER *stood up, and spoke in Substance as follows.*

Mr. PRESIDENT,

AS the Question proposed is of the utmost Dignity, and the last Importance, I hope I shall be favour'd with a patient, candid, and judicious Audience. — Hope? do I say? I am persuaded I shall be so, and therefore shall proceed upon the Debate modestly, moderately, and methodically. In order, Gentlemen, to form any tolerable Judgment of the Affair in Hand, it will be highly requisite to consider the Nature, Genius, and Extent of the four cardinal Virtues; that is, JUSTICE, PRUDENCE, TEMPERANCE, and FORTITUDE: I don't know, Gentlemen, whether I arrange these Virtues in their proper Order, but that is neither here nor there, neither on one Side nor t'other. — *Magna est veritas & prævalebit.* And now let us examine what Justice has to say, — Why Justice says, before you precipitately give your Opinion, you ought to consider the Constitution and Consequence of a Wig. — Well then, what is a Wig? — Why, what do you think it is?

Well

Well I'll tell you what it is. — I define a Wig to be a certain Quantity of Hair, artificially combined and connected together by a Mechanic, who in the vulgar Tongue is ſtyled, call'd, and denominated a Barber. Now every Man that wears a Wig, is under a triple Obligation, or (if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion) under an Indenture *tripartite*, between himſelf in the firſt Place, the Barber in the ſecond, and the Wig in the third: He is in Fact obliged to do Juſtice to all three Parties. — If it therefore can be proved, that oiling with Muſtard is more for the Credit of the Barber, the Dignity of the Wearer, and the Ornament and Preſervation of that inanimate Piece of Hair, which is entitled and call'd a Wig; I ſay, Gentlemen, that we are obliged Gentlemen, in *Juſtice*, Gentlemen, to prefer Muſtard to Honey, or any other unctious Subſtance whatſoever. — And now let us weigh this momentous Affair in the Scales of *Prudence*, which is another cardinal Virtue, — What then ſays Prudence? Why, what do you think ſhe ſays? Well I'll tell you what ſhe ſays. She ſays that if it be cheaper (as undoubtedly it is) to oil your Wig with Muſtard, why in point of Oeconomy you are to diſcard Honey, and uſe the leſs expenſive Lotion. —— And what ſays *Temperance?* Why ſhe ſpeaks according to Cuſtom, with great Coolneſs and Candour, and begs Leave to ſtand Neuter, being equally averſe to all Honey or all Muſtard. — And now for *Fortitude*, and what ſays Fortitude? Why Fortitude ſwears ſhe'll

ſhe'll fight of our Side, if ſhe loſes her Commiſſion for it. Forbid it *Cæſar*, forbid it *Marlbro*, forbid it *Eugene*, forbid it ***d*, and you, ye illuſtrious Shades of *Shovell* and *Gorgon*, that Honey, the Delight of puſillanimous Milk-ſops, and the Compoſition of paltry Inſects, ſhou'd be prefer'd to Muſtard; that draws Tears from the Eyes of Barbarians, that bites the Tongues of the Eloquent, and braces the Nerves of the Magnanimous. —— And now wou'd I add (but I ſee the * uplifted Hammer) much more to as much Purpoſe, but I ſhall conclude Mr. *Preſident*, by humbly preſuming, Mr. *Preſident*, that what I have ſaid, Mr. *Preſident*, is ſufficient Mr. *Preſident*; and pray Mr. *Jenkinſon* be ſo good as to puſh the Porter a little this Way.

This was anſwer'd by Mr. WILLIAM HONYCOMB, *in the following Manner.*

Mr. PRESIDENT,

I MUST for once ſtart out of my Turn, and I hope all the Gentlemen will excuſe me, to anſwer the Gentleman that ſpoke laſt, for no Man that has any common Senſe, and common Honeſty, and common Truth, and common Juſtice,

* We are allow'd in our Society to ſpeak five Minutes and no more, which Time is determined by a Watch, Mr. *Preſident* and a Hammer.

can

can any longer ſit ſtill and ſtand to hear ſuch Stuff. For a Man for to come, for to go, for to ſay, that Muſtard is better to oil a Man's Wig than Honey, is monſtrous, and ſtupid, and ridiculous, and abſurd, and ſilly. Am I warm? I am, — the Cauſe deſerves it. That Honey is better both for the Hair, for the Wig, for the Wearer of the Wig, and for the Nation and Conſtitution in general, every Gentleman here does believe, and no Man that is not a Friend to the Pope and to the Pretender, and an Enemy to the true Intereſt of Wigs in general, wou'd attempt to prove the contrary. Mr. *Preſident*, this Queſtion, Mr. *Preſident*, is of more Conſequence, Mr. *Preſident*, than is generally ſuppoſed and believed, Mr. *Preſident*. As to my Part, I can without any Pretence to Prophecy, ſee Popery, Jacobitiſm and Toryiſm lurking at the Bottom of it; and I hope every Gentleman here will exert himſelf in Favour of his King and Country, and the Church and the State. This Queſtion, Gentlemen, is of the utmoſt Importance to us, and not to us only but to our Poſterity; ay to our Poſterity both preſent, paſt and to come; and were we to give into it what wou'd be the Conſequence? or rather what wou'd not be the Conſequence? —What wou'd our paſt Poſterity ſay to us? Why I'll tell you what they wou'd ſay; they wou'd never forgive us; our preſent Poſterity wou'd be fill'd with Indignation, and our future Poſterity wou'd be out of all Manner of Patience.

Beſides

Beſides, Gentlemen, a Practice of this Sort wou'd be of the utmoſt ill Conſequence to our Politicks. *Plato*, that great Politician, always preſcribed Honey to oil Wigs, and why did he do it? Why I will tell you why: He knew that the Bees had in themſelves a Commonwealth, a State that was managed with Prudence, and without Bribery and Corruption, and he wiſely foreſaw that by oiling his Pupils Wigs with Honey, the political Effluvia thereof wou'd aſcend to their Heads, and ſtrengthen and corroborate their Poſteriors. And pray what has been done, or rather what has not been done by thoſe who have oil'd their Wigs in this Manner? Every Beau about Town at this Time, if I am rightly inform'd, oils his Wig with Honey, and all of them that are arrived to Manhood, oil their Beards with it alſo. Hence the Honey gets into the Lips, hence ſweet Kiſſing; — hence the Honey gets into the Tongue, hence fine ſpeaking; ay and ſweet Smelling; and I can venture to ſay, that all the Ladies of Fortune who have been married to Gallants without a Penny in Poſſeſſion, or even in Expectation, have been obtain'd and procured by this Means: That is to ſay, by the invincible Power of the Honey which oil'd their Wigs. And none but a *Durham* Man cou'd, contrary to all Honour and Conſcience, have had the Face to have ſaid ſo much in Favour of Muſtard.

Mr. CHARLES CHATTER-MUCH *then arose, and desired the Question might be read, and finding it to stand thus,* viz.

"*Whether Honey or Mustard was best to oil a Man's Wig,*" *he proceeded in the following Manner.*

MR. PRESIDENT, and you Gentlemen of the Club, here is a Question proposed to us of a very extraordinary, a very uncommon, and a very singular Nature. I'll tell you what it is, Gentlemen: It is whether Honey or Mustard be best to oil a Man's Wig; one Gentleman has already spoken very learnedly in Favour of Mustard, and another has deliver'd himself very lycontriptically in Behalf of Honey, and so which is in the Right of it, he that spoke for Honey, or he that spoke for Mustard, I leave you to consider; and if Honey be best, you'll vote for Mustard, and if Mustard be best, you'll vote for Honey. I can't help observing likewise, that it wou'd be better to add a little Milk to the Honey, and so Mr. *President* my Service to you.

N. B. There were in all forty-five Speeches made on this Subject, but these three I have inserted are the most considerable.

A LET-

A LETTER *from a Surgeon of great Practice and Experience.*

Mrs. MIDNIGHT,

" IF you look into the Daily Papers of *Wed-*
" *neſday* the 28th of *Auguſt* laſt, you will find
" the following Paragraphs which are worthy your
" Peruſal, *viz.*

On *Monday* Might there was the greateſt Concourſe of People of both Sexes (or rather Mob) at *Bartholomew* Fair, ever known to any Inhabitant in that Place, which occaſion'd great Riots and Diſorders: The rude and inſolent Mob began firſt with kicking down the Sauſage and Fritter-Fry Stalls; they afterwards proceeded to greater Extremities, by throwing of Stones, Dirt, &c. by which they wounded a great Number of Perſons, which occaſioned a general Confuſion, in which the Pick-pockets had no ſmall Share: Three were carried to the Hoſpital, having their Legs broke, and very much bruiſed. —— Such are the Conſequences of publick Fairs in and near ſo populous a City as *London*, eſpecially where the common People are ſo audacious, inſolent and ungovernable. — And laſt Night the Fair ended, to the general Satisfaction of all who wiſh well to the Peace, Order, Sobriety and Induſtry of this City.

Monday Night about Five o'Clock, as a Toll-Man in *Smithfield* was endeavouring to ſtop a Hackney-Coachman, with a Box in the Boot for

Toll, and he refusing to pay, the Toll-Gatherer fell down, and the Wheel of the Coach unfortunately went over his Thigh and broke it to Pieces: He likewise had his Arm broke. He was immediately carried to St. *Bartholomew*'s Hospital, when the Surgeon set his Arm, but yesterday Morning his Leg and Thigh were oblig'd to be cut off.

The same Day an ancient Man was run over by a Coach at the End of *Long-Lane*, *West-Smithfield*; whereby one of his Legs was broke, and his Skull fractured. He was carried to St. *Bartholomew*'s Hospital.

" From hence you will perceive, Madam, how " our Business daily encreases, thro' the wise and " good Government of this great and opulent City. " If one Fair, and that in so large a Space, pro- " duces such Emolument to the Craft, what Ad- " vantages might we not expect from many of " them, and especially if they were held in Places " more closely circumscrib'd? For as our Mob " have now gain'd the Point of becoming master- " less, great Havock wou'd be made on every slight " Occasion, and a Surgeon might then hope to live " without the Aid of the *Lues Venerea*. You are " therefore desired, dear Mrs. *Midnight*, to make " use of your Interest (which we know is great) " to procure a monthly Puppet-Show Fair to be " erected at the *Royal-Exchange*, which would " answer all our Purposes. I know there are those " who will object to it, and say it wou'd interrupt " our Trade — But what have we to do with " Trade?

ritions, I ſhall in point of good Manners anſwer that Part of the Letter.

A Monſieur a Monſieur DE TRELEVOUS *à Paris.*

Monſieur,

BY the manner of ſtating your Queſtion, *Whether a Spirit or Apparition, can be ſeen, felt, heard, or underſtood?* I apprehend, you want to know, whether an Apparition be a Noun-Subſtantive, or in other Words, whether it can ſtand by itſelf? Which is a Queſtion not very eaſily anſwered, at leaſt it is not very prudent for me to anſwer it. As moſt Men judge and determine in Matters of this Sort, not from Evidence and Conviction, but in Imitation of the Learned; People of great Abilities ſhould be very circumſpect and cautious, as well in their Writings as Examples. Was I to anſwer in the Affirmative, and give Countenance to this Doctrine of Apparitions, my Authority would be quoted as a Sanction for the moſt flagrant Abſurdities: Every Church-yard, Grove, and ſhady Place wou'd be filled with Goblins and Spectres, and all the antiquated, and once hoſpitable, Seats in the Country abandoned.——On the other Hand, ſhou'd I anſwer this Queſtion in the Negative, in this ſceptical Age, in which Infidelity ſo much abounds, Atheiſts and Deiſts would apply it to their wicked Purpoſes, and my Authority wou'd be wreſted as a ſort of Argument for Doctrines and Opinions, that have not the leaſt Foundation in the

Nature

Nature and Fitneſs of Things. That the Almighty has permitted and made uſe of ſuch ſupernatural Means to anſwer the wiſe Purpoſes of his Providence, I make no doubt: We have all the Evidence for it that the *Nature of the Thing* requires, or that Beings in our State can expect; namely, *The concurrent Teſtimony of the inſpired and profane Writers*; and any Perſon who from the Teſtimony of profane Hiſtorians, will believe there were ſuch Men exiſted as *Alexander the Great*, *Julius Cæſar*, *Henry the Fifth*, or *William the Conqueror*, may, I think, from the Evidence before-mention'd, very well believe, that there has been ſuch Phœnomena permitted as Apparitions. But becauſe Providence, for certain wiſe Purpoſes, beyond the Reach of our ſhallow Comprehenſion, has ſuffer'd four Inſtances of this Kind, in the ſpace of Six-thouſand Years; are we to conclude that every idle Tale we hear of this Sort, is any thing more than the effect of a crude Imagination, or a diſtemper'd Brain? No—It happens in this Caſe as in moſt others: Artful, crafty, and deſigning Men taking Notice of the Terrors theſe Notions have produced in the ignorant and ſuperſtitious part of Mankind, have propagated the general Belief thereof, and applied it to their own particular Occaſions, as will appear from the following Story, publiſh'd by the CHEVALIER de MAINVILLERS, in his Travels and Adventures.

" The illuſtrious Houſe of *Hohenloe* has many " Branches, each of which are Sovereigns in their " own

" own Eſtates. A young Count of that Family,
" being ſent by his Father to *Paris*, with a View
" of giving him an Opportunity of improving his
" Manners by obtaining the Poliſh of *France*, ar-
" rived there with a Number of Domeſticks. He
" had a Bill of Credit for ten thouſand Crowns
" drawn on a Banker, who had enrich'd himſelf in
" the Service of that Houſe, probably in the Poſt
" of a Steward. This complaiſant and reſpectful
" Perſon being informed by Letter of the Arrival
" of the Son of his old Maſter, waited with Impa-
" tience to give him an Apartment in his own
" Houſe, which was a very magnificent Edifice.
" But the young Count, knowing that he was old,
" and from thence judging that his Diſpoſition
" could not be very agreeable to one of his Age,
" did not think proper to alight at the Banker's;
" but took a furniſh'd Apartment, as a Place in
" which without minding any Body, he might
" freely enjoy his Liberty in the moſt agreeable
" Manner. A young Officer of a noble Family
" had alſo taken Lodgings in the ſame Houſe; but
" his ordinary Reſidence was in any Part of the
" Town where he knew there were pretty Girls.
" He was briſk, ſprightly, and had an inexhauſtible
" Source of Humour, and in one Word, filled up
" with great Dignity the Station of a Muſqueteer.
" He ſoon took Notice of our *German* Count, and
" remarking he had ſtill the Ruſt of his ancient
" *Teutonic* Caſtle, he reſolved to give him ſome
" Leſſons of Debauchery.

" The

" The young *Hohenloe* on becoming the Muſ-
" queteer's Pupil, made a rapid Progreſs in a little
" Time. What an edifying School! The Muſ-
" queteer initiated him into the Myſteries of what
" he called true Science, by teaching him the Man-
" ner of anſwering to ſome Purpoſe the Calls of
" indulgent Nature. Muſick, Shews, Plays, ex-
" cellent Wine, handſome Women, could not fail
" of rendering theſe Calls more frequent and more
" agreeable to Perſons of ſuch exalted Intellects.
" The young Count, who admired the Muſqueteer
" as one of the greateſt Men that had ever appeared
" upon Earth, (for the *Germans* are in Love with
" thoſe of an exalted Genius:) the young Count,
" I ſay, who advanced in the Courſe which his
" Maſter had ſet before him with the Strides of a
" Giant, had no other than the ſame Taſtes and
" the ſame Inclinations. The Preceptor, af-
" ter a ſerious Application on the Theſes of what
" is eſſentially beautiful, invented a Coat in a new
" Taſte, and the Diſciple had like to have thrown
" his Taylor out of the Window, becauſe he
" brought home one which was not exactly like that
" of his illuſtrious Pedagogue. The Muſqueteer
" had a Miſtreſs of about nineteen Years old,
" brown, of a ſmall Stature, briſk and lively. The
" *German* preparing himſelf to love with all his
" Might, ſearch'd the Middle and all the four
" Corners of *Paris*, to obtain a Miſtreſs who per-
" fectly reſembled her; but not being able to find

" one,

" one, his Regard for his Maſter encreaſed to ſuch " a Degree, as render'd them inſeparable. But " alas! it became neceſſary for them to part; he " died, and the Muſqueteer had not the leaſt In- " clination to follow him.

" The Count *Hohenloe* on his Death-bed, gave " the Muſqueteer his Letter-caſe, and the Keys of " his Cheſts to deliver them to his Banker, whom " the Infatuation of his Pleaſures had prevented " him from ſeeing. He had made no Uſe of his " Bills of Credit, as Death had not given him Time " to ſpend the ready Money he had brought with " him. The poor young Man having given his " laſt Sigh, the Muſqueteer made the neceſſary " Preparations for his Funeral. While Things " were in this Situation, there arrived two *Engliſh* " Noblemen at the ſame Houſe. They were pla- " ced in a Chamber adjoining to that in which the " dead Body was laid, and out of which it had been " removed. They could only allow one Bed for " them both, all the others being engaged; but as " the Weather was cold, and they were Friends, " they made no Difficulty of lying together.

" In the middle of the Night, one of the two " not being able to ſleep, and growing weary of " his Bed, aroſe in order to amuſe himſelf in the " Kitchen, where he heard ſome People talking. " He had diverted himſelf there for ſome Time, " when being willing to return from whence he " came, he again went up Stairs, but inſtead of " entering his own Chamber, went into that of the

" deceaſed Count, over whoſe Face they had only
" thrown a Cloth. There is not ſo much Cere-
" mony uſed in *France* in the Management of
" their Dead as in *England* and *Germany*; for
" they are there ſatisfied with ſhewing their Af-
" fection to the Living. The *Engliſh* Noble-
" man having put out his Candle, laid down
" boldly by the Defunct: When creeping as cloſe
" to him as poſſible, in order to warm himſelf,
" and finding his Bedfellow colder than he, he
" began to mutter, What the Devil's the Matter,
" my Friend, ſaid he, you are as cold as Ice?
" I'll lay a Wager, numb'd as you are, you
" would have been warm enough if you had but
" ſeen the pretty Girl that is below Stairs. Come,
" you may take my Word for it, added he, pull-
" ing him by the Arm; come, Zounds ſtir, I'll
" engage you ſhall have her for a Guinea. While
" he was holding this fine Converſation with the
" Dead, who, detached from the Things of this
" World, did not even give himſelf the Trouble
" of making him a Reply; his Chamber Door
" was opened, which made him raiſe his Head
" from the Pillow to ſee who was coming in.
" But judge what muſt be his Surpriſe, when he
" ſaw a Servant lighting in a Joiner, who car-
" ried a Coffin on his Shoulders! He thought at
" firſt that he had been in a Dream; but look-
" ing about him, and ſeeing the Viſage of one
" who had not ſpoke a Word, a Viſage over-
" ſpread with a mortal Paleneſs, he made but one
" Jump from the Bed into the middle of the
" Cham-

" Chamber. The Joiner and the Maid were " immediately perſuaded that it was the Corpſe, " who being unwilling to be ſhut up in the Cof- " fin, was now playing its Gambols. Their Legs " were unable to move with a Swiftneſs pro- " portionable to their Fear; and the Joiner, " Maid, Coffin, and Candleſtick, roll'd one " over another, from the Top of the Stairs down " into the Kitchen. Zoons, What are you all " about? cried the Landlord: What is the De- " vil flying away with the dead Man? Mercy on " us! cry'd the Maid, quite Chap-fallen, it is " rather the dead Man that would run away with " us. I am the Son of a Bitch, ſaid the Joiner, " if that dead Man there, has any more Occa- " ſion for a Coffin than I have; why he is got " into the middle of the Room, and has juſt " ſtruck up a Hornpipe. The Devil he has! cry'd " the Landlord, taking a Light, faith we'll ſoon " ſee that.

" While all the Family were trembling and get- " ting ready to follow the Maſter of the Houſe, " the *Engliſh* Nobleman, who had found again " his Chamber, had ſlipt into Bed, quite out of " Breath: And his Friend having aſk'd him " where he had been, he told him that he had " juſt been lying with a dead Body. 'Sblood! a " dead Body! it had perhaps the Plague, cried " he, jumping in his Turn out of Bed, and run- " ning to the Door to call for a Light. The

" Landlord, the Lady, and Servants, who were " paſſing thro' the Gallery, no ſooner ſaw him, " than they imagined that it was the Dead who ap- " peared again. What Confuſion! What Shrieks! " What Clamours! The *Engliſhman* terrified at " the hideous Noiſe, run into his Room and ſlip'd " into Bed to his Companion, without the leaſt " Fear of catching the Plague. In the mean " Time an honeſt Country Prieſt, who lodged in " the Inn, got up, and appeared armed with " Holy Water, and a long Broom inſtead of a " little Bruſh. He made his Aſperſions, and the " Conjurations preſcribed by the *Romiſh* Church, " and conducted, by Way of Proceſſion, the " terrified trembling People into the Chamber of " the Defunct, who, thinking no Harm, lay " quietly in Bed. The Prieſt was inſtantly re- " garded as a Saint, who had bound the Corpſe " to its good Behaviour, and prevented its being " refractory.

" The Muſqueteer arrived at the Time appoint- " ed for the Funeral. Twenty Voices at a Time " related to him the dead Man's Behaviour in the " Night. And he was of too humorous a Diſpo- " ſition not to ſtrengthen ſtill more the frightful " Ideas they had imbibed.

" The Funeral being performed, and the Prieſt, " Sexton, Servants, and Landlord paid, the Muſ- " queteer went two Days after to pay a Viſit to " the Banker. He ſent in Word that he came

" by

" by Desire of the Count *de Hohenloe*, as it was " natural he should, to deliver up his Effects; " but the good Man understood that this was that " young Lord himself. He had been extremely " impatient to see him, and we may easily imagine " with what tender Eagerness he ran to the Per- " son he took for him, as well as the Astonish- " ment of the Musqueteer, to find himself stifled " in the Arms of the old Man, whom he suspected " of being arrived at his Years of Dotage. What " a strange Incident! He at last discovered the " Banker was under a Mistake, and had taken " him for the Count: On which he resolved to " personate him, and to form his Behaviour on the " Error of the People of the Inn, as to his Re- " turn from the other World. Quick, cried the " Banker, a Seat for my Lord the Count. Adsbud! " how old you make me, added he; when I left " my Lord your Father's Court, you was but " just so high. Pray, dear my Lord, sit in that easy " Chair. It is no Matter, said the Musqueteer, " for I must return back into the other World. " What do you mean? said the good Man, have " you a Mind to joke with me? My Dear, have " you given Orders for their bringing a Bottle of " Champaign, for us to be drinking while we " wait for Supper? Sir, said the Musqueteer, in- " terrupting him in a dejected Air, the Dead " don't drink, and I have drank so much while " I was alive, that I am to suffer the Penance of " not drinking now I am dead! Odsheart! cried

" the good Man, I ſee very well that my Lord " the Count is a Wag, for he has a Mind to " perſuade me that he is dead, and then to rally " me for believing it. Come, come, continued " he, let me ſhew you the Appartment I have " prepared for you. Alas! Sir, replied the pre- " tended Count, I have one in St. *Euſtache*'s " Churchyard, where I am buried. But really " now, ſaid the Banker, What is the Meaning " of all this? Pray put an End to this diſagreeable " Rallery, and taſte the Wine. Upon my Con- " ſcience I cannot, replied the falſe *Hohenloe*, the " Dead, as I have told you, have loſt all Reliſh " for it.

" The Banker's Wife, who had laid by her " Work, and thro' her Spectacles was examining " with Fear and Trembling the pretended Spirit, " ſaid in a low Voice, I have heard a great deal about " Apparitions, if this ſhould be one! My Dear, " I know better, replied the old Man, with a " good deal of Confuſion. Yes, Sir, reſumed " the Muſqueteer, I died in the City of *Rouen*, " at a Houſe near the New Bridge, and am bu- " ried in St. *Euſtache*'s Churchyard. If you de- " ſire a fuller Proof of it, here is my Letter-Caſe, " which I have brought with me, with a Bill of " Credit for ten thouſand Crowns. Here is alſo " a Purſe, in which there are thirty Louis d'Ors. " You muſt be ſenſible that a young Man, if he " was not dead, would not tender you this Mo- " ney, ſince that is a Thing he can never hav

" to

" too much of: But at preſent, inſtead of Mo-
" ney, Wine and Women, (who are very hand-
" ſome at *Paris)* I have occaſion for nothing but
" Prayers.

" At theſe Words the pretended Deceaſed made
" his Eſcape from the Banker, who almoſt reſolv-
" ed to run after him, and was left in very great
" Aſtoniſhment at ſuch a Viſit. As to the Wife,
" ſhe was extremely terrified, ſhe maintained that
" they had been talking with a Spirit, and con-
" firmed this Opinion by aſſerting, that when he
" went out, he had Eyes of Fire. The Banker,
" on his Side, inſiſted upon it that his Wife was
" a Fool; and that by ſome Accident or other,
" unknown to him, the Count had loſt his Senſes:
" And therefore to ſatisfy himſelf in this Point,
" went to get better Information at the City of
" *Rouen.*

" As ſoon as he arrived at the Place, he aſked the
" Miſtreſs of the Houſe to tell him where he might
" ſee the Count *de Hohenloe.* Alas! replied ſhe, in a
" doleful Tone, he is dead, and is buried at St. *Eu-*
" *ſtache.* At the Word *Euſtache*, the Banker ſtarted,
" and continued ſhrunk all of a Heap; but at laſt
" recovering himſelf, he followed the good Woman
" into the Chamber where the Deceaſed had been
" laid, when the firſt Thing that ſtruck his Sight,
" was a Coat like that in which the Muſqueteer
" had appear'd at his Houſe, and which the young
" Count had ordered to be made in Imitation of
" it. There needed no more to convince the

" Ban-

" Banker that the Count was really dead. Bleſs
" me! Madam, ſaid he to the Landlady, look!
" ſee! there's the Coat he had on when he came
" to bring me this Letter-Caſe and theſe Keys.
" O Lord ha'Mercy! cry'd ſhe, joining her
" Hands, he walks ſtill then. The poor young
" Man ſuffers ſorely, ay, and I'll warrant has
" great Need of Prayers. It is theſe curſed Ladies
" of *Paris* that have thruſt him into Purgatory.
" Explain yourſelf, Madam, ſaid the old Man,
" Did he appear in your Houſe as well as in mine?
" Appear! ay marry did he, replied the Ho-
" ſteſs; why we really thought that the Evening
" before he was buried, he would have turned
" the Houſe upſide down, and that we ſhould ne-
" ver be able to get him into his Grave.

" The Banker no ſooner returned home, than
" ſinking into an armed Chair, he continued look-
" ing wildly at his Wife. She was terrified, and
" did not ceaſe importuning him with her Que-
" ſtions. At laſt he cried out, There is nothing
" more true than that he is dead, and walks about
" every where. I have ſeen the Coat he had on
" when he came here. Oh! Oh! cried the
" Banker's Wife, ſeeking for her Gloves and her
" Muff, no longer will I ſtay in this Houſe. I!
" I ſtay in a Houſe that is haunted by dead Ghoſts!
" No, Sir, don't think any ſuch Matter: Theſe
" are the Viſits that your fine Acquaintance with
" the Lords of *Hohenloe* have brought upon you.

" This

" This said, she ran to communicate her Fears " and Apprehensions to a Neighbour. The Mi- " stress of the Lodging, on her Side, set up her " Throat against her Husband, telling him that " she would stay no longer in a House where she " was exposed to the Insults of the Dead, and that " all their Customers would go and lodge else- " where; for as how, they would not care to " have a Ghost live amongst them, or make a " Jest of them by his Frolics. As to the Mus- " queteer he hugg'd himself, and it was comical " enough to see him enquire coolly into the Cir- " cumstances of an Affair of which he was the " Hero; taking Care, however, not to appear " before the Banker."

This Story, Sir, you will do me the Favour to read to the learned Doctors of the *Sorbonne*, and to the Members of all your Academies; and signify to them at the same Time, that, as I take Pleasure in cultivating the Sciences, and propagating Learning in general, I shall be always ready to move the Rubs out of their Road, and solve any Difficulties they meet with in the Course of their Studies. But they need not send over a Courier on Purpose, as they have done in this Case, for I can as well transmit my Opinion by the Post.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant in a modest Way,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

To Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT.

MADAM,

I HAVE ſent you a Specimen of a Poem in Praiſe of *Hackney*, which is the Work of an eminent Pen-man in *Shore-ditch*. I eſteem the whole Piece to be a great Honour to the Language, and a ſingular Inſtance to what ſtupendous Heights unaſſiſted Genius can ſoar. I will not abſolutely affirm, that the four following Lines are better than any in *Shakeſpear*, but I am poſitive they are as good; pleaſe to obſerve ———

Hackney, thy Glory thy own Lips ſhall tell;
Witneſs a *Dalſtone* and a *Shacklewell*,
And *Hummerton*, and *Clapton* DO declare,
The many Country-Seats that THERE are THERE.

I muſt beg Leave to point out the Beauties of theſe Verſes one by one, for taken collectively they ſhine with ſuch a refulgent Glare, that they actually dazzle the Imagination: — And firſt, not to mention a Word of the *Numeroſity* of the Lines, the Muſick of which is ſo delectable, we have a bolder Figure, than has yet been known in Rhetoric; *Dalſtone* and *Shacklewell* are elegantly call'd the Lips of *Hackney*, whoſe Glories they are naturally employ'd in celebrating.

Hackney, thy Glory thy own Lips ſhall tell,
Witneſs a *Dalſtone* and a *Shacklewell*.

What

What is this but to equal, or rather excel both *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, who indeed made Stocks and Stones dance Hornpipes, but never cou'd arrive to the Perfection of making them ſpeak, as our inimitable Bard has done in this exquiſite Couplet; but let us proceed to the third Line, in which there are ſuch a Poſſe of Excellencies, that they really confound the Underſtanding,

And *Hummerton* and *Clapton* DO declare,

Delectus verborum origo eſt Eloquentiæ (ſays *Cæſar*) a judicious Choice of Words is the Origin of Eloquence. If the Author had ſearched the whole Globe, he cou'd not have found out a more ſonorous Word for the Name of a Place than *Hummerton*; a Word that ought to be ſet to Muſick, and is worthier to be ſung than ſaid. The *Greeks* valued themſelves, upon the Sweetneſs, Fullneſs and (to uſe *Horace*'s Word) the *Rotundity* of their Language ———

——— *Graios dedit ore Rotundo*
Muſa loqui. ———

And yet what is Θηβαι, and what is Αθηναι, the Names of *Thebes* and *Athens*, their two chief Cities in Point of Dignity and Magnificence with the high-ſounding *Hummerton?* Much might be ſaid in Behalf of *Clapton*, but we will wave that for the preſent, and proceed to the concluſive Part of the Verſe, ———

Do *declare.*

Now

Now a common Writer wou'd have been contented with the ſimple Word *declare*, but our SHOREDITCH GENIUS knew better Things.—*He* adds the expreſſive Energy of the Particle DO, which gives incredible Force to the Sentiment—*Hummerton* and *Clapton* don't make a ſimple unornamented Declaration, but they really, actually, *ipſo facto & bonâ fide*, without Equivocation, mental Reſervation, or any Evaſion whatſoever, DO *declare* poſitively, comparatively, and ſuperlatively, that—— what?

The many Country Seats that THERE are THERE.

—Which being the laſt Lines in the Specimen; I muſt unavoidably conclude with it.—I ſhall not inſiſt upon the Merit of the prior Hemiſtich in this Verſe, becauſe what is Self-evident can need no Expoſition—But as for the laſt, namely,

That THERE are THERE——

There certainly were never four Monoſyllables aſſembled together to ſuch admirable and expreſſive Purpoſes. Here we have the Rhime like a two-edged Sword in *utrumque paratus*, backwards or forwards—upwards or downwards: THERE on this Side, and THERE on t'other Side—The Twin Rivals, or the happy Pair!—Amaſing Dexterity! Inconceivable Elegance! Bring me Oceans of Ink—bring me Reams of Paper! Or rather bring me Two-pence to purchaſe the Whole of this admirable Performance, for that is all the modeſt Author

thor requires for it, tho' its intrinsic Value be inestimable.——

I am, Dear Madam,
your most humble Servant,
GEORGE PILKINTON.
Deputy—Vice—Assistant to the Under-Sexton of Shore-ditch.

CARE *and* GENEROSITY;
A FABLE.

By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

OLD Care with Industry and Art,
At length so well had play'd his Part;
He heap'd up such an ample Store,
That Av'rice cou'd not sigh for more:
Ten thousand Flocks his Shepherd told,
His Coffers overflow'd with Gold;
The Land all round him was his own,
With Corn his crouded Granaries groan.
In short so vast his Charge and Gain,
That to possess them was a Pain;
With Happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous Maid,
With all the Charms of Youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere and free,
Her Name was *Generosity*.
'Twas hers the Largess to bestow
On Rich and Poor, on Friend and Foe.
Her Doors to all were open'd wide,
The Pilgrim there might safe abide:

For th' hungry and the thirſty Crew,
The Bread ſhe broke, the Drink ſhe drew;
There Sickneſs laid her aching Head,
And there Diſtreſs cou'd find a Bed.—
Each Hour with an all-bounteous Hand,
Diffuſed ſhe Bleſſings round the Land:
Her Gifts and Glory laſted long,
And numerous was th' accepting Throng.
At length pale Penury ſeiz'd the Dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
She found her Riches at an End,
And that ſhe had not made one Friend.—
All curſed her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what ſhe'd done before;
She wept, ſhe rav'd, ſhe tore her Hair,
When lo! to comfort her came *Care*.—
And cry'd, my dear, if you will join,
Your Hand in nuptial Bonds with mine;
All will be well—you ſhall have Store,
And I be plagu'd with Wealth no more.—
Tho' I reſtrain your bounteous Heart,
You ſtill ſhall act the generous Part.—
The Bridal came—great was the Feaſt,
And good the Pudding and the Prieſt;
The Bride in nine Moon's brought him forth:
A little Maid of matchleſs Worth:
Her Face was mixt of *Care* and *Glee*,
They Chriſten'd her *Oeconomy*;
And ſtyl'd her fair Diſcretion's Queen,
The Miſtreſs of the golden Mean.
Now *Generoſity* confin'd,
Is perfect eaſy in her Mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to ſpare,
Nor wiſhes to be free from *Care*.

A Penny sav'd is a Penny got: Or, a Word of Advice to the Oeconomists.

NOtwithstanding Oeconomy is often a softer Term only for *Littleness of Soul*, yet taken in its true and genuine Sense it is an admirable Virtue, as I have shewn in my Fable of *Care* and *Generosity*; the Moral of which, I hope, will be duly attended to by all Gentlemen who are inclined to keep within Compass, and all Ladies who wou'd be good Housewives. To such then Be it Known, that 'till the Fourteenth of October next ensuing, any Number of the second Volume of my Magazine may be had for the trivial Expence of Three-Pence: — But after that Time, no Number either of the first or second Volume, can be purchased under Four-Pence; and this by the Desire of several Thousands of my Friends, who have done me the Honour to remark, THAT MINE IS THE ONLY BOOK EVER PUBLISHED WHICH ALL THE PURCHASERS COMPLAIN'D WAS TOO CHEAP.

—— *Nullum numen abest, si sit Prudentia,*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

For the Benefit of MANKIND.

Advertisement.

WHEREAS the *Carpenters* and *Joiners* of a Book lately publish'd, Entituled, *The* QUARTERLY BEE, have made free with Mrs. *Midnight*'s Property, and very injudiciously mix'd her Honey with their Mustard; this is to inform the Publick, That speedily will be publish'd a Work of the same Nature with theirs, which for the Sake of Propriety, and in Imitation of them, I shall entitle and call, *The* QUARTERLY OX. Gentlemen and Ladies who are willing to subscribe, are desired to send their Names to *Francis Fleece*, at the Sign of the *Bull*, in *Blunderhall Street*, and they shall be *taken in*.

SUSANNAH SERIOUS.

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